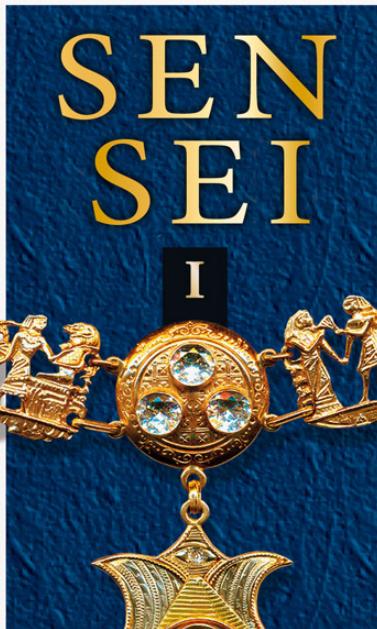


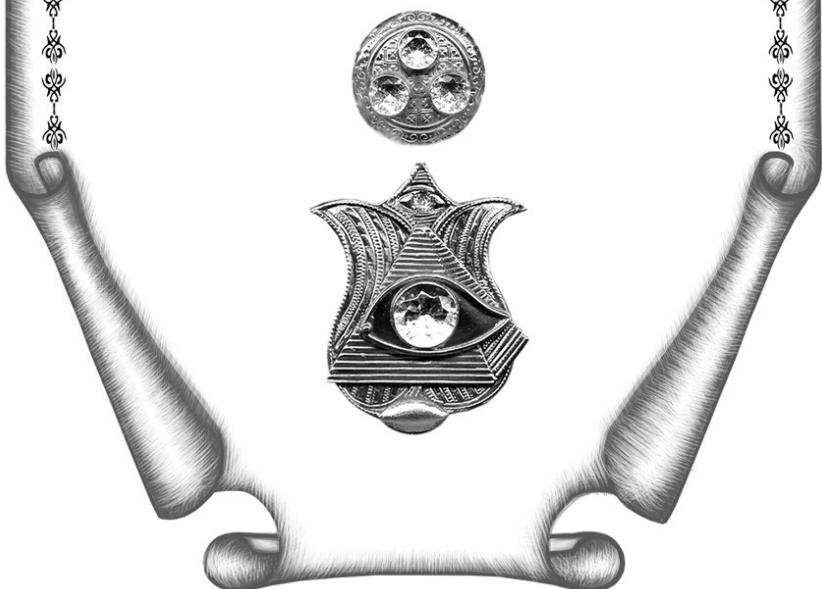
Anastasia NOVYKH



SENSEI
of Shambala

ANASTASIA NOVYKH

SENSEI
OF
Samara



Novykh A. – Sensei of Shambala.

At first glance, the story of a Youth which encounters **with the Wisdom** seems naive. But this ordinary perception is just an illusionary barrier, a skillful trap set up by our ego on the path **to the perfect Spirit. The one** who will overcome it **will discover** more for himself than he would dare to hope for. Hail to the winner because all **hidden** will be unveiled and the **Knowledge** will be his prize.

This book was written based on the personal diary of a former high school senior girl reflecting events of the years 1990–1991.

The books of Anastasia Novykh are phenomenous for the fact that every person sees as if in the mirror something of his or her own, purely personal. This book discloses the inner world of a sixteen yearold girl, who suddenly encounters death face to face. This pushes her to reconsideration of her own life and search of answers to the everlasting questions: “What are we living for? What is the sense of life? Who am I really? Why are most of people on earth – believers? For if they believe, they must be hoping for something. What is the path by which the great achieve their inner immortality? What is hidden beyond comprehension of the Human essence?”

Ungovernable energy of inner exploration leads her to meeting with a most erudite man, a martialarts master and a very enigmatic Person, Sensei. Unordinary soulstaggering worldview of Sensei, his fascinating philosophy and knowledge of the world and of humans, dynamic martialarts, worldly wisdom, alternative medicine, ancient spiritual practices (including effective techniques for tackling negative thoughts), human abilities phenomena. This and much more does the heroine learn, having touched upon the world of Sensei. But most importantly, she finds answers to her principal inner questions and learns from the personal experience that peoples are granted the most powerful creative force from above – the power of belief and love.



PROLOGUE

Silent, warm summer night has long entered into its sovereign rights, relieving bustling day with all its important and troublesome running about. Its deep-dark veil was calming and sweetly lulling all living beings, slowly submerging into deep sleep. This charm didn't affect perhaps only hearts in love, for whom eternity seemed to pass in an instant. On the sea shore, in uninhabited place, fire crackled lonely casting mysterious shadows. A lone, formless creature sat in front of it. Its only witness was an infinite universe, brightly illuminated by starlit worlds, and the Moon, inviting into eternity by its silvery sparkling path on the water surface. Around was such a stillness that even the sea couldn't dare to disturb it by the soft noise of its waves. The time seemed to have stopped for ever, losing all its meaning. It was the moment of eternity.

The creature started to move, making strange sounds, and slowly divided itself into two stirring parts. A human speech could be heard in the air:

- God, how good can it be sometimes in this sinful world.
- Honestly, I don't even want to leave.
- That's what I'm telling you.
- The fire was blazing brightly, jealously trying to win back a piece of space from the night. Its luminous glares with variable success were first swollen by the darkness and then

fearlessly running far ahead, illuminating the nature with its natural tones.

— So, what will be your decision, Rigden?

— My conclusions are, of course, sad. But I think it is still worth to wait a little with a final decision... I suppose, it's worth to remain here for some time.

— It's not all that bad. Especially, if you decided to stay, give them another chance and let me...

Suddenly, from nowhere a light breeze flew over the sea, breathing life into the moonlit path, which charmingly sparkled with its silver hues, alluring into a hazy distance. As if on purpose nature was teasing the creature, on the one hand embracing it with its eternity and on the other with its natural earthly beauty. Apparently, some innermost, known only to it, mystery was hidden in this delicate gust.





It's not a secret, that Destiny guides a man by only known to it complex journey of finest interrelations, natural phenomena, intricately bound paths of certain occurrences and coincidences. At the very end it leads to a concrete event, a final crossroads of the life's path. And here a human dares to hope that he will get a chance to choose. But the same implacable power of Destiny, through a net of logically bound circumstances, unnoticeably helps him to make his choice. Because a chain of events, by its plan, inevitably should draw together people who don't know yet each other and who, living in their own small worlds, don't even guess about it at the moment. But this acquaintance will make them work together in a mutual search of the same goal, generating a great number of key events in the life of other people.

I shared the same fare. I was born in a remote Russian village. My parents were in the military, fulfilling their duty in an honest and fair way. And their command, in the same honest and fair way, was sending us into different parts of our that time boundless Motherland – the Soviet Union. That's how our family got to Ukraine, to “the country of blooming chestnuts”, where we settled down in a fragrant with roses miner's land.

I should say that I'm quite an outgoing person with various interests. It was never a problem for me to find a

common language with new people. That's why in the new place my person quickly joined a group of like-minded people. Together we visited different hobby groups, including ballroom dances, we went to the cinema, cafes, theater. In general, as they say, my life took its normal course.

Everything was nice, but... up to a certain moment. Destiny has its own plans. Unexpectedly for my relatives and moreover for me, at the very peak of my youth, it threw me into a whirl-pool of such an arduous trial that I've almost died in it, because of complete hopelessness and animal fear of death.





At the beginning of the last school year I started to notice constant headaches that were strong and chronic. My parents took me for a checkup. Doctors discussed results mostly alone with them. It disturbed me a lot. It gave rise to shady concerns that one after another started to torment my soul. This complete uncertainty was worst of all.

And all those circumstances were terribly scary up to a certain point, when I overheard by chance my mother's talk with professor:

— ...But there should be some way out, shouldn't it?

— Of course, a way out can always be found. You see, this small tumor can grow with time in a progressive stage. And that's very dangerous. It is desirable to perform an operation now when it's not too late... Besides, in Moscow there is a very good clinic that specializes in these kinds of problems with skilled specialists. The only problem is that it's hard to get there. The waiting list is scheduled for years ahead. But the girl needs it, as you understand, as fast as possible. Otherwise... it's hard to predict the development of this disease, especially if it's a brain tumor. Sometimes one can live a year, and sometimes even longer... In any case, you shouldn't lose hope. Maybe you have connections that will let you get there...

I wasn't listening the rest of the conversation. Only one



phrase was pulsating in my head: “One year... and the end!” Emptiness and hopelessness gripped my soul. Noisy hospital fuss was gradually fading out, giving way to a rising whirl of thoughts: “I will die in the prime of my life! But I haven’t even started to live... Why me? What have I done so bad to deserve this?” It was a scream of despair. Tears streamed down my cheeks. It became unbearably stuffy in this hospital crypt, and I ran to the exit. Professor’s voice was ringing in my ears like a threatening echo: “One year! One year...One!”

Fresh air hit me in the face with its dizzy aroma. Little by little I came to my senses and looked around. After the rain, trees stood like in a fairy tale, with brilliantly sparkling pendants. Purity and renewal was shining all around. Warmth, coming from the ground, was covering asphalt with a light haze, creating an unreal impression of what was happening. God, how wonderful was all around! This beauty of nature that I have never noticed before, now gained for me some new meaning, some new charm of its own. All small problems that brought me so many worries every day, now seemed to be so trivial and stupid. With bitterness and anguish I looked at the bright sun, fresh green, cheerful bird flirting, and thought: “How foolishly I have spent my life. It’s a pity that I didn’t have time to do something really worthwhile!” All previous resentments, gossips, vanity – all lost its meaning. Now all those around me were lucky people, and I was a prisoner of a Death castle.

For some time I was terribly depressed. I lost interest in school, everyday life, all of my previous hobbies. I was avoiding unobtrusive questions of my parents, locking my room and indifferently turning pages of books and magazines. I really wanted to cry myself out to somebody, to tell someone how much I was afraid of dying, when I haven’t even started to live. My closest friend was, of course, my mother. But how can the mother’s heart endure such a soul-screaming confession of her child? One day, sitting at the table, alone with my heavy thoughts, I took up a pen and described all my feelings on a piece of the note-book paper. I felt a lot better. Then I started a diary. Later on it became my best “friend” that patiently endured all



my thoughts about my non-ordinary Destiny.

The only thing which somehow distracted me from my gloomy thoughts was communication with my friends. Of course, I didn't tell them anything about my disease. I just didn't want to see them, like my parents, with mournful eyes and faces, full of condolence. That would have killed me once and for all. Their funny chatter amused me, they discussed problems that seemed to me to be a complete nonsense in this life. Now I looked at everything in the light of some different vision, with jealousy of a human who should leave this mysterious, still unknown world in his heyday. Something in me has definitely changed and broken down.





When friends finally managed to drag me out to the cinema, from my voluntary home imprisonment, I was surprised to find out that I started to perceive completely differently even movies. It was time when martial arts just started to come into fashion. In newly opened cafes they showed the most popular martial arts hits for a ruble or three. Mastery of the athletes, unusual cases of their self-recovery, their will and spirit power intrigued me. I knew that it was all the play of actors. However I couldn't stop thinking that many scenes were based on real phenomenal facts from the history of mankind. That gave stimulus to my person to search for articles, books and magazines on that issue. My evident interest in phenomena has spread to my friends. With hunting passion they began to find scarce books wherever they could.

Amazed by extraordinary capabilities of these people, and by the depth of their understanding of this world, I felt that it has awoken in me some kind of internal power... hope, vague anticipation that the death of my body **is not my end!** That insight has so much touched me and inspired something inside of me that I quickly started not only to get out of my depression, but even felt somehow new impulse for life. Although my mind still, like before, was aware of inevitable death, because few people have ever recovered from cancer. But the new understanding didn't dispirit and didn't cause fear. Something inside of me



simply refused to believe in it. And what's most interesting – it unconsciously started to resist my heavy, dark thoughts.

This new feeling again made me revise one more time all my past life and how foolishly I've lived it. I didn't do anything bad in it. But it was absolutely obvious that every day, every hour I was justifying my own egoism, selfishness, my own laziness, I wasn't striving to know myself, but rather how to gain more points in the society through that knowledge. Or, to make a long story short, in all my life, studies and family life only one thought was hiding behind it all: "I, about me and only for me". And realization that this small bodily empire of my "I" is coming to the big end, that is, to the real death, gave birth in me to all that animal fear, horror, despair and hopelessness which I have been so intensively experiencing in the last couple of weeks. I've realized that the death is not as fearsome as its foolish anticipation. Because in reality, it's not the bodily death you are waiting for, but for the crash of your egoistic world, on which building you've been working so hard all your life.

After that realization I've clearly understood that life, which I've lived, and what I've done in it – is a sand house on the sea shore, where any wave will wash away all my efforts, in a second. **And nothing will be left**, only emptiness, the same one that was before me. It seemed to me that most people around me also waste their lives for sand houses, castles, palaces, thoroughly building them, some closer and some further from the coastline. But the result will be inevitably the same for all of them – one day all that will be destroyed by the wave of time. But there are people who sit on the dry-land and impartially observe this human illusion. Or maybe not even observe, but look afar, over it, at something eternal and unchanging. I wonder, what do they think about, what is their internal world like? After all, if they have comprehended this mortality, it means that they have cognized something really important, something really worth spending their life for!?

These questions began to worry me more than anything else. But I didn't find answers to them. Then I turned to the literature sources of major world religions. But the Great,



such as Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, were those who have been already observing from the shore. But how did they get there? It's written everywhere: by concentration, faith, prayer. But how? Explanations of their followers were so confusing, so odd and veiled, that my brain was just falling asleep when my eyes were making efforts to read the same words ten times over. The teachings themselves of those geniuses were interesting, but they only reflected common truth of all the mankind. Perhaps, the essential grain of knowledge was hidden in between the lines. But, alas, I was just an ordinary human being, not the "chosen" one, so I wasn't able to grasp it with my mind. Although, reading of certain lines did evoke something inside of me.

Then a new question arose. Why are there so many people in this world who believe? If they believe, it means, they hope for something in the future. In all world religions it was written about existence of life after death. If to throw away the shell of legends and myths, then, possibly, there is really **Something** but what? How does it express itself? How does it manifest itself?

I've tried to get deeper into the paths of religion, but just got more confused there. The only thing that I've understood was that there is one thing that unites all the world religions – and it was the power of faith of the people, their attempts to cognize God and themselves. And quite amazed I have discovered that people-phenomena were searching for the very same thing in their search, and they have achieved first results on their way, and in fact many of them didn't belong to any religion. They just were wise and talented individuals.

Then, what's the matter? Why is this phenomenon inherent to the human nature? What's behind it? There were plenty of questions, but too little answers. That gave push to search further.

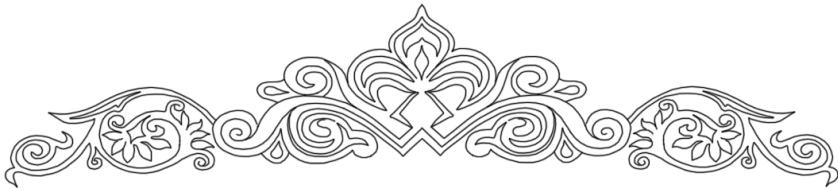
Gradually, everyday life was getting back to normal. Moreover, some unusual courage started to arise in me. Because in my case I had nothing to lose. Therefore I had to realize fast all my desires. "If I could spend effectively every day, they would substitute me the whole life," – arming myself with such



a motto, I started to look intensively for books on that issue, go in for sports, catch up with school, and attend different hobby groups. All my days were fully filled up, and I didn't have time to think about the bad. Even though attacks of headaches were reminding me about the worst, but despite all I kept eagerly searching and cognizing everything new that I didn't know or wasn't able to do.

While my parents were trying to find different loopholes in order to get into the Moscow clinic, my ungovernable strivings brought me to study Gong-fu. Our group didn't miss any film about our eastern martial arts heroes, and with a sinking heart we watched triple somersaults, overturns, undercuts, and jumps of sportsmen. And when in our town they started to open wushu schools, where they were actually practicing Gong-fu, our group got extremely excited once and for all. We started to visit one school after another. But in the first school the teacher was too angry and ignorant; in the second – the teacher considered himself to be almost Bruce Lee, even though he was only teaching ordinary wrestling mixed with boxing; in the third – the guy was simply cheater and drunkard. We were looking for such a Teacher who would be very alike to the heroes we have seen in the eastern martial arts films. And, as they say, the one who's looking will always find. But what we have found was more than unexpected for us because it surpassed all our ideals even in our dreams.





4



After a few unsuccessful visits to several other schools, we've got an advice to try a school, located in the outskirts of our town, on the territory of some old mine. We didn't believe that we would see anything better than what we had seen in the center, but something was definitely drawing us there. After spending half a day searching and questioning a great number of locals, we have finally reached the desired destination.

— Indeed, — in a low voice confessed my friend Tatyana, — this place is, of course, quite scary. If we will be practicing here, I will die from fear. I already have goose bumps on my skin.

I have also felt a light shiver, even though the weather was quite warm. Approaching a dilapidated, blooming with moss, old building, even always silent Slava, couldn't keep silence:

— Well, well! I think we've just wasted our time. Don't tell me that someone is practicing in this “out-of-the-way hole”? Probably, only mice are practicing here at night.

Andrew, whose face and figure were slightly reminding “Russian Schwarzenegger”, concluded significantly:

— Generally speaking, the outside form always corresponds to its inside contents. It's very likely that now we'll make sure of that one more time.

And having pulled the handle of a worn-out door, he has



heard crafty words cited by Kostya with regret:

– “I’ll bet

The Doctor’s in your body yet.”

With a loud laughter we rushed into the sports hall. But our cheerful mood quickly changed to mute amazement because inside there were around sixty people.

– Oho, – Slava whistled, – there you are!

But I haven’t already listened to puzzled remarks of the guys. My eyes were literally immediately fixed on a fair-haired man. Even though that man didn’t differ from the others standing in the crowd, something in him was definitely intriguing me. “God, his face looks so familiar,” – I thought. His appearance reminded me of someone I knew well. But whom? I started to dig intensively in my memory, recalling all my friends from different cities, all my numerous relatives and their friends. But all my attempts were in vain. I was awoken from that wild stream of memories by a melodic voice of Sensei (the Teacher) whom turned out to be that mysterious young man.

– So, newcomers, – he said with a smile, – why do you stand like a girl after her first kiss? Here you either practice or leave. It’s your choice.

That voice!... I was so amazed. For sure I’ve heard this voice once somewhere. But where and when?

Our small company went together to the checkrooms. And all that time buzzing thoughts continued to demand satisfaction of their useless curiosity. Getting ready for the training I’ve tried to ask other people around me about Sensei, to find out where he was from. But it turned out that nobody knew anything clearly. This intrigued me even more.

Unlike slow Tatyana I quickly put on a white kimono and went to the sports hall hoping to find more answers there. But there I’ve got only next-in-line questions. What struck me at first was the fact that there were people of all ages, approximately from fourteen to fifty years old, and that was strange by itself. I’ve not seen something like that in any previous school. I thought: “What can unite so people of different beliefs, age, and life experience? If it’s only the martial arts, then what a master



and psychologist do you have to be in order to attract and to interest all of them?"

When the training began, the second thing that struck me was the ideal discipline and friendly atmosphere which surrounded us. Nobody here forced anybody to do anything, but no one has ever thought of breaking the discipline. Everyone sincerely tried to do his best, and that was astonishing in comparison to our previous unfortunate experiments. Looking at such mass work on their bodies, our company also tried to show itself only from its best side, intensively puffing, groaning and sweating. But even during that activity (painful, as it seemed, for my badly trained extremities) one thought didn't leave me: "How was it possible to create such a discipline without, as they say, whip and candy? What have all these people found here for themselves that they train their bodies with such enthusiasm? And why do they all train in silence?! – rebelled finally my feminine mind – why won't somebody say at least one word!" For my curious, talkative nature it was a complete disaster. But I hoped to clear at least something for myself during the training.

After the warm-up we have heard three strong claps of the sempai (senior disciple). It was a kind of a signal. People started to form a circle by sitting on their knees on the floor. When everybody sat down, the Teacher went out simply and easily to its center. He began to tell the history of the Tiger style, in such a way, as if he were telling it not to the crowd of silly disciples, but to his good old friends. For the first time I learned that the Tiger style is the only style that preserved its original martial spirit without any changes.

It appeared in China. One of the Shaolin masters observed behavior of tigers and created his own style which distinguished itself from the others by greater aggressiveness and danger. The style has no sportive roots. Its martial spirit is transmitted from Teacher to disciple, changing his consciousness to the level when he begins to feel and to think like a tiger. By its wisdom it's only inferior to a more ancient style called Dragon.

– All right, theory is just a theory; it's time to warm-up a little, – Sensei said.



He called three fighters – strong and tall, athletic guys – to the tatami, and demonstrated a couple of defense and attack techniques from this style. First he showed at high speed at which, in his opinion, the real blows were happening. Honestly, I, like probably many others too, didn't even notice, when the Teacher stroke the blows. All that my eyes could record was the fact that Sensei passed by three fighters and waved up his hands for a second. I didn't even realize when they had time to fall. The same happened during the demonstration of defense techniques. The speed of the blows seemed to be unreal to me. And my brain, unwilling to comprehend that, suggested artfully: "Maybe, they fell down on purpose, probably pretending". But it was impossible that distorted from severe pain faces of the guys were faked. Sensei came up to them calmly and helped to restore their breathing by poking his fingers into some points on their bodies. After that the boys were able to recover from pain shock and continue the training. That entire scene was accompanied by silent contemplation of the amazed crowd.

After that the Teacher started to explain the technique of the Tiger style in detail, slowly showing each movement and targets for blows. I thought that these movements were too complicated to have time to strike blows in a split second.

Having split up in pairs, people did their best and repeated diligently what they've just seen. A plump man about fifty years old was puffing not far from me, comically ejecting his short hands and legs. His face with chubby, bulgedout lip, looked like a big dumpling and was neatly shaved. His wise eyes looked through thick glasses. A small bold spot, with rare turning to gray hair, was shining on his head. "And how did he get into here? – I thought. – It's hard to tell by his appearance that he has been practicing martial arts all his life... What is he looking for here? Has he decided to master Gong-fu in his old age?!"

My thoughts were interrupted by Sensei's voice, who was correcting near me the attack technique of a pair of young strong boys.

– Who strikes like that? What are you doing, Valentin Leonidovich! You are a future doctor, aren't you? You should



understand why you strike, where you strike and what is going on during this process. Your goal is to cause a pain shock, and not just to flap with hands for nothing. A blow should hit the exact location of the nerve or nerve plexus. It should be instantaneous. The faster, the better. Why? To cause a spasm in the muscle tissue. In its turn, the transmitted nerve impulse, through reflex channels of the nervous system, will cause strong irritation of the nerve-knot, which will inevitably lead to inhibition of the certain part in the brain cortex. In other words, the man will fall into a certain stupor caused by the nerve shock...

A crowd of curios guys began to gather around him during this conversation. Sensei continued to explain:

– But the blow should be delivered taking into consideration that every human being has its own anatomic peculiarities. That's why not everybody will be affected by ordinary blow to this point. So in order to be one hundred percent sure you should strike not with a straight "tsuki" (blow) but a blow with a twisted fist at the moment of the contact, so that the blow would go deep inside. As a result, a big "damage zone" will appear...

...This strike goes into the point between diaphragm and solar plexus. Why exactly there? Because there passes one of the twelve pairs of cranial nerves, the so called "Nervus Vagus", or the vagal nerve. It not only passes that point but also forms the nerve plexus which forms two vagal trunks close to esophageal opening. And what is the vagal nerve? It is, first of all, innervations of respiratory organs, the digestive system, the thyroid and parathyroid glands, adrenal glands, kidneys. It also takes part in innervations of the heart and vessels. Therefore the correctly delivered blow to this point causes a strong irritation of the nervous system, which temporarily distorts functioning of the cerebellum. And the cerebellum, as you know, is responsible for coordination of all movement functions. Man disorientates momentarily. In other words, it means that you have time to make a certain decision. For example, to deliver another blow or to run away.

The last word caused a lot of selfish smiles on the faces of the surrounding people, including myself. "What? To run away?! – I

thought to myself dreamingly: – If only I've got such a powerful blow, I would, I would... wouldn't chicken out, that's for sure!"

– At this moment the Teacher looked at the smiling crowd and said seriously:

And why not to run away, if that's the best way out... in this situation? In some cases it's a lot better to get hit ten times in your own snoot rather than to kill... to take somebody's life.

His words made me shake and turn red in face ashamed by my own egoistic thoughts and megalomania. With bitterness they have brought me back to the tough reality of my existence.

– Because human life is invaluable, – Sensei went on. – Your objective is to cause only a muscle spasm, a pain shock, in order to prevent the undesirable development of the situation. And in no way you should injure internal organs, break ribs or something else, that is, you should not cause serious aftereffects to your opponent. That's why we spend so much time here, in order to master the right technique of blows. Otherwise if you deliver a powerful uncontrollable strike, it is possible to cause great harm to the body or even to bring to death. What for?!... You should respect life of another human, because once you may happen to be in his place... Or maybe one day he will save your life. Because it is very likely that when you will be in trouble it will be exactly this human who will appear to be near you to give you a helping hand and to save you. **Because life is unpredictable and anything might happen in it, even the most unbelievable, what you can't imagine.**

All the rest of the training my person was very impressed by this peculiar, easily understood lecture of profound anatomy and unusual for me philosophy. It completely captured my thoughts, and from time to time I was thinking over what I had heard.

Three claps of the senior sempai meant the end of the training. When everyone traditionally lined up, he commanded:

– Dojo ni rei (which means a bow to the martial spirit of the sports hall)

– Sensei ni rei.

The Teacher also politely bowed in response and said:

We'll meet as usual at the same time. And now whoever



needs to, change, and whoever needs to, stay.

“There you are! And who needs what? Who stays? I want, too...” I thought to myself. But the majority ran in single file to the changing rooms, carrying me along. Running past Sensei I saw the chubby man in glasses approaching him whom I noticed during the training.

– Igor Mikhailovich, – he said to the Teacher, with respect in his voice. – Concerning our previous conversation. Here, I brought something for you...

The rest I haven’t already heard in the noise of laughter and jokes of guys running close with me. In the woman’s changing room a storm of emotions has already begun to roar, caused by the discussion of the most vivid moments and Sensei’s explanations. All that was happening in the process of intensified putting on of many layered women’s clothes on the wet body.

A girl with bright curls was changing next to me. Getting acquainted with her, I asked:

– Have you been training here for long?

– No, only for three months.

– And does he often tell and show such things?

Well, probably when it’s necessary. But, when he is in a good mood, he shows much more...Today it was nothing out of the way.

“Not so bad, “nothing out of the way”, – I thought to myself.

– I can’t imagine what is “something special” then?!”

– What style did he master, the Tiger?

– Not only. I’ve heard from the senior guys that have been training here for long that he perfectly mastered the Dragon, Snake, Wing-chun, Cat, Mantis, Monkey styles and the whole range of other styles, which I can’t just remember.

I gave her a distrustful gaze:

– When did he have time to master all that? He looks like a young man. People sometimes spend the whole life mastering just one style.

– I was also surprised at first, – she went on. – But the guys say that according to the Teacher **“A young body doesn’t mean the age of soul at all”**, – my new acquaintance answered shrugging her shoulders.



– Who is he then?! – I started to become nervous and my old thoughts together with this new information once again began tormenting my unsatisfied curiosity.

– An ordinary man, – I heard in reply.

Having changed, our company crowded before the exit and contemplated with admiration the unusual technique of a couple of athletically built guys who were training with the others who had stayed. I've never seen such genuine, naturally beautiful undercuts, overturns, illusively smooth withdrawals, even in movies. But what struck me the most was the speed of their movements. “Is it really possible to move at such speed and still be able to orientate yourself so well in space? – I thought to myself. – Great! And where is Sensei among them?”

And Sensei turned out to be sitting quietly aside, looking through a pile of papers and books with bookmarks, presented by “Dumpling”. Two more men were sitting nearby carefully listening to the explanations of the Teacher. Then, “Dumpling” unfolded a yellow-with-age map and all four inclined over it as if it were a priceless treasure. Sensei started to mark something there with a pencil, constantly commenting and explaining it. I really wanted to get my curious nose into there, but at that time we were gently pushed by tall guys that were trying to get out.

– Hey, guys! Why are you standing here? Don't you know the law of this dojo? You either train here or you're out to the other side of the door. If you want, go back in, and if you are going out, go out, don't disturb the others.

Together we streamed out outside. “It's not fair! – I thought jealously. – They've stayed, why can't we?” But, of course, I didn't say anything aloud.





We spent almost one whole hour waiting for the only bus in that district, strenuously tamping the earthly ground that was called the “bus stop”. But the bus didn’t come. So we walked to the tramway that was located fairly close, according to the words of the locals: only some thirty or forty minutes of walking. Although being not familiar with local holes and pits, we’ve spent one hour and a half before we got there. But nobody paid attention to those unpleasant circumstances. Everybody passionately shared impressions of the training.

– So, – said Kostya smiling, – are we going to the next training?

Almost simultaneously we all said, “Yes!”

– I don’t know about you, – with admiration said Andrew, who was the biggest fan of martial arts among us, – but I think I found what I wanted, at least for now. Cool training!

– Yes, – Kostya interrupted him, – Today I learned a lot more than during the whole month of our visits to different schools.

The guys nodded in agreement. Suddenly Slava stopped, tapped himself on the forehead and said with horror:

– Shoot! We forgot to ask how much it costs!

Andrew placed his hand on Slava’s shoulder and friendly reassured him:

– Don’t worry, old man, I’ve asked Sensei. You know, he



said: "The more the better. But not more than five rubles, the preference will be given to the pure gold of royal coinage".

Everybody laughed. Slava even took a deep breath of relief. And that's understandable. He was a good guy but from a poor family. He could not afford to pay for the training in other schools. To get fifteen or twenty rubles a month meant for him a real fortune. Loudly recalling some episodes happened during the training, the Teacher's funny jokes, we didn't notice how we reached the tram stop.





The working week has begun. We got very interested in the vagal nerve story and the body innervations in general. That's why all the remaining days of the week we spent trying to find out details from our biology and anatomy teachers. But they didn't give us any concrete answer regarding this, saying only that most likely it had to do with advanced anatomy, which was studied in medical universities. It has fanned the fire of our interest on that subject even more, and gave us an impulse to search for this kind of books through our friends and relatives.

All that time I was trying hard to search through my memory in order to reveal the truth of where I knew Sensei from. To make sure I even took time and went through all my family photo albums. But my attempts were in vain. As before, life went on in the continuous search for answers to unknown questions.

We could hardly wait for the next training and in order not to be late we departed two hours earlier. When our company arrived to the sports hall we were surprised to discover that we weren't first, even though there was still a half an hour before the training. There were thirty people already waiting, like us unwilling to miss something interesting right from the beginning. Our guys, getting acquainted with some of them, jokingly came to the conclusion that we, in comparison to those



poor guys, live quite close by. Because they lived in such distant districts that they had to spend almost half a day on their journey, changing a couple of different types of transport and rubbing their shoe soles while walking a great many miles. And only few lucky ones drove here in their own cars.

— So, guys, — Andrew concluded, — You may show off and yell that we are locals!

Sensei arrived soon, surrounded by the group of guys. People started to smile friendly. Separate groups merged into a single crowd friendly greeting the Teacher and entering the open sports hall. We also caught up this wave of good mood. But our joy didn't last long.

At the very beginning of the warm-up, two respectably looking men walked in and approaching Sensei began whispering something to him in a familiar way. Having agreed upon something, the Teacher entrusted the senior sempai to continue the training, and having slipped on the jacket right over his kimono, walked out with them. That was the point when it came to endless suffering of our extremities.

The senior sempai, obviously planning to train us the same way like he trained his muscular body, carried out warm-up in such a tough tempo, as if we were getting prepared for a gold medal. Thus we felt, as they say, on our own back, the difference between Sensei with his graduated exercises and the senior sempai who tried to make from us Olympic champions with full sets of medals by the time of the Teacher's arrival. Anyway when at the end of the warm-up we heard the command to relax, which for some reason was named by sempai as the "dead body position", people in the sports hall, including me, fell down to the floor with such a loud sound that it really seemed that exhausted dead bodies were lying all around. Later, I found out that the sempai interpreted some commands in such an unusual way because he was a policeman.

After that exhausting warm-up we started to repeat after our chief instructor basic exercises mastering blows, blocks, stances. I had an impression that I was in the Japanese army where soldiers executed commands in exact and simultaneous

way loudly counting in reply in their native language.

When Sensei walked in, my person breathed in with ease. He took his jacket off and continued the training as if nothing happened. Having noticed a mistake of a young man standing in the first row, he corrected courteously:

– The correct blow should be delivered with this part, – he circled the area on the bones of forefinger and middle finger. – This way... You shouldn't use these two neighboring fingers (IV and V) because the incorrect blow can seriously damage your wrist.

And already addressing the crowd, he added:

– It's necessary to work hard and long on yourselves not just to correctly deliver blows, but also not to harm yourselves. A straight fist blow, as I have already told before, is one of the basic martial arts techniques. And without thorough preparation the fist can be easily hurt. If you train every day the right blow you can manage that flexor tendons of the hand's fingers, which are located over here, will part over the sides of the metacarpophalangeal articulations II and III of the fingers in a way that the bones will become protected and dense. Only then you will be able to deliver easily blows without harming yourselves.

Someone asked him:

– To achieve that, should we right away start hitting something very hard?

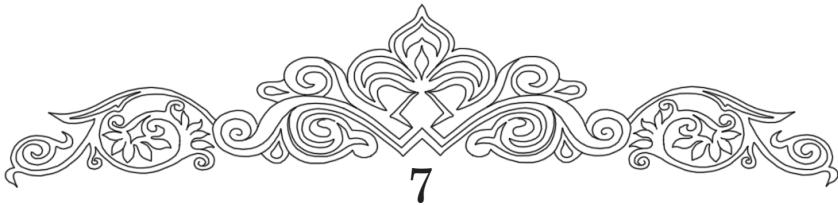
– No need for such a sacrifice, – objected Igor Mikhailovich.
– Start to hit a boxing bag. Or, if somebody doesn't have one, use a sand bag. I think everyone can make one at home. But what's important is to slowly exercise the blow, gradually increasing speed. And don't be lazy, really work at full power. Then the result will come.

The training ended up with another demonstration of new techniques from the Tiger style and practice of previous. And again, after the training that puffy "Dumpling" has stuck (that's how it really looked like) with his questions to Sensei. I should say that there were many people around who wished to talk to Sensei or to listen to him. But that man has impudently



crawled through the surrounding crowd, including us, and took the Teacher aside considering obviously his question to be more important. Not being able to wait desperately to the end of their conversation, we went home.





A couple of days later we've got a good news: somehow Kostya managed to get through friends of his parents the university manual of anatomy. Our joy was infinite. First, of course, we satisfied our curiosity about the vagal nerve, by touching and detecting its routes in our bodies. Kostya wasn't too shy during this experiment and conducted his diagnostics right on Tatyana, making her squeak and us laugh. Then we examined more thoroughly the structure of our hands. And later we started to examine in detail, with evident interest, our bones, muscles, tendons, nerves, organs, brain. I can't say that I didn't know it before. In general we studied all of this during anatomy classes. But it was the first time when I looked at it from a different point of view. And it was the first time when I was interested in it not because of the school grades, but rather to know it for myself.

I really wanted to examine my muscles and joints in order to understand why and how we move. How do muscles take part in our exercises and how is it reflected on our internal organs? What happens during the blow? What is pain from the physiological point of view? Why do people suffer at all? And finally, what is going on in my own brain? Perhaps, the last thought was the most important because subconsciously it has been always tormenting me.

At that time, the guys commented on what we had



seen during the training just as passionately, but motivated by their own reasons. We agreed unanimously that we didn't know anything in this sphere and that we should fill this gap all together. And in order to do that we elaborated spontaneously a special card game. To remember it easier, we drew separate cards for bones, muscles, blood and nerve vessels, the lymphatic system, organs, and separately for the brain. And then we made attempts to put that puzzle together, one over another, trying to identify them not just by the name, but also by the corresponding functions. At first, of course, it was hard. But all this was accompanied by such jokes, such a passion that, whether you wanted it or not, you'd remember.

Before a new training, we formulated a couple of questions on biomechanics of the blow and decided to ask Sensei after the training in order to find a reason to stay longer. But that day, life itself gave us an opportunity to do this without our secret "conspiracy" plan.

At the end of the training Sensei organized free fights. People sat down on the floor, creating a big circle, and fighters were selected and invited by Sensei two by two into its center. Our Andrew also shared this fare. His opponent was a novice chosen by Sensei, also brawny and athletically built. Having made a traditional bow to each other, the guys started the fight. For some time they fought as equals. But Andrew turned out to be faster and nimbler and that let him win. The approving clap of Sensei meant the end of the fight. Our guy helped his competitor to stand up. Bowing to each other and to the Teacher, they took their places.

And when more serious fighters began to walk out to the improvised ring, Andrew couldn't stand watching. Inspired by his recent victory, he volunteered to fight again. And... he has lost almost immediately. This circumstance just greatly fanned his dissatisfaction with himself. Infected by his emotional mood, our company screwed up all its courage and asked Sensei to stay for additional training. The Teacher answered smiling, without objections:

You know the law of this dojo: "If you want to train, you



stay and train".

That day the fortune was on our side because in addition to all of that "Dumpling" was not present at the training, and I should say, he had really irritated all of us with his importunity. Access to Sensei was free, and we could ask him about all aspects of the training that interested us.

While the majority of the crowd was leaving, all the rest were perfecting their blows' weak sides. Those guys whom we named "speedy guys" worked on their own level and the rest of us on our own. But Sensei was closely watching all and correcting mistakes he noticed. In the already deserted building he showed us new kata (shadowboxing), which united the speed of undercuts, blows, overturns, and sharp withdrawals. When I started to practice them Sensei suddenly came up to me from behind and putting his hand on my shoulder he said:

– You should better not do this.

I turned to him in surprise:

– Why?

At this moment our eyes met at a close distance. I had such a drilling feeling as if someone were looking through me from head to toes with an X-ray. I've never seen such a gaze. It was very unusual, piercing, and strange.

– Because.

That answer puzzled me a little. I was standing quite confused, not knowing what to say.

Keeping silence for a while, he added:

– It would be better for you to do these kata.

Sensei showed movements smoothly changing one another, with deep breathing following them. All that time I was repeating after him almost automatically. And when he went to help others, endless questions started to flash in my head: "What did he mean? Can it be that he knows about my diagnoses? But how?! I didn't tell it to any of my friends, and so far I didn't show it in any way during the trainings". And during this process of thinking, suddenly for myself, I made an unbelievable discovery. At school, home, at ballroom dances, I had sometimes a sudden, throbbing, continuous headache, but



here, no matter how much I tortured my body, this headache had never appeared. "Why? What is the reason for that?"

Being deep in my thoughts while working on new techniques, I didn't notice how people crowded around Sensei, having interrupted their exercises. And when my person finally realized that, I went on to join the listeners in order not to miss something important for me.

– Can you tell us, how can we learn a technique of the real blow, just by training our muscles? – Andrew asked.

– No. First of all, by training your mind, – Sensei replied.

– And how does it look like?

– Well, for you to put it more clear, let's say it this way...

A muscle is like a mechanism that executes its function. It has certain programs coming from the brain in the form of neuron impulses. As a result of the work of such programs signals arise in the brain that cause contractions of a group of muscles. Thus it results not only in movements of extremities but also in complex moving acts. It means that our training leads to a purposeful perfection of our brain and therefore of our muscles. The better and the faster works the "trained" brain, the faster and the better muscles work.

– And what's about the highest mastery of martial arts fighters? – Kostya asked joining the discussion. – I've read somewhere that masters can deliver a blow before they even think of it. How does it happen and why?

– Well, guys. You touch upon such a serious subject. But I'll try to explain in a few words... The whole trick is not just to simply train your muscles but to imagine a concrete situation, or your opponent. And the most important is to know exactly where you hit, into which tissue, and what is happening inside of that body, what's the power level of the blow and so forth. If a man strikes thoughtlessly, just to practice, then all his efforts are in vain! A true fighter, while practicing on a makivara, first of all works with image. He really imagines how the opponent opens up, and at that moment he delivers a blow, being conscious of all possible consequences. In other words, he trains his brain.



– And what is happening in the brain during that? – one of the senior guys asked.

– The brain evaluates the situation through a visual perception, analyzes it and takes a decision. Then it sends that command to the cerebellum or in other words, to the motion center. And from there, through the nerves, the corresponding signal arrives into the muscles. All that activity is being fixed in the memory. Then, during the fight, this memory unconsciously returns but without a complex chain of analysis and commands in the brain. In other words, when an opponent just opens up, a master has already counteracted automatically. Let's say, it's a different work of mind, different innervation, and different work of the brain.

– Does it happen on a subconscious level, from the physiological point of view? – asked Kostya showing off his erudition.

– You are absolutely right. Complex reflex motion reactions proceed now on the level of unconditional reflex, – said Sensei smiling, and then he added: – In the school anatomy program such things are described as conditional and unconditional reflexes. The unconditional are genetical by their nature. They determine the regulation of the internal medium of the body and preservation of the species. And to the conditional belong the acquired reflexes arrising as a result of accumulated experience and new skills. But even they are based on unconditional reflexes. Human beings have a lot of unconditional reflexes, connections, reactions regulating the spinal brain, the after brain, and the middle brain, the subcortical sections of cortices of the cerebral and cerebellar hemispheres...

– And is “the highest Art” what you have told us at the beginning? – Andrew asked in excitement.

– No, it's only a first step to the real mastery. In “the highest Art”, the major work is based on prevision. It is the work of epiphysis which is located above the cerebellum in the epithalamus area of the thalamencephalon.

– And is epiphysis just a section of white matter? – asked

Kostya.

– No, it's the so called pineal gland that weights only one carat. However, it plays a huge role in the vital activity of the body. It is one of the most mysterious parts of the human brain and of the human as a whole. Unfortunately, the science doesn't know anything about its true functions.

– And who knows? – asked curious Kostya.

– Those who need to know, – Sensei answered with a cunning smile and went on then: – So, working on prevision, a master subconsciously trains the ability to catch his opponent's thoughts. It means that, as soon as that one thinks about starting a strike somewhere, a master has already simultaneously taken counteraction and exactly the one that is necessary. All that happens unconsciously, in a few split seconds.

– I wonder if only masters of martial arts face this phenomenon of “momentary speed”? – Andrew asked thoughtfully.

– Why? Not only. Many people often face in life these phenomena of mind. Some acquire it after long special trainings. For example, circus acrobats that catch knives, arrows, etc. at great speed. Other people have experienced the influence of unconditional reflexes in their life. Let's say, if you are seriously scared by someone or something, for example, by a dog, you can momentarily execute a series of movements. And only later when the danger has passed you realize how fast you have done it. This ability is implied from the very beginning in human genes. Otherwise, people wouldn't have survived in those ancient times when they were saving themselves by running from mammoths, saber-toothed tigers, or other predators.

We stood silent, enchanted by Sensei's words. At that time somebody knocked on the door. It caught me off guard and everything inside of me contracted. It wasn't time for night walks. Sensei calmly came up to the door and opened it under the watchful eyes of our company.

– Oh, it's good that I've caught you here, – an unknown man greeted him shaking his hand. – And I was already going to look for you at home. You see, there is such a case...



– All right, wait for a second, – remarked Sensei and turning to us he said: – Guys, you have fifteen more minutes and then we have to go home.

Half an hour later we were standing outside, waiting for the others. Igor Mikhailovich closed the sports hall and quickly saying goodbye to us, drove off in a car with that man.

“Well, – I was getting angry with myself, – I wanted to ask Sensei after the training about his mysterious “Because” but it didn’t work out. I should have asked him still in the sports hall. But there are too many curious ears over there. That’s the trouble!”

On the way home everyone thought about his own experiences. And this was not strange, after such trainings there was always something to think about. Some of us thought silently and some aloud. Almost half of the way Andrew was trying to convince us or most likely himself that he had lost just by accident.

– It’s a pity that I didn’t have nunchaku with me. Never mind, I will bring them to the next training. And then I’ll show them!

That spectacle promised to be really thrilling as we knew how good Andrew was with nunchaku. It was his favourite skill.





Ur company looked forward to this training like no other before. We came ahead of time. The sports hall was open. Some guys, having changed, began to warm-up. Sensei stood aside and talked with enthusiasm to a gangling old man. That old man was so skinny that kimono was hanging on him like on a coat-hanger. Not far from them, together with a group of men, stood "Dumpling". But, by the expression on his face, one could see that he didn't hear the funny jokes of his fellow company. It seemed like his ears had turned into a single radar that was picking up the slightest sound coming from Sensei and the old man. "Gosh! – I thought with indignation. – He is here again!"

Following us, a couple of guys from our dojo loudly walked in, in elated mood. They were accompanied by a proudly walking untidy looking man, about forty years old, with a week's old bristle on his face. The guys greeted Sensei and announced with an evident pleasure:

– We have just met a very interesting man, a sensitive... His name is Vitaliy Yakovlevich.

At these words the disheveled man made a ceremonious bow with his head and again put on his self-satisfied air.

– He possesses extraordinary abilities and he politely agreed to demonstrate them to our group...

Sensei made a polite bow in reply:



– It would be very interesting to see.

– And very edifying, – added Vitaliy Yakovlevich meaningfully, raising up his forefinger.

Our huge curious crowd began to gather around him. Meanwhile “the sensitive”, with an air of a great expert, took out of his jacket’s torn pocket a dozen of common kitchen spoons, wrapped in a piece of dirty rag.

– What do you think, – quietly whispered Kostya to Andrew, – where has this Neanderthal man got these goods of human civilization?

– I think he has stolen them somewhere, probably, – simply replied Andrew.

– I wonder, does he even know how to use them? – Kostya smiled.

Meanwhile Vitaliy Yakovlevich, in an emphatic manner, undressed up to his waist level and having uncovered his wrinkled fat stomach, began to stick diligently the back sides of spoons to his chest. Our guys burst out laughing, and Kostya added:

– Wow! That’s why they say that equipment in the hands of a savage is just a pile of metal!

A slight wave of amazement ran through the crowd. Spoons got really stuck, and “the sensitive” was now grandly walking with a puffed out chest as if it were covered with medals of honour.

One of the guys asked:

– And how are you doing it? How is it possible to explain?

It seemed like this was the question Vitaliy Yakovlevich was waiting for. And with obvious pleasure he started to talk instructively about bioenergy and informational fields, biological human magnetism, its phenomenal manifestation only through chosen people, and its all-powerful influence. His speech finally reached culmination. Walking in front of the astonished crowd with his naked torso covered with the hanging spoons, and convincingly gesticulating, “the sensitive” was passionately declaiming:

– ...this powerful, pulsating emanation born by the Power of the World Universal Reason embodies the last step to the perfect spirit. It is able to surround human mind by the power of its aura.



And not only to separate itself from the human body but also to exist out of body together with his soul. I would say, existence beyond the border is quite conscious. Having accumulated the energy of this cosmic emanation, I have discovered fantastic super power in myself. I got an invaluable gift of magnetism, clairvoyance, and healing. I am in power to heal miraculously all diseases. I cure through an all-penetrating, omnipresent double flow of emanation, which appears to be an initial cause of all energy and informational fields of the great Universe. With my positive pole I restore power, body, and human aura and also take away the evil eye...

I noticed that even though this peculiar lecture was not quite clear for me, my thoughts started to search for the ways of a possible cure in it. “Maybe he will be able to heal me?! Although, of course, it’s very hard to believe, but maybe...” Encouraged by the illusive hope, I started to listen much more diligently to the convincing speech of “the sensitive”, already not paying any attention to his appearance.

— ... My might, as I was perfecting it, became huge...Here, as you can see. This is one of its manifestations, — he pointed out to the stuck spoons.

Meanwhile it looked quite strange. Making circles around the listening crowd, he more and more stuck his stomach out and slightly leaned his back, like a penguin. I looked at Sensei. He stood, with hands crossed on his chest and slightly lowered head, probably, already tired of listening. He was ironically smiling.

— ...I achieved this perfection due to mysterious knowledge which is not known to anyone on Earth except the chosen ones. On the basis of that secret information, I developed my own system of spiritual development. But it’s not available to every mortal. Even that one, who due to the hardest work and through the atonement of sins and privations will reach the tenth level of my system of perfection, won’t be able to realize by himself the great mystery of this teaching. Because it reveals itself only to best of the chosen ones. Only people like me who are able to unite the perishable body with the great spirit, the spirit of the Universal Reason, possess the all-mighty of God!!!



It seemed like those words were the last drop on Sensei's nerves. Judging by his light wave of movements, it seemed to me that he would loose his temper and punch this man with all his force so that the praised power of this "alien" won't even be able to save him. But despite my forecast, Sensei just said clearly enunciating every his word:

– Mister, is't it too much of responsibility that you are taking on yourself? So far, you haven't demonstrated to us anything that would have proved your words.

– What do you mean, haven't demonstrated?! – Vitaliy Yakovlevich demanded angrily. – Don't you see this??

– All this is rubbish, – continued Sensei. – Anybody can do it. And there is nothing extraordinary or special in it. You simply need to wash youself more often.

The whole crowd rolled with laughter. And Kostya, hitting himself on the forehead, said in excitement:

– Of course! I remember I've read about this trick. He just has a sticky and wet body that's why spoons got stuck.

"The Ruler of the Universe and the whole Earth" became even more furious and shouted over the whole sports hall towards Sensei:

– What? You are too young to make judgements about such great knowledge! What else can you do except of flapping your legs??

Sensei gazed at him seriously. Then he came up and easily took one of his slipping away spoons. Everybody around froze. The Teacher stretched out forward his hand holding the thin end of the spoon and started to make a series of breathing exercises, working on deep breathing. In a minute his face relaxed, emotions disappeared. His eyes changed and it seemed to me they became fathomless. He froze for a few splits of a second fixing his eyes on the spoon. His figure seemed to look like a great sculpture. And at that moment the spoon started to bend fast like a soft fading pedicle as if it weren't made from tough metal but from some plastic material. I couldn't believe my eyes. Impossible but it's a fact!

Sensei regained in a few split seconds his usual appearance

and calmly said to the shocked Vitaliy Yakovlevich returning him the bent spoon:

– When you will be able to demonstrate us at least this trick then we will listen to you with great pleasure.

And quickly turning to the crowd Sensei added:

– I would like to inform those that haven't changed yet that the training will start in two minutes. The ones who won't make it in time will do the push-ups penalty (that's what we called twenty pushups for being late).

Having heard these words we rushed to the changing rooms, outrunning each other, not having watched the most interesting part: how this newly born God-like bum recovered from his stupor.

– Senior sempai! Why are there strangers inside?! – we have heard the voice of Sensei behind us.

During the warm-up I have been thinking over: "How could I even allow the thought that this bum is able to help me somehow?! Well... But on the other side, in my desperate situation all I can do is to believe in miracle and hope for the best. Here you catch at any straw, just to survive. That's why these silly thoughts arise, because of an internal, almost panic fear. No. I should control myself. Anyway, I will find a saving loophole. I'll try to survive. I shouldn't lose hope, and I will fight to the very end!" The most amazing was that my firm belief was based on some deep, subconscious feeling, on that Something I was looking for so hard. But all this became apparent in vague guesses.

Meanwhile the warm-up ended up and we started to exercise the bases under the supervision of the senior sempai. Sensei was sitting on a bench discussing something with the gangling old man. "I wish I could hear what they are talking about there," – I thought to myself. But evidently those curious thoughts were present not only in my head. During the training, despite the fact of being a man with grey hair, "Dumpling" all the time was trying, as if by accident, to take a place closer to the Teacher. And with each try he caused in me an indescribable feeling of envy and jealousy. And judging by the accusing gazes of our guys, I was not the only one who felt it.



During the noisy and monotone basic exercises and loudly announced commands I again got deep into my thoughts. “How did Sensei manage to bend the spoon? And why did he call that phenomenon simply a trick? If that would have been a trick, then, in my understanding, it should have been thoroughly prepared. But he just took the spoon and bent it with his gaze alone”.

I could say that I believed and disbelieved it at the same time. I believed because somewhere I’ve read about people–phenomena who possessed such abilities. I recalled that there were described people–magnets. But any objects, regardless from what material they were made: wood, metal, plastic, were sticking to them. I remember that I was amazed most of all by the weight those people could hold up: more than ten kilos!

It was a paradox but I didn’t believe I’ve seen all that with my own eyes, as they say, “live”. Or rather this disbelief was caused by my reluctance to realize that this fact itself was real. Everything seemed so mysterious. I would have understood if our crowd would have been hypnotized, beforehand being explained, what now we would see. But Sensei has just taken it in silence and has done it. How?!

Nevertheless, the fact that it was possible was very important for me. It was some kind of, not known yet to me, firm platform, formed by Sensei’s knowledge. And my subconsciousness was intensively grasping it in every way possible resisting those antagonistic thoughts. I don’t know why but I started to trust that interesting man. At least, he obviously knew where there’s truth, and where there’s fiction.

After the basics it came finally to the moment long expected by our company. This part of the training we used to call “the free style program”, because people, having split up into pairs, were exercising old techniques or some peculiar techniques from the previous trainings. Andrew picked up his nunchaku and being followed by our curious glances came up to the Teacher.

- Is it possible to do something against nunchaku?
- And do you know how to use them? – Sensei replied him with a smile.
- Of course! – self-satisfied bragged Andrew. – I don’t let



them out of my hands for already four years. One could say, I eat and sleep with them.

And Andrew demonstratively showed a couple of complex, in our opinion, movements.

– Not bad, – Sensei said.

– And still, is it possible to do something against nunchaku?

– Andrew repeated his question obviously provoking the Teacher.

Of course... For every Vijai there is a Rajah.

– What? – Andrew asked again, not understanding the last phrase.

– I mean, for every power there is a counter-power. Nunchaku is not an exception, too.

– Can you show it?

– I can but then it will not be fair, you with nunchaku against me... Take somebody else with you.

We looked at each other with astonishment. Nevertheless Andrew went along to look for a partner, and our company to look for the second weapon. To our regret there were no more nunchaku. Instead of that we have found a lot of two meters long poles in the sports equipment room.

But although we have found fairly easily weapons, finding a partner for Andrew was more difficult. Senior guys flatly refused the proposal to take part in this fight and laughed on the quiet: "No, thanks, guy. You'd better do it alone".

Finally Andrew managed to convince a man among the newcomers. Meanwhile Sensei peacefully was chattering with that skinny old man in the white kimono.

– Here, I found one! – Andrew happily announced to the Teacher.

– You have found, great. Let senior sempai second us. At his clap start to attack with full contact. Is it clear?

That was all Andrew was waiting for. He nodded with an obvious pleasure. Sensei walked out into the middle. Andrew stood facing Sensei, and the man with the pole chose a position from the rear right of Sensei. It came to a thrilling moment. All participants were battle-ready, except of Sensei. He was standing relaxed, thinking about something of his own and slightly playing



with the tips of his black belt, embroidered with gold hieroglyphs.

At the senior sempais' clap, Andrew zealously rushed into a frontal attack, spinning his nunchaku with the speed of the blades of a working propeller. Meanwhile the other man jumped up quickly and started striking with the pole. What happened next, happened in an instant. Sensei hasn't changed his position from the moment the attack has begun but he kept on standing in a deeply thoughtful pose. But, as soon as his opponents achieved a critical distance with regards to his body, he, without changing his stance, shortly threw his hand forward. If it can be called "a threw", because in reality, his hand shot out like an attacking snake. The nunchaku folded, spun on it, and flew towards the second fighter. The Teacher accompanied them with the twist of his wrist, slightly changing the trajectory of the flight. The nunchaku made half a turn in the air, aligned, and like a stick, with a butt-end, hit exactly to the forehead of the man attacking from behind. The second nunchaku's stick, continuing its flight, hit the pole. And the pole, correspondingly changing its trajectory of movement, hit Andrew right to the head. As a result, two unsuccessful fighters clumsily fell down to the floor, not even realizing what happened. And Sensei continued to stand thoughtfully, as if all that turmoil around had clearly nothing to do with him. And then, having come to himself, he asked carefully his "ex-opponents":

– How are you, guys? Did you get hurt badly?

– No, – Andrew answered confused, intensively massaging a puffed out bump on his forehead. – It's all right.

The man has also nodded.

– I am sorry, miscalculated a bit.

And coming up to his previous interlocutor said as if nothing had happened:

– You know, I have a great idea! What if...

Meanwhile observing the fight, the crowd buzzed in discussion with noises of laughter and amazement about such a quick fight. And one of the senior guys whom Andrew had asked to help said with laughter:

– Yeah right, Sensei miscalculated, aha! Don't worry, guys,



that's all right. We went through such "miscalculations" already many times and all due to our own stupidity.

When Andrew realized what had happened he simply tormented Kostya and Slava with the same question: "How can that be? One movement... not even a strike?!" Kostya kept perplexedly answering:

– How can we know? Sensei is over there, ask him.

But the Teacher was always busy till the end of the training, first demonstrating new techniques, then showing complicated strikes to the senior guys, then answering the endless questions, and at the end of the training talking to the old man. However, Andrew made up his mind to clear that up right then, no matter how.

And we've got that chance only when the supplementary training was over. We quickly changed and waited at the exit, like guards, as we decided to get what we wanted. But it turned out that Igor Mikhailovich and his guys were going towards the same tram stop. On the way, we started our interrogations.

– How did you manage to win two opponents with such weapons only with one movement? – Andrew asked his sore question.

– Well, weapons have nothing to do with that. This is the technique on using the opponent's force. By the way, it is used in many other styles, for example, Aikido, Jiu-Jutsu, Wing Chun, and others. You need only to catch a moment and use it right away.

– In general it's clear, but in this case, what style did you use?

– Nothing special, – shrugging his shoulders, cunningly answered Sensei, – a little bit of everything.

– But still? – querried Andrew.

– Well, here all you have to know is the physical law of acceleration, distribution of the gravity center in biomechanics and a little bit of the Snake style.

– Oho! – whistled Andrew.

– And what did you think? **All great things are ridiculously simple, but it takes a lot of hard work to master them.**

While Andrew was thinking over that phrase, Slava quickly



asked:

– Is it possible to explain that case with the spoon?

– Of course, it is possible, – Sensei said with a smile. – There is nothing concealed that will not be disclosed, or hidden that will not be made known.

– So, what was that?

– Ah, just trifles. There is nothing special in that, ordinary Qigong or rather one of its modifications.

– And what is “Qigong”? – now it was my turn to ask a question.

– I’ve read somewhere that it is just a breathing technique, – Kostya added.

– Yes, many people think so, – replied Igor Mikhailovich. – But in reality Qigong is a meditative and breathing system that allows to master hidden psycho-physical potential. Though in fact it is one of the simplest types of spiritual practices.

That phrase roused the interest of our company. And something trembled inside of me after these words. But as soon as I opened my mouth to ask about how we could learn it, Kostya squeezed in with his favorite manner of mere verbiage:

– Well,

**“If but a friendly hint be thrown,
,Tis easier then to feel one’s way”.**

– Oh, you like Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, do you? – caught up Igor Mikhailovich. – Then, if you’ve read carefully, he also said the following:

**“Now of the wise man’s words I learn the sense:
„Unlock’d the spirit-world is lying,
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
Up scholar, lave, with zeal undying,
Thine earthly breast in the morning-red!“**

At that moment you should have seen a surprise on Kostya’s face. He was so much impressed by these words that he wasn’t



able to find immediately the right answer. Because that was the first person in his life (except of his parents, of course) who replied him at his “high intellectual” level. “It serves him right, – gloated I in my thoughts. – He used to pose as the only man of great erudition in this world”.

– I’ve read quite a lot of books, – our “Philosopher” started to defend himself, trying more to uphold his pride rather than to stand for the topic of the discussion. – And it was written there that the spiritual world is only a fairy tale for kids.

– Who knows, – indifferently said Sensei continuing to quote Goethe:

**“Parchment, is that the sacred fount whence roll
Waters, he thirsteth not who once hath quaffed?
Oh, if it gush not from thine inmost soul,
Thou has not won the life-restoring draught.”**

– Hmm! It’s easy to say “the life-restoring draught”, – puffed Kostya and keeping silence for a while he added: – As Moliere said:

**“Not all things that are talked of turn to facts;
The road is long, sometimes, from plans to acts.”**

– What do I hear? – jokingly said Sensei, –

**“If we are too wise, we may be equally to blame.
Good sense avoids all extremes, and requires us to be
soberly rational.”**

– It sounds familiar...

– This is also Poquelin, his expression from “The Misanthrope”.

– Who is that?

– Well, Jean-Baptiste Moliere. Poquelin is his real surname.

Even in the dim light of street lamps we could see how Kostya turned red in the face.

But... but... Eastern wisdom says that a really wise man fore-sees the end before starting any doing.



– Absolutely right. In other words, it means that **a human being possesses mind and his real power is in his thoughts**. Even in the modern world, to put it in scientific terms, you may find, for example, the confirmation of it in the saying of Tsiolkovsky: “A thought precedes an action, a fantasy precedes a precise calculation”. As you see, in human society nothing has changed throughout the ages. And why? Because, as correctly emphasized Valentin Sidorov:

**“The nature of your thought is your own nature.
Master your thought and you will know yourself.
And you will be the ruler of your own.“**

The real power is the power of mind.

– Yes, – uttered Kostya and significantly concluded: – “A head without mind is like a flashlight without a light bulb”.

– Wonderful words of Leo Tolstoy, – agreed Igor Mikhailovich to the complete surprise of the “Philosopher”. – If you remember, he also has this beautiful saying: “Thought is the beginning of all. And you can rule your thoughts. That is why the most important thing in self-perfection is to work with your thoughts”.

Kostya nodded uncertainly. It seemed to hurt his pride even more. So, for the next twenty minutes we witnessed a grand battle with aphorisms, quotes, sayings of native and foreign writers, poets, philosophers, scientists, and I didn't even know most of their names. Meanwhile my person was hardly trying to join this dialogue with my essential question, and I was impatient to ask it. But Sensei's polemics with our “Philosopher” flew uninterrupted, gradually reaching its culmination. I have already got completely angry with Kostya that he took such priceless time just to satisfy his mania of brilliant erudition. But he was so possessed by the discussion that it seemed nothing else in the world existed for him.

At the very end, already coming to the tram stop, after probably going through all his memory, he recited his favorite expression:

– Well, as Villon said: “I know all, save myself”.

– So, „**You gaze To-day, while You are You – how then**

To-morrow, You when shall be You no more?“

– And who is that? – completely losing his temper, almost screamed out Kostya.

– Oh, – drawled Sensei with pleasure, – this is Omar Khayyam, a famous Persian poet and philosopher and a great scientist who was considerably ahead of his time. His full name is Ghiyat al-Din Abu'l-Fath Omar ibn Ibrahim Al-Nisaburi Khayyami. He lived in the eleventh century. His wisdom was highly estimated even by some Seldjuk rulers of Iran, though he was from Khorasan, a small village near Nishapur. He had very interesting philosophical thoughts. According to his views the Soul is eternal. It came from the Nowhere into the human body and will return to the Nowhere after death. This world is a strange land for it.

– I wonder, – said Tatyana, joining the conversation. – and where is the soul located inside of the human body? Just like this philosopher thinks, in the heart, or not?

– No, he thought that the heart was born on the earth and it is only a part of mortal human flesh, although its best and the most “spiritual” part. Through the heart in particular speaks the soul. But the heart, in his opinion, knows only this world and existence... He has the following interesting lines, when the heart asks the soul about the mysteries of the Nowhere.

Sensei reflected on it for a bit and said:

**“I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return’d to me,
And answer’d „I Myself am Heav’n and Hell“**

– And what is that “letter”?

– It is believed to be “Aleph” – a first letter in his native language; it’s also the figure “one”. As he thought, it is a symbol of the One Existing, a symbol of the Universal Unity, – and having looked at Kostya, Sensei ironically added: – What else can be argued about?!

Kostya was completely confused not knowing what to say



more. I hastened to use that opportunity and exclaimed in a single breath:

– How can we learn that system of techniques to master the hidden psychophysical potential?

– It's very easy. There is no secret at all. The most important is, as they say, to have a great desire and the chance will come soon.

– So, can we learn it from you?

– Of course.

– And when can we start? – asked Andrew, apparently thinking the same way like me.

– Well, if you are so interested in it, you are welcome to join. I devote an hour and a half for these exercises, twice a week.

– How much does it cost? – asked Slava.

– Do you think it's possible to evaluate spiritual knowledge with money? – said Sensei, surprised. – You guys pay too much attention to this “paper”. We train just for ourselves, for our own spiritual development. If you want to train, come and train.

Our company fixed in detail a date and a time of the next meeting.

– Eugene will show you the way, – added the Teacher.

Eugene turned out to be a tall, lightly-haired, athletically built guy, one of those “speedy” guys that were with Sensei.

– We certainly will come, – Andrew answered for all of us.

On that stage we said goodbye to each other. I was beside myself with joy. Finally my person got close to that what it had been for so long looking for. It seemed I needed to make just one step and maybe I will be able to cross over this abyss and to climb out to the solid surface of Existence. I felt that intuitively, with a sort of sixth sense. Although my mind didn't see any real chance to survive. Despite that, as they say, the Soul was singing.

All the way, the guys passionately discussed today's training and that what awaited us the day after tomorrow at the spiritual training. Enthusiasm overfilled everyone but Kostya. He was puffed, like a Turkey cock, with gloomily knitted eyebrows.

– Kostya, will you come? – asked Andrew, clapping him on the back.



– I am not sure, maybe we shouldn't go, – mumbled the dissatisfied "Philosopher". – We are not the circus clowns to learn those tricks. We will just waste our time for nothing there.

– Are you stupid, man? – "politely" pronounced Andrew. – Where have you seen a circus clown who can bend spoons just looking at them?

– And who teaches others to do it for free, – Slava added his strong argument.

– That's what I'm saying. You must be insane!

– "That distresses me!"

And yet I understand – most kindly would you be" – sarcastically replied our discontented "Philosopher".

– All right, guys, don't quarrel, – said Tatyana. – You should better advise me how to convince my parents to let me go to this training.

– How? – answered Andrew. – Like in this joke: "A daughter came back home late. Her father is asking her: "And how would you call that?" The girl replied: "I don't know how it's called, but from now on it will be my favorite hobby".

Everybody laughed. Having agreed upon a new meeting we went home.





e waited impatiently for that day. Finally, on Thursday our company arrived in full in a good mood to the destination point. Arriving to the stop, we discerned two men silhouetted in the dark.

– Oh, there is Eugene over there, – merrily said Andrew.

As it turned out, Eugene was with his friend Stas. Having greeted each other we moved into the unknown, or to be more exact, pitch-dark direction.

– They should've hanged here at least lamps, – remarked Tatyana, once again stumbling over something.

– Aha, – agreed Kostya, – it's not a residential area but a real steeplechase zone.

– Why should they waste the government's money for electricity? – grinned Eugene. Besides, we know already perfectly everything around here by touch. Moreover, it's unlikely that strangers would like to come to this area, especially by their own will.

– And why is it so? – anxiously asked Slava.

– This place is unusual, remote. Not every beast will run over here, not to mention people. And dogs, do you hear, how they howl?

And really, somewhere close by in the village a couple of dogs were drawlingly howling.

Tatyana slightly shivered grabbing my hand.



– And dogs feel danger well, – he continued.

– Come on, stop scaring people with fairy tales! – said Andrew, trying to make a joke.

– They aren't fairy tales at all. Try to live here for some time, and you'll find out what sort of devilry is going on here, if you'll survive, of course.

After that statement our good mood quickly disappeared. For some time we walked silently looking around. But no matter how much we tried to peer into the pitch darkness, nothing could be seen. Only dim silhouettes of old houses. And what was strange, there was no light there. Dogs alone with their mournful howls showed, at least some kind of signs of life in this Godforsaken place.

– Where are we going? – panicked Kostya.

– Where? – mimicked him Eugene. – Right where you've ordered... to the black glade.

– Where?! – horrified exclaimed we almost simultaneously.

– Gosh, don't yell like that – said Eugene, rubbing his deafened-by-our-wild-outcry ear. – I told you, we are going to the black... glade.

And stumbling over another pothole, slightly cursed:

– What's the hell! Evil forces try to set a trap everywhere. It is very likely that they will drag away those who remain behind.

Tatyana, who was holding my hand just to be safe, grabbed the hand of Kostya with another hand. I felt how she started to tremble all over. Slava, slightly lagging behind after those words, quickly moved ahead of us. Andrew was walking silently and looked around.

– Where have you seen evil forces and black glade? – Kostya uttered with fear. – Why should they be here? Absolute nonsense...

– Where? Over there! – Eugene confidently waved his hand somewhere to the side.

– Why have we come here? – mumbled Tatyana with fear and trembling. – We could have been right now at home, without caring about anything.

– But you wished yourselves to learn black magic. And now



you say "Why have we come?", – Eugene answered shrugging his shoulders.

– To learn what? – we asked again all together in amazement.

– can't believe it! – Eugene made a surprised face. – Didn't you know that Sensei is the most powerful wizard, so to say, the right hand of Lucifer?

Now it was our turn to stare wide-eyed.

– Who? What? And who is Lucifer? – an avalanche of questions rushed on Eugene.

– All right, – our guide grandly stopped the torrent of our questions. – I will explain you now everything. "Lucifer" means an angel of light, the right side of God. For the majority of people he is known under different names. For example, Satan or Devil, whatever you prefer. He is a ruler of the Earth. Second, I emphasize one again that Sensei is his right hand. And his power doesn't have boundaries. For him to bend spoons, it's nothing. He is able to do such things that you can't imagine even in your most dreadful dream! And third, you are very lucky as you can master here what you wanted. You can get extraordinary abilities almost for nothing. Just for a soul about which you don't know anything and you don't even feel. But why am I telling you all this? You will see it now yourselves.

– There you are! I think we got into trouble, – Tatyana really got scared.

– That's it! – cried out Kostya in a low voice. – And what did I tell you! We shouldn't have gone, but you didn't listen. But I've told you right away, something's fishy here. And I as well was stupid, a dummy, I dragged myself with you. What should we do now?

This panic fear of Kostya spread to Slava, and he whispered to us:

– I think, it's high time to run away from here.

– Where? – hissed Kostya. – Do you remember how many times we turned, going in different directions?

– And I don't care! – declared Andrew. – Let's assume that Sensei is a wizard, that's his personal problem. What's important is that he knows much more than me. And I won't



miss an opportunity to learn that.

– And me too, – answered my person.

And I thought to myself: “I shouldn’t care at all because that’s my chance to survive. And if not, then anyway I have nothing to lose. But maybe it will help...”

We came out on a curved path along a long, lonely fence. At that moment moonlight shone through the clouds. Suddenly, right before us a big black cat jumped on the fence, his eyes were burning like yellow-green lights. Caught by surprise, me and Tatyana screamed and hid behind the backs of our guys. However, our defenders also froze rooted to the ground. Only our guides alone continued calmly their way. And Eugene, having seen our stupor, mysteriously whispered: “It’s just the beginning”. The cat, in his turn, without paying any attention to us, grandly kept walking along the lone fence, and as if on purpose, in the same way they were guiding us.

– Fie, fie, fie, – spitted out Slava over his left shoulder.

– You should have made the sign of the cross, – Andrew said sarcastically.

– Sounds good, –Tatyana licked over her dry lips. – They say, if a black cat crosses the road, you should hold on to your button. Then the evil forces won’t even notice you.

Just to be on the safe side, I touched a button with shaky hands. Our company, hurried to catch up with our fellows, continuously looking at the dark shadow of the cat.

The path took us to a small glade. The big full moon was ominously creeping out from the clouds. What we saw over there, completely shocked us. In the middle of the glade, back to us, stood a man in black garment with a hood thrown over his head. His figure phosphoresced with the faintly-cold moonlight. And over it ascended light smoke. Around was a weighty, eerie silence. Looking at this scene, we all lost our ability to speak. In that moment, the big black cat jumped right to our feet, stopping all possible movements of our extremities. The last thing our frightened small group managed to do was to instinctively grab our saving buttons. Jumping off in such a cheeky way that beast rushed to the dark figure and started to rub against his feet, to



our unspeakable horror.

Looking at such a sinister picture, everything in my mouth dried up, shiver ran along the entire body. In spite of my desire to run away from there to anywhere, my body stood still, not being able to move. I looked at the guys. Tatyana almost crawled over Kostya and grabbed him with a death grip. Kostya himself looked like a plaster monument. Slava stood with an open mouth and wide-open eyes. Even Andrew, despite his earlier optimism, was stamping out with his teeth, a fine, nervous quiver. His face was covered with sweat.

Eugene, looking back at us, obediently went up to the dark figure. Raising his hands up, he solemnly pronounced:

– Oh Great magician, wizard and sorcerer, ruler over all the nations, whose power and might over all land, water, air and fire stretches over the entire Universe. Your loyal disciples have fulfilled their holy duty. Take in your bosom these lost souls, in order to restore your true and fair authority and power on Earth!!!

Eugene made a low bow. Even during his speech Sensei turned to him in surprise.

– What? What? – he asked. – Which might, which power? What are you talking about?

Eugene rolled with laughter together with Stas.

– What's the matter? What are you laughing so much about?

– asked Sensei, while smoking the cigarette. – And where are the other guys? Have you met them?

Drowning from laughter, Eugene waved towards us:

– They are in a stupor still over there and can't come out.

– What kind of stupor? – asked Sensei, not understanding and looking into the dark. – What nonsense have you told them?"

But Eugene couldn't stop laughing, hopelessly waving his hand.

– What a clown!

– Sensei, don't you know Eugene?" – replied Stas dying laughing.

Looking at all that turmoil, Andrew was first to understand what's going on here. Shamefully pulling his hand away from



the button, he sighed with relief.

– Well, guys, – said Andrew, coming out from the darkness to them. – That was great. The joke was good, but who's going to wash my pants now?!

It provoked even bigger storm of laughter. While Sensei said with a smile:

– And what did this clown make up this time?

Andrew started to tell in detail, how this “guide” led us through the village, changed according to his stories into the Brocken mountain. We also joined him, enriching the story with our impressions. At the very end, our entire big company, together with Sensei roared with an uninterrupted laughter, recalling our recent feelings.

– I just came earlier today, – explained Sensei, laughing through tears: – The light in our village was cut off. Probably the cable was damaged somewhere.

– What a story, – Tatyana uttered with her clear voice. – I don't want to mention what we suffered from Eugene, but there was also this cat!

Meanwhile the small ball of our big fear peacefully sat aside, frightened by human laughter.

– It's Samurai, – Stas waved his hand and explained. – The cat of Sensei. He always follows him.

– Stas, you should have shown us with your mimic, what was going on, – Andrew said with a smile.

– How? – he shrugged his shoulders. – You dashed aside from every shadow, and if I were to start making faces, we would long have to search for you all over the village.

The guys laughed, having imagined this picture.

– I say, – Eugene justified. – it was an ordinary joke. Like Ostap Bender said: “The most important is to bring confusion into the enemy's camp... Because people most of all are afraid of the unknown”.

– That's right, – said Sensei. – **Fear begotten by imagination sees danger even there, where there is no danger at all.** There is one ancient eastern legend about fear. “A wise man met the Plague on his way and asked, “Where are



you going?” It answered, “to a big city. I have to kill there five thousand people”. In a few days the same wise man again met the Plague. “You said that you’d kill five thousand people but you’ve killed fifty thousand”, – he blamed It. “No,” – objected the Plague. – “I’ve killed five thousand, the others died from fear”.

Having discussed all the funny details of this journey and having dispersed the myth of our unjustified fears by humor and laughter, we switched on to more serious topics. Our group was joined by three other guys: Ruslan, Yura, and Victor (senior sempai). And a little later came Nikolai Andreevich (“Dumpling”) who turned out to be a psychotherapist. Meanwhile we were talking about Qigong.

– What does the word “Qigong” mean?” – Slava asked Sensei.

– Well, if to translate literally this word from Chinese, Qigong refers to the work with energy of the air, because “Qi” means “wind, gas, breath”, and the syllable “gong” means “work, action, or deed”.

– And this system was invented again by the Chinese, – sighed Andrew.

– Not really, – answered the Teacher. – It is the Hindu system of self-regulation, which migrated to China at the beginning of a new era.

– I’ve read that there exist different types of Qigong, – as always Kostya put in his remark. – I think it was written about two different schools.

– There are a lot more of them, – said Igor Mikhailovich. – In the modern world there are plenty of different schools of Qigong. For example, Confucian, Buddhist, medical, military...

– Medical? – I shuddered. – What does it heal?

– Many diseases.

– So, we need only to breathe the right way? – Andrew interrupted my next questions.

– Not only. Also you need **to think the right way**. There is such a saying that “a thought guides Qi, and Qi guides the blood”. While blood, as it’s known, is an ambulance of the body,



with all necessary medical supplies. In the very ancient medical treatise “Huangdi Neijin” it is said that “when a thought rests in stillness it is free”, it means that you can master Qi. **The human who thinks the right way, has a good health.**

– To put it short, a sound mind can be only in a healthy body, – Kostya made a conclusion for himself.

– Not really. I would say, **with healthy thoughts there will be a sound mind and with a sound mind will be a healthy body.**

– Could you please explain me, you always emphasize the importance to think the right way, both during physical trainings and now, – remarked Andrew. – But for some reason, before I thought that all we need is just to act the right way. Because thoughts can be different during the choice of action: both good and bad.

– That’s where you waste priceless time on the struggle with your own self. You shouldn’t have to choose between a good and a bad thought. Because you shouldn’t have any negative thoughts in your mind at all. The goal of the highest Art, the Art of Lotus, is to learn right thinking, in other words, “to kill a Dragon inside”, “to conquer a Dragon”. Have you heard of such an expression?

– Yes.

– That is the purpose. **The greatest victory is the victory over yourself. What does that mean? It means to win your own negative thoughts, to control them, and to control your emotions.** *I repeat once again, there shouldn’t be anything ne-ga-tive in your mind. Only positive thoughts! Then you won’t need to spend time on fighting with yourself, and your doings will always be positive. Peace should be first of all inside of you. Peace and harmony.*

– So, it means that a human thought is reflected in any action? – asked Andrew, thinking about something of his own.

– It is not only reflected, it guides all the actions. Because the thought is material.

– Material? – It was the turn of Nikolai Andreevich to get surprised.



– Of course. It's a much finer substance, not studied enough yet. But it does exist, it is real, its movements are traced. Even now there are many effective experiments on thought's phenomena. There were experiments with our phenomena, for example, Nina Kulagina, Julia Vorobieva, and many others. I don't even mention the rich world practice. These researches are conducted all over the world, although they are called differently. For example, in England they are called mental investigations. In France they are metapsychics, in countries of Eastern Europe – psychotronics, in the U.S. – parapsychology, in China – investigations on extraordinary functions of human body and so on.

And if you look deeply into the history of mankind, you will find there much evidence that it was known from the earliest times. In all mythical, magical, and religious views and teachings of people a firm belief exists that it is possible to influence through thoughts on anything or anyone, regardless of the distance, time, and space. In other words, generally speaking this knowledge existed always.

Nikolai Andreevich joined again the polemics:

– Well, now you gave us examples of local phenomena, which became known to us just recently. Why weren't there such people earlier in the Soviet Union? I've been practicing psychotherapy for many years. But studying the mind of different people, my colleagues and I have never come across with such phenomena. That's true, recently there were people talking nonsense and considering themselves to be sensitives. And they even tried to demonstrate us something. But in reality it just a play of their sick imagination, while real phenomena didn't exist in the Soviet Union.

– Why didn't they exist? – Igor Mikhailovich was surprised.
– They existed, and there were a lot of them! From time immemorial in Russia there existed many of such people. But how were they treated? In ancient, unenlightened times, very seldom they were considered saints, but in the majority of cases, those who refused to obey the church were burned in the fire, put on stakes, depending on the whim of that time's king.



Only starting from a second half of the eighteenth century, after the opening of the Academy of Science, the phenomena of the psychic life of human beings started to be researched in Russia more seriously, from the medical point of view. And about one hundred years later, the researches in that sphere were conducted by many prominent scientists. For example, by one of the founders of your own science Vladimir Mikhailovich Bekhterev. When head of St. Petersburg's imperial military and medical academy, he financed himself the building of an entire research institute for the study of brain and psychic activities.

And during the Soviet times? Almost from the start of its existence, supreme attention was paid to the study of psychic phenomena of the brain and of one of its main mysteries – thoughts. It can be proved by such a historical fact that those investigations were held by the order of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin and under the personal control of Felix Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky in the special department of the Secret Service that was dealing with secrecy and protection of state secrets. This department even had a special neuro-energetical laboratory. This elite special department used in its work various healers, mediums, shamans, hypnotherapists.

– God, and why did they need all those “healers”? – Nikolai Andreevich was really surprised.

– Well, all that was for the same reason: the extraordinary abilities of those individuals. They were able to manipulate with such hidden forces of human beings that significantly surpassed the abilities of any machinery. All these phenomena were very seriously examined! They sent even scientific expeditions searching for this knowledge: from the studies of the mysteries of ancient civilizations to the search for the legendary Shambala.

– Shamhala... it sounds familiar...

– What is it? – impatiently asked Andrew.

– Shambala? Well, it is kind of an abode located high in the mountains. But it is famous by the group of scientists living there who have long surpassed the present-day mankind by their spiritual, scientific, and technical level.

– Now I recalled, – said Nikolai Andreevich. – I've read that



as the legend says it, Shambala is an abode of Wise Men. But what has science to do with that? Do these Wise Men study something in particular: astronomy or mathematics, or just philosophy?

– In Shambala they study the only and the most ancient primordial science “Belyao Dzy”, or in other words, the science of “White Lotus” which includes everything, and exact sciences as well. Moreover, it is namely a source of all sciences, whenever studied by the mankind.

Nikolai Andreevich distrustfully looked at Sensei.

– What does it mean, “the most ancient” and “the only”? The majority of exact sciences appeared quite recently, well, maybe two or three hundred years ago.

– You are wrong. All this knowledge was given to people time and again for the development of their civilizations, in the ancient times as well. Long time before the known to us history there were other human civilizations, which achieved a level of development much higher than ours now. Some of them were destroyed, some reached the Absolute. However, remnants of their existence are still being found today. Read about strange archeological findings, researches, and you’ll become certain of that. And in the future people will find even more interesting proofs of what has happened a long time ago on the globe. A lot is written in ancient literature about the existence of this knowledge. For example, ancient nuclear explosions, the results of which scientists now find in the most ancient strata, precise maps of the stellar sky, identified planets which still weren’t discovered by us, “the vimanas”, aircrafts, and so forth. It means that this knowledge was given to people before and it originated from one source: the science of Shambala.

– And how far is this science ahead of the modern mankind?

– Nikolai Andreevich asked arrogantly, crossing hands over his chest.

– Considerably far ahead, – simply replied Sensei. – Much far than you can imagine. But for you to have a slight notion of that, I will give this example. At the time when people still piously believed that the Earth stands on three whales, and



the Sun turns around it, the scientists of Shambala already conducted scientific experiments and different tests on the Sun. And the modern civilization is still very far from that and it's not clear whether it will ever reach such a level. Why do you think people at the peak of their power so actively searched for Shambala? For instance, in a lapse of time known to you in the history of the mankind such celebrities as Alexander the Great, Napoleon, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and so on. Because according to all ancient legends and myths of different cultures, all the knowledge of the Universe and cultural heritage of extinct civilizations is concealed in Shambala.

– I wonder why was it searched for only by tyrants?

– Not tyrants, but people, striving for absolute power over the world. All people in power possess true information, they knew and know about the existence of this abode, about the existence of this powerful knowledge, which is concealed in it. They perfectly understand that the real power over the world is concentrated in Shambala that's why many people searched and still are searching for it. However, Shambala itself never gave anyone the possibility to conquer the whole world. It balanced, in a way, certain forces. And if a man standing at the peak of his great power, zealously tried to realize his dream of domination over the world, he simply ended his existence. Many people in power during their work contacted with representatives of Shambala and fulfilled their requests. Everybody tried to help, because it's simply impossible to give up the temptation to know more than the mankind knows... Also, except public leaders, many ordinary people were in search of knowledge of Shambala.

– Does it mean that nobody has ever found it? – Kostya asked.

– Not exactly. The paradox is that Shambala has never hidden its existence. It doesn't interfere actively into people's life unless it concerns something globally important for the whole mankind and in particular for Shambala. But if it's necessary, its scientific society decides itself whom it is reasonable to contact with.

– Well, let's assume that. But if this abode of Wise Men

doesn't hide its existence, why couldn't it be found by people who were at the peak of power? After all, they had everything at their disposal: equipment, finance, and human resources! – Nikolai Andreevich was puzzled.

– Yes, you've listed everything but their hard hearts and greedy thoughts. While unalterable rule to contact Shambala for people in search of it is their high morality and purity of their intentions. Only possessing first of all these qualities a human can get access to the required knowledge.

You see, we come back again to our start point. Why can't a human develop in himself these phenomenal abilities consciously, although for him it is quite possible? Because there is too much of egocentrism, vanity, greediness, anger, envy in him. In other words, too many qualities inherent to a beast, to the animal nature. And if he comes into contact with this unexplainable for him psychical phenomena his animal nature turns on its logic fearing to loose the empire of its power created in the human mind and based on parasitizing thoughts. That is, for the preservation of its power over a human, it tries to find some kind of common sense or to critically conceive where all you need is a simple childish faith.

In some cases, of course, people spontaneously open their phenomenal abilities, as a result, for example, of some kind of traumas, intense stress, and so forth. But, if in the human mind prevail negative qualities, it will be the same as a Neanderthal man will find a monkey wrench and not knowing how to use it, will apply it, from his negative point of view, to his tribal friends.

The guys smiled, and Eugene archly asked:

– Will he hit them on their heads?

– Even worse, on the big toes. Then his tribal friend will completely forget about his head.

– And if at that moment a good, spiritual nature prevails in the human? – I asked with curiously.

– And if in a human prevails a spiritual nature, then he will correctly perceive new information on a subconscious level, using his phenomenal abilities for good intentions. Because in this case, **faith gives birth to knowledge, and knowledge**



strengthens faith. And without faith no miracles are possible in this world.

– It's an interesting thought, – said Nikolai Andreevich, and remaining silent for a while, added, – I wonder, when Stalin came to power in our country did they stop the researches of phenomena?

– On the contrary, these researches became even more intensive. They continued even after his death. This interest doesn't decrease even up to now. This subject is examined by many scientific institutes.

– Hmm, but I've studied works of many well known authors of different institutes specialized in my sphere, but I didn't face with this kind of subjects.

– It's not strange because this subject belongs to the sphere of hidden control over the masses. I think that you understand well enough how secret these works are. I can give you an example of the Leningrad institute named after Vladimir Mikhailovich Bekhterev. By the way, the work of Bekhterev was continued by his granddaughter, Natalya Petrovna Bekhtereva. So, they study there closely the human brain. And one of the priority directions of that institute is the research of people's psychical phenomena.

– But the Leningrad institute is one of the leading in..., – Nikolai Andreevich froze, saying half a word, evidently shocked by his guess.

Having coped with the excitement, he continued:

– Well, but if it has been studied for so long, if the military have shown such an interest in it, and if huge amounts of money were spent, then, probably, there should have been a huge scientific progress in psychical studies.

– A progress? – grinned Sensei. – What kind of a progress can be there with such a motivation? Their institute still can't explain the phenomenal effects of this biomass that weights a little more than a kilo, I mean cerebrum, however, just like other scientists of the world. It remained, despite of all their efforts, the mystery of mysteries. The space is investigated much more than the human brain.



– I agree... But you say that the sacral knowledge can be given only to people of high moral standards. But not all the scientists are complete egotists with excessive megalomania. For example, that very Bekhtereva...

– Absolutely correct. And if you carefully follow the work of academician Bekhtereva as a human and a scientist, you'll see that after having studied all her life the human brain, she came to the conclusion that she knows very little about it, about its potential. And, nevertheless, the deeper she delves into the study of the brain, the more she believes in the idea of its extraterrestrial origin, that is, of its true source of origin, based on the exceptional complexity and superfluity of the brain. And I'm pretty sure that soon she will publicly announce it. Like it was announced by the great scientists of the world and not just in the sphere of psychical research, but in other natural sciences. For example, by Einstein, Tesla, Vernadsky, Tsiolkovsky, and other great Scientists. This list is huge and it would take long time to voice it. But all those people came to the conclusion that the human is a very unique and mysterious creature and in no way it could originate on the Earth from some kind of infusorium!

We stood silent, slightly shocked by what we had heard.

– So, it means that the power of extraordinary, phenomenal people is concealed simply in their thought? – Kostya asked again.

– Absolutely right. **Thought is a real power. A lot greater than the human can imagine.** Thought is able to move planets, to create and destroy entire galaxies, which initially was proved by God Himself.

Nikolai Andreevich smiled and ironically said:

– It's a very convincing answer, I can't even argue with it.

– Really?! – Andrew expressed our general amazement. – Then why don't we feel the presence of this gigantic power in ourselves?

– Because you don't believe in it.

– Is that so? The beginning was so complicated, but the end is so simple, – stated Kostya.



– What can I do? So is the nature of knowledge, – answered Sensei with a smile.

– Well, how can it be, – Slava couldn't understand, – if I would feel such a power, why wouldn't I believe in it?

– The whole trick is that first you should believe, and then you will feel it.

– And what if I believe but don't feel it, – Slava couldn't calm down, – What's then?

– If you really believe in it, then certainly you will feel it, – answered Sensei and added: – All right, we can discuss it for long time, but it's time to begin the meditation.

– And what is a meditation? – asked Tatyana. – I've read that it is the psychical training during the trance. But what it actually is, I don't still understand.

– In a few words, a simple meditation is a training of thought and a deeper spiritual practice is a training of spirit.

– Does it mean that thought and spirit are the same? – Kostya broke into the conversation again.

– No.

I noticed that the cat sitting close by, stirred at its place, as if making itself more comfortable.

– Now we will practice the simplest meditation on the concentration of attention, so that you can learn how to control the Qi energy. But before that I would like to repeat again for those who came late. Except the material body, the human has also the energy body. The energy body consists of an aura, chakrana, energy channels, meridians and special reservoirs for energy accumulation. Each of them has its own name. I will tell you later in detail about all of them, depending on the meditation.

– And what is a chakran? – I asked.

– Chakran is a tiny spot on the human body through which different energies enter and exit. It works....so, for you it would be easier to understand... like a diaphragm in a camera. Have you seen it?

We nodded assent.

– It is the same way with chakrana; they instantly open and



instantly close.

– And does all that energy really come out in that instant?
– Slava was surprised.

– Well, it's not like emptying a bucket with water. After all a human being is an energy and material creature, where energy and matter exist by their own laws and time, however they are fully interconnected and interdependent... Any other questions? – Everyone was silent. – Then let's begin. Right now, your objective is to learn to feel inside of yourselves the movement of air, the movement of Qi. You all consider that you perfectly understand and feel yourselves. But I'm pretty sure that you can't see right now, for example, the toes of your feet. Why? Because you don't have internal vision. Internal vision, just like internal feeling, can be trained with time, in everyday training. That's why we will start with the simplest and easiest meditation. We'll try to learn to control thoughts and feelings: to evoke them and to guide them.

All right, and now make yourselves comfortable and relax. Calm down your emotions. You may close your eyes, so nothing will distract you. Dissolve all your thoughts and everyday problems in the emptiness...

As soon as that phrase was spoken out, I recalled a pile of tiny household chores. “Gosh! Those impudent thoughts again, – I thought, – You were told to get dissolved”. My person again tried not to think about anything.

– Concentrate on the tip of your nose...

With closed eyes I tried to “see” the tip of the nose, guided more by my internal feelings. I felt my eyes slightly strained.

– Now deeply breathe in, slowly and gradually. First, with the bottom of the stomach, then with the stomach, chest, raising shoulders... Slightly hold your breath... Slowly breathe out... We concentrate our internal vision only on the tip of the nose... You should feel and imagine that your tip of the nose is like a small light bulb or small flame, and it flames up with your every breathing out... Breathe in... Breathe out... Breathe in... Breathe out... The flame flares up more and more...

At first I felt a slight burning and pricking in my nose. There

was such a feeling as if I were filled with something material, like a jug with water. Later it seemed to me that in the area of the nose tip appeared a dark distant contour of a purple tiny spot. At first, I couldn't clearly focus on it. Finally, when I was able to get it fixed, it started to lighten up from inside. Moreover, when breathing in, the light narrowed, when breathing out, it widened. But when I used to breathe this way, I heard the words of Sensei.

– Now switch your attention to another part of meditation. Raise slightly your hands a little forward, palms facing the earth. Breathe in as usual: through the bottom of the stomach, then through stomach and chest. Your breath out direct through the shoulders, hands, to the center of your palms, where the chakrana of the hands are located, and through them into the earth. Imagine that something is flowing through your hands, Qi energy, or light, or water, and then overflows into the earth. This flow rises from the bottom of the stomach up to your chest, there it is split up in two streamlets and overflows into the earth through your shoulders, arms, hands. Concentrate all your attention on the feeling of that movement... Breathe in... Breathe out... Breathe in... Breathe out...

A thought flashed across my mind: "What does it mean to breathe through the hands? How can it be?" I even panicked a little. Sensei, obviously feeling my confusion, came up and placed his palms over mine, without touching the skin. After some time, my palms began to burn, like two stoves, spreading warmth from their center to the periphery. And what astonished me most of all, I really felt how tiny warm streamlets were pouring through my shoulders. In the region of elbows they weakened, but I felt them very well during their overflowing through my palms. Deep in these new, unusual feelings, I asked myself a question: "How am I doing this?" While I was thinking it over, I lost the feeling of the steamlets. I had to concentrate again. In general, it worked with variable success. After one of my next attempts I heard again the voice of Sensei.

– Close the palms of your hands in front of you, firmly grip them so that the chakrana of the hands would be closed and the

movement of energy stopped. Make two deep, fast breaths in and out... Lower your hands and open your eyes.

After the meditation, when we started to share impressions, I understood that everyone experienced it differently. Tatyana, for example, didn't see "the flame", instead of it she felt some kind of light movement through her hands. Andrew had shiver in his legs and light dizziness. Kostya shrugged his shoulders and answered:

– I didn't feel anything special, except that feeling of some kind of formication. But that is quite a normal reaction resulting from the oversaturation of the body with oxygen.

– After the third, fourth breath in, maybe, – answered the Teacher. – But at the beginning the brain becomes fixed by the thought, in particular before the movement of the Qi. And if to listen to yourselves, to relax and to deeply breathe in, you will feel right away a widening or feeling of formication in the head, or in other words, a certain process that develops there. That is exactly what you need to understand, what is moving there, and to learn to control it.

– Why didn't I feel anything? – asked disappointed Slava.

– And what did you think about? – half in jest asked Sensei.

As it turned out later, the guy didn't know himself what he had been expecting, maybe some kind of a miracle. Therefore Sensei replied:

– Right, that's the reason why you didn't feel anything because you concentrated your thoughts not on the work, but on waiting for some extraordinary miracle. But there won't be a miracle until you create it yourself... You shouldn't wait for anything extraordinary when you breathe correctly or concentrate on something. No. **The biggest miracle is you, yourself, as a Human!** After all, where does all great spiritual Art lead? It helps you to become a Human, so that you would gradually wake up and recall this knowledge, which was given to you primordially. These meditations are only the means of awakening from spiritual lethargy and recalling all long hidden and forgotten what you knew and used once upon a time.

– What do you mean knew? – Slava didn't understand.



– Well. For example, everybody knows how to read, write, count, if, of course, he is normal, without mental disorders. Right?

– Right.

– But first he had to be taught. While later he already easily reads, counts and so forth. That is, he already exactly knows that, for example, one plus one equals two, two by two equals four. It seems later to him so simple and real! But at the beginning he was taught all this, although in reality he simply recalled. These are hidden, subconscious abilities. Or, here is another easier example that has to do with the physiological level. If a man who doesn't know how to swim, is thrown into the water, he will drown. While it was many times proven and confirmed by deliveries in the water that a newborn baby, when lowered into pool, swims like any other animal. Does it mean that he already possesses these reflexes? Indeed. But later it's simply forgotten. It is the same with a human. He has a lot of knowledge which he doesn't even suspect he has.

But... all of this works *only with a positive factor*. And if some mercenary interests prevail in him, for example, to learn in order to cheat somebody or to be able to hit someone with energy from a distance, or he will be able to bend everyone's spoons, and they will throw him money for that, *he will never achieve anything*. Only when a human will learn to control his thoughts, then he'll really become a Human, and only then he'll be able to achieve something.

– So, does it mean that spiritual practice is a method of awakening a human? – asked Andrew.

– Absolutely right. Spiritual practice is only an instrument for repairing your mind. And the result depends on how you will use this instrument. In other words, it all depends on the desire and skill of the master. And in order to learn how to hold this instrument in your hands it is necessary to control your thought, to concentrate it, and to see it with your internal vision. In our case it means to learn to control our breath, to feel that you breathe out through the chakrangs of hands. You need to learn to evoke certain feelings so that later you will be able



to control the internal, hidden energy.

– In my opinion, this is a hallucination, – remarked Kostya.

– Yes, a hallucination, if you regard it as a hallucination.

But if you will regard this energy as real power, then in reality it will be real power.

– It's strange, but why?

– Because, I repeat again, a thought controls an action. While energy itself is an action. That is all. Everything is very simple.

We remained silent for a moment, while Nikolai Andreevich asked:

– And from the point of view of psychology, is it nevertheless an objective factor or a subjective feeling? For example, I clearly felt the concentration on the tip of the nose. But movements through the arms I felt only partially, where I was focusing my attention.

Sensei started to explain something to the psychotherapist, using terms unknown to me, probably, from his professional language. And as I understood from their speech they touched later on the problems of sensitiveness, including healing and diagnostics of different diseases. The latter interested me very much.

During this discussion, while the other guys were listening, Slava carefully was examining the palms of his hands. And as soon as a lengthy pause appeared in the discussion, a guy hurried to ask:

– I do not completely understand about chakrans. You said that there should be opening points. But there is nothing in here!

The senior guys laughed.

– Of course, – said Sensei. – Visually there is nothing like that.

Eugene, standing next to Slava, couldn't help it, turned his hands around and seriously asked like a doctor:

– Well, patient. Do you see bones and tendons there?

– No, – replied Slava, still puzzled.

Eugene smacked his lips and mournfully said:



– He is hopeless!

The guys laughed.

– You see, chakrangs are certain zones on the human body which are more sensitive to warmth, – patiently explained the Teacher. – They, of course, can't be seen, but this is real and can be registered by modern equipment. For scientists, just like for you, these zones are still a mystery: the cells are the same, the connections are the same but their sensitivity is higher. Why? Because chakrangs are located here. While chakran belongs to the astral body, that is, to another, more profound physics. A thought is a binding link between the astral and material bodies. That's why it is very important to learn to control your thoughts... Then you will be able really to guide Qi moving inside of your body.

Later on the senior guys joined the conversation, discussing some kind of their own meditation issues. At the end of our meeting Sensei obliged Eugene and Stas personally to accompany us to the tram stop and to help us to get to the tram.

– And no tricks of yours! – Sensei ordered jokingly to Eugene.

– Yes, Sir, – Eugene saluted, – “no cricks”!

Sensei hopelessly waved his hand. When the whole crowd moved laughing towards the path, the Teacher called the cat. But it grandly walked out in a different direction, and Sensei tried to run it down, trying to catch it, but no way. That prankster slipped into the nearest bushes. Squatting down, Sensei tried to pull him out from there. Using this opportunity, I came up to the Teacher, as if helping to catch the cat.

– Can you diagnose.., – without letting me to finish, Sensei replied:

– You mean that wound in your head, my dear... Samurai! Now you want to scratch. You, naughty cat. Come out!

“How does he know?” – I was simply shocked. And inspired by hope I thought: “If he knows about it, then maybe he'll help to heal it!” Meanwhile Igor Mikhailovich asked:

– What is the diagnosis of Aesculapius?

– My parents say nothing serious, something with vessels. But as far as I understood by eavesdropping of the conversation



between my mother and the doctor, I have a malignant growth in the cerebral cortex. And it is not clear how it will progress in the nearest future.

– An impressive argument, – said Sensei, shaking off his hands and looking towards the bushes he addressed the cat:

– Well then, sit there as long as you wish. When you'll freeze, you'll come out yourself!

The crowd, noticing Sensei's "trouble" with the cat, started to come back, offering to help catch it.

– Never mind! – Sensei waved his hand. – He will come home on his own.

To my complete disappointment that small lapse of time that could have been used for conversation, we walked with Sensei keeping silence until we joined the others. I expected him to show some kind of a reaction, some sympathy, some hope for a possible cure. But in vain did I think that he was about to say something. His answer was only silence. Inside of me there was a small hope that I would hear some kind of hint or advice or moral support during general conversation with the guys. But he was simply walking and joking with everyone, telling jokes, followed with a loud laughter of the crowd. That made me completely furious.





All the way I was terribly angry. And at home simply couldn't sit still. "Everything is over, everything is over! – I lamented in my mind. – Just when some kind of hope appeared, again it all collapsed. I'm full up with it, I'm tired of everything. Everything in this world is so senseless! I can't stand it anymore, it's too much for me. Damn it all, this struggle for life with this stupid school, meaningless trainings and indifferent Sensei. Anyway the end is the same!"

In a while my imagination was already drawing a horrible, terrifying picture of my own funeral, the bitter tears of my mother, relatives, and friends. I clearly visualised the nails hammered into my coffin and its lowering into a damp pit, thrown over with dirt. There was an absolute scaring darkness around, emptiness and hopelessness. And that's all!

And what is going on afterwards to be over there, above me, where the life runs like a full-flowing river? Now another picture appeared in my mind. Everything was just like before, nothing has changed. My parents as usual, continued going to work. My friends went to trainings, they looked so cheerful like usually and laughed happily from their endless jokes. While Sensei, just as before, continued his interesting trainings, demonstrating and telling to the amazed guys about their own abilities.



Nothing has changed in this world! Solely, I was not here anymore. That's was the point, a reason of my resentment and sorrow. This was only my personal tragedy. And in general nobody else but myself needed my thoughts, my worries, my knowledge and my life. I was born alone and I will die alone. Then what is the purpose of this senseless existence? Why are people even born? What is given life for?

This kind of mixture of the philosophy of life and mostly of the fear of death was going on in my head. A horrible melancholy seized me, and it was quickly changing into depression. Meanwhile I was quickly fading under the pressure of my depressive thoughts during one day. My health rapidly became worse and horrible headaches appeared again, that's why I've missed school and all school hobby classes including my favorite dances. I really didn't need anything in this world. But...

The time of next training was drawing near. And, despite the external squall of negative emotions, I had somewhere deep in me a permanent unchanging feeling of confidence in my own strength and full tranquility. That's why I argued with myself, to go or not to go. And exactly this internal feeling for some reason irritated me most of all.

The guys, who appeared at my home with the whole gang, settled my doubts. Before that I didn't even think of getting ready. Their inspiring laughter, discussion of simple problems, and exchange of impressions on how they had worked over the meditation at home, distracted me from my heavy thoughts, raising a bit my mood. Finally the guys were able to drag me out from my "graveyard" to the training, declaring me of being an incorrigible pretender. Andrew also lectured for a while to me on that occasion using his eloquent examples, and made a conclusion at the end:

– I understand when we miss school classes. That's clear, it's boring. But the training?! It's a real adventure which you won't read in any book or see in any kind of a movie! It is so interesting and cognitive! While you, sleepyhead, say "don't want to; I'm not going to go". Then you'll sleep over the best



years of your life and you would have nothing to remember later.

“Aha, – I thought gloomily. – If that “later” will ever come.”





s usual we came early. Having greeted Sensei the guys have run to the changing rooms, while I unwillingly dragged myself behind everyone, with my head hung low. And suddenly very close to me I heard the voice of Sensei:

– You've mastered yourself, well done!

It was so unexpectedly that I even got embarrassed, surprisingly looking into his eyes. He was carefully looking at me and his eyes shone with endless kindness and sympathy. And as usual, without giving a possibility to collect myself, he added:

– Well, it's time for you to go to change.

Meanwhile a new group of guys came up and greeted him. They started to tell him about their problems.

“There you are! – a thought flashed across my mind. – Is it possible that he knew about all my thoughts, doubts, and torments?! Then if he knew, maybe that's normal, maybe that's the way it should be? And if he said, “well done”, it means that not all is lost yet. Nevertheless, the words of Sensei affected me like an elixir of youth given to an old woman. I rushed to the changing room, having forgotten that very recently I hobbled all broken and tired of this life.

– Where are you rushing to? – Tatyana asked puzzled, looking at my wild speed of putting on my kimono. – I can't believe my eyes, just recently you were dying, and now you are



rushing headlong into the sports hall.

– Ah, Tatyana, – I smiled. – Andrew was right when he said that we shouldn't worry too much.

And having looked at the surprised expression on her face, I added:

– I'm in a hurry to live, so that “I wouldn't regret later for senseless years of my life...”

Tatyana laughed, and I ran into the sports hall full of overflowing energy and joined the other guys who were warming up. To tell the truth, I didn't expect myself such an activity from my almost dying body. And where did it come from?

Five minutes before the beginning Eugene who was warming up next to Stas looked at the door and shone in the rays of his blinding Hollywood smile.

– What a good chance! I see a familiar face, – Eugene moved apart his hands.

A sturdy built guy, not too tall, with a strong-willed face and military bearing, entered the sports hall. The amazed exclamation of Eugene made others to look around. Sensei together with the senior guys came up to the newcomer:

– Hi, Volodya!

– Welcome back!

– We are glad to see you!

– When the delighted participants calmed down a little, Sensei asked:

So, how was your trip to the south? Did you warm your bones thoroughly at the resort?

– Aha, I have even burnt myself. I wouldn't wish such a trip to anyone. As they say, if you have nothing to worry about, your command will help you with it.

– What is going on there? – Eugene asked.

– What, don't you watch television, country boy? – Stas said with a smile.

– What? What? What is a “tilivision”? You should know that news is spread in our village only through rumors. And if somebody doesn't understand it, one fist punch in the ear, and the heads of brothers get clear. That's it!



The guys laughed. And Eugene has already transformed into the role of priest and addressed Volodya:

– Confess, my son, confess in detail, about your overseas sufferings and about the sorrowful deeds of the hell. Relieve your soul!

– Well, Eugene! Even the grave probably won't change you, – remarked Volodya, laughing with everybody. He added more seriously: – What can I say, people are getting mad there, they can't share even a piece of earth... They ruined such a resort!

– They know well how to make a storm in a teacup, – Victor agreed. – They learn it from birth.

– Yes, – Eugene drawled, – ...they couldn't avoid the bloody front, unfortunately... I suppose you also chattered with your teeth with fear?

– We are used to it, holy father. It's not my first time, – Volodya comically mimicked him.

– All right, guys, we'll have enough time to talk, – Sensei stopped this funny exchange of impressions. – Go change. It is already time to start the training.

The warm-up went by in an active tempo, with moderate exercise stress. I noticed that Volodya, despite being a stocky guy, moved softly and easily, like a snow leopard. When the main crowd finished repeating the basics, Volodya together with the “speedy” guys started emotionally discussing something with Sensei. Having finished our exercises, we also hurried to join them, trying to grasp the subject of the conversation.

– Was it possible to undertake something over there? – Volodya argued hotly. – We had to work mostly at night, in complete darkness, and often in cellars. There you can't light not only a flashlight but even a cigarette or you would instantly get a lead bullet. So many our guys died because of that! The only thing you try to do under such circumstances is to fire back on every sound in the darkness.

– But you are supposed to have special equipment for night vision, – said Stas.

– Aha, they only show that in movies. But in reality, maybe they have it in anti-terrorist units but where can we get it from?



– Why do you need special equipment? – Sensei asked shrugging his shoulders. – The human is a lot more perfect than any piece of iron.

Volodya reflected and remaining silent for a little while he added:

– Well, I think I've tried all there. I tried to narrow my eyes, so vision would adopt faster, with guys we tried to train in the darkness in order to improve the perception of sounds. But all in vain. Still in most cases we were caught by surprise despite the fact that we seemed to be ready.

– Vision and hearing here are absolutely irrelevant, – ascertained Sensei. – Humans have a completely different level of perception, due to which you can control all your surrounding space at desirable distance around you.

Volodya briskly glanced at Sensei and said:

– Sensei, show me, – he placed his palm against his heart and added with a smile, – My soul missed so much your examples.

Sensei smiled ironically, waving his hand as a sign of agreement:

– All right, kamikaze, come on...

Volodya and the guys have developed a whole plan on how to disorient Sensei. Meanwhile all the crowd got excited about the unusual demonstration. Someone brought a thick scarf to blindfold Sensei's eyes, trying to check himself its light impermeability. Others discussed how to create a better noise and vibration of the air. Our company observed that process with interest, standing next to Stas.

– Who is this Volodya? – Andrew asked.

– Volodya? He is a friend of Sensei. One of his old disciples.

– And how long has he been training with Sensei?

– Well, I've already been training for five years. When I met Sensei, Volodya had just come back from the army. Actually, he had trained with him even before the army.

– He is a serious man, athletic, – remarked Andrew.

– Well, I would think so. Volodya is a master of sambo, served in marines, in intelligence service. And after that, in the Ministry for Internal Affairs.



– Where does he work now? – I asked.

– Right now, he trains a newly created special force.

And being silent for a bit, he added:

– A fine fellow indeed!

Our entire group under the supervision of Volodya sat on the sides of the sports hall, forming a circle. Sensei walked in the center. Volodya blindfolded his eyes with a scarf, thoroughly closing every possible chink. After this preparation he disappeared in the crowd. Meanwhile Sensei took some odd stance. He looked like a tired pilgrim, who took a rest for a while leaning over an imaginary staff.

– Wow! – Eugene exclaimed with admiration, rubbing his hands in anticipation of something special. – Right now we'll see something very interesting.

– That's for sure, – confirmed Stas, carefully looking at Sensei.

– What kind of a stance is that? – Andrew inquired.

– If I understood correctly, this is from the style of “the Old Lama”, – quietly answered Stas.

– I have never heard before of such a style.

– Hem, and probably you'll never hear of it. It is an ancient, dead style. As Sensei says, it was forgotten even before the birth of Christ. Today there is left only a poor remnant of this school. In China it is known as the style of “the Dragon”.

– Not bad for a poor remnant, – Andrew was astonished. – As far as I know, the style of “the Dragon” is the most powerful style, as it absorbed the wisdom and power of all of the martial arts schools...

And having looked once again at Sensei he added:

– And how do you know about this ancient style?

– I had an opportunity to contemplate it two years ago. Some tourists came to us. So Sensei, as a polite host, regaled them with the style of “the Old Lama”. That was quite a show, I tell you, we couldn't tear ourselves away from it!

After such an advertisement, we stared at Sensei in order not to miss something thrilling. Meanwhile, Volodya gave the signal, and our entire crowd started to make an unimaginable



noise, chaotically clapping our hands and stamping our feet.

Making use of this kind of cover, Volodya started to near to Sensei, going around him clockwise. His movements were soft and light. He stepped like a panther before the jump, closer and closer getting to the conditional enemy. When Volodya came nearer from the right side behind Sensei, he, with a quick, light under-step, started to execute a strike of mavashi-geri in the head. Practically simultaneously Sensei moved his right leg behind and right there, turning around his right hand, gracefully describing an arch, slightly touched with the edge of the palm the face of Volodya. Just touched, like a light feather, and didn't hit like I expected. Judging by what we have seen wide-eyed later, it wasn't an accident or a miss. All movements were executed by Sensei with ease, smoothly and with special accuracy. Volodya in his turn, from this light touch flew so as if he were hit by a cannon-ball. His legs sharply flung up, and he was overthrown over his head, with force crashed down against the floor. Everybody in the sports hall was completely silent. Volodya moved, sitting up on the floor. People exhaled and buzzed, like a beehive, discussing what had just happened.

– How did he manage to fall down? – Kostya asked Andrew with curiosity.

The last one shrugged his shoulders.

– Probably he just lost his balance. He was standing on one foot. Probably so, because it seemed like the strike was very light. And you can't even call it a strike.

Sensei, getting rid off the scarf, asked Volodya:

– Are you alive, self-murderer?

– Alive, – Volodya drawled holding his right eye with hand.

– I don't understand, where did I make a mistake?

– Your mistake is that you tried to get me exactly from my most unprotected side, based on your understanding, in other words, from the most vulnerable point.

– Of course!

– That's why you got into trouble! If you would have attacked me right to the front, you would've had more chances than attacking from behind or the right side. While if you would've



attacked from behind left, you would've been hurt even more.

– But why?

– Because you think like a human, possessing vision and hearing. How many times did I tell you, you must take into consideration the way of thinking of your opponent. Because, since I see and hear nothing, then logically thinking you could assume at least that my mind controls the most badly protected places a lot better and stronger.

– And how about the front?

– In front of me the control is weaker because here the body is already prepared for attack. A human, without natural perception, is more physically ready for the fight in front of him and spiritually from behind, and that's a lot more dangerous. It means that the more vulnerable the side of the opponent seems to be, the more it is protected and, correspondingly, the counterattack can be more unpredictable.

– And what if I had had a gun?

– And if you had had a gun, we would have had a greater use of you tomorrow rather than now.

– What do you mean?

– Exactly what I've just said. We would have eaten pies from your fresh meat.

Volodya smiled in reply to Sensei's black humor.

– Well, no need to, I will better bring pies to you by myself...

When Volodya took his hand away from his face, we were even taken aback a little. A big bruise has swollen under his eye. It was not even a bruise. The skin around his eye became dark blue and was covered with blisters, as if after a burn. Girls from our group began to bustle about and brought Volodya a towel, which they had wet in cold water. But even this compress didn't help him. Nevertheless, it seemed that Volodya worried least of all about his eye. He stood up, shook his clothes off, and merrily joked with Sensei, while we were commanded to exercise our techniques.

After the training, almost at the very end of the additional training, we again heard something interesting.

– Sensei, is there such a technique to control the surrounding



space which can be trained in a simpler form, let's say so that it could be understood and practiced by the guys of my sub-unit? – asked Volodya.

The Teacher thought for a little while and replied:

– Yes, there is such a technique. Although, you will need a partner for it. Best of all is to practice it sitting in the lotus pose. You should do the following: on the level of your head suspend a soft tennis ball on a rope, so that during its swinging or pushing by a partner the trajectory of its flight would coincide with the location of your head. Your objective is simply to learn dodging it without using your common organs of control in the surrounding space, and to rely more on intuition. You should perceive the ball in its spiritual interpretation. Try to feel the object approaching the back of your head and guided by your internal intuition, take away your head in time. The most important thing is to train your mind, and again we got back to our subject, – smiled Sensei. – ...And if to speak seriously you should bring your mind to a complete calmness so that it would remind you of the mirror-like surface of a lake. And in that full silence of your consciousness, the approaching object, in our case it's the ball, will be like a pebble, which is thrown over that glassy surface of lake, causing ripples, or like a boat, or a motor boat, call it as you wish. But it will be cleaving your space. All the rest that is located farther, like, for example, people standing in the circle will be like trees or people on the shore, whatever you prefer. And you namely are the center of that lake. You should learn to feel any vibration on your surface, any penetration in your space. Finally you will learn to feel the approaching alien object and all that's happening around.

Andrew who stood with us next to Sensei, asked:

– Can we also train in this way?

– If you have such a desire, certainly, train yourselves, – answered Sensei.

– And in this case, what kind of a perception will it be? – Volodya asked a question.

– Almost the same as the one during this demonstration. The most important is to come out with your consciousness over



the boundaries of your body.

– And how is that? – Andrew didn't grasp the idea.

– Well, I'll give you this simple example. Any human, when not thinking, I mean, when he sits down, relaxes and tries to calm his thoughts down, he will start to feel that his consciousness is widening and comes far out over the boundaries of his body. Consciousness becomes three-dimensional. It covers enormous spaces. In this case, you simply limit it with a certain place. In the example that I showed you, it was the sports hall. Although, if you train hard enough you will be able to feel what is going on at the other end of your district. Actually, it's not that difficult.

– In other words, the most important in the exercise with the ball is to achieve a complete calmness of the mind, like in the example with the lake? – Andrew asked again.

– Absolutely correct, and make an effort so that not a single thought could enter that space.

– That's hard.

– Hard, but possible.

– Could you tell us, Stas said that the style of “the Old Lama” is very ancient. Is that true?

– Yes.

– Are there left in history the names of those who mastered it? – asked Kostya.

Sensei smiled, thinking about something of his own, and answered:

– You might know only Buddha. And, of course, his first followers.

– Buddha? – said Kostya, surprised. – But I thought that he had different kind of philosophy, the philosophy of good. Why did he need to fight?

– Even good people may need to fight, – calmly answered Sensei. – But to master that Art doesn't yet mean to attack someone. For them it was sort of a stage in spiritual development...

Thus our additional training ended, and again we became witnesses of such valuable, in our opinion, knowledge and abilities of Sensei. Our delight was endless. Having changed, we awaited others near the sports hall. When the crowd came



out to the street, Eugene glanced at Volodya occasionally and exclaimed with horror:

– My god! Oho... What a snoot you have, beauty....

After these words everybody turned the attention to Volodya. His eye was completely swollen, turning into a big, black spot.

– Don't worry, – Eugene cheered him up and, puffing up his chest, declaimed: "Bruises make men more attractive!"

Volodya replied with a smile:

– And how about you, don't you wish to become more attractive?

Everybody burst out in laughter.

– Of course, he wishes. And I'll be like a witness in that joke, – Stas was developing the situation. – When he was asked, "Did you see how one man hit another on the head?" he replied: "I don't know if I saw, but I've heard a sound, as if somebody hit something empty".

And Victor added:

– And I will be a second witness. If I am asked why I didn't come to help the victim during the fight, I will answer with a clean conscience: "How could I know who the victim was when they were fighting with each other so hard?!"

Another wave of laughter rolled through our crowd.

– Come on, guys, – Eugene mimicked everyone. – Your jokes are good only for soldiers in barracks...Sensei, have you seen it, hardly a man said a word, and they have already fabricated a case!...





hus joking and poking fun at each other the guys moved on. There was a calm weather. The sky was covered with scattered stars. Enjoying the evening cool after the intensive training we have not noticed that our group has been a little stretched out. Kostya and Tatyana have gone far ahead. Volodya, Eugene and Stas dragged somewhere behind. And Victor, Andrew, me, Slava and Yura were walking in the middle with Sensei chattering on trifles.

Round the corner we faced a group of miners, about eight persons, who were already considerably drunk. They seemed to have seriously touched Kostya on the raw when passing by their couple as when we approached them more closely his face was red of rage. He desperately kept on snapping back, obviously having annoyed drunken guys. While Andrew added fuel to the fire by an attempt to defend his friend. The most impatient one of this group rushed to fight. Andrew together with Kostya dashed to him. But Sensei has just in time stopped them addressing to the miners:

– Calm down, men! Why should you curse here, at the presence of women... Noblemen do not swear...

– What for a... is that? – a furious man croaked having seized Sensei: – move on unless I have not broken all your bones!

At this point we could not stand it any more and moved



in a crowd to the instigator. Even I flew into a rage towards these drunkards and was ready at that moment to tear them into pieces. Our senior guys ran up to us. But unexpectedly for all Sensei stopped all our attempts giving a sign to Victor for all to leave. We grumbled with indignation. But Victor together with Stas, Eugene and Volodya took us away like diligent shepherds leading a flock of sheep without giving any chance to make a stop.

I have been turning all the time back awaiting the Teacher to show one of the supertricks against eight enemies. But Sensei only stood there and explained something with a smile to the men in gestures as if he were making excuses to them. When I glanced back next time I saw that the smiling miners were fraternizing with him saying goodbye to him as good friends. "Well, really! – I thought. – Why should one practice Gong-fu so many years?" Judging by puzzled speeches of my friends, I was not the only one who has thought it. When Sensei came up to us, Andrew said with indignation:

– Why have you made excuses to them. They were first who bothered us and stirred up trouble. We should have beaten them to teach them not to do it again. If you hadn't stopped me, I would...

– Surely, – Sensei interrupted him, – if I hadn't stopped you, at the least they would have been seriously injured and would have got not only problems with soft tissues but also with organs or even would have got a concussion of the brain. And have you realized that these are the men who have got their families at home and they may be the only bread-winners of these families... Have you realized that they are miners! Have you ever been in a mine?

– No, – Andrew replied.

– I have been there... These guys, whom you wanted to break to pieces, they go down to a mine like to the hell, to a depth of up to one kilometre and more. Just imagine a pressure on their body. If not to mention, – Sensei started to count on fingers, – heat, lack of oxygen, very harmful methane, slack... And despite all of this they perceive that



they risk a life every second. Because any moment they can be blocked, injured or even killed. Injuries happen regularly in the mine. And people take hard it all. Their mind is always on the brink, so to say, at the breaking point. This state of mind is comparable with the state of mind of soldiers on the front line during the war. That's why Stalin used to say: "Mine is the second front". Do you know why do they drink? In order to relieve somehow this stress, this internal feeling of permanent fear. That is why highly qualified specialists in psychology and medicine should work with miners for them to overcome this psychological block. But of course they don't get this help. That's why many of them drink.

– Yes, – Kostya sighed, –

"Thus it apereth what great unhapynes
And blyndnes cometh to many a creature
By wyne or ale taken without measure."

– Exactly... Besides every miner who has been working for a long time in the mine has a clear understanding that he has no future. You have some chances, for example, you may finish high school, make some career. And they have the only chance: either to croak in the mine or to die of those diseases they contracted there. They understand it quite clear. But they have their own pride and megalomania, the same like yours.

– No, – Anrew negated. – I do not posess any megalomania at all.

– Really?! But you just wanted to beat them only because they bothered you...This is an evidence of your megalomania that you, such a king, have been offended. They have the same pride. But unlike you they don't have any future. And you wanted them to lose all? Just imagine what would have happened with them, with all their stress, unrealized ideas, dreams and lost chances, if they had come to themselves in the resuscitation department after your beating... It would have brought them additional sufferings and even much stronger than physical ones. What for?

We hung our heads feeling ashamed. Although Sensei



talked to the guys, all of this was quite applicable to me as well. His words have completely shaken me. I felt some internal discomfort caused by my recent aggressive thoughts. And I felt very ashamed for myself... Suddenly I perceived the whole depth of Sensei's thoughts and realized how well he understands and feels every person.

– What for?! – the Teacher repeated. – Have you felt uncomfortable that you had excused, calmed them down and gone away... No. Nothing happened to you. It's quite clear for you that you are able to smash all of them just with your legs.

– Of course, I would... – Andrew started to flare up again.

– You see, it's again your megalomania. But I teach you to train your body not to beat people on the streets. The main sense of the martial arts is completely different, and all these tricks may never be used by you in your life. And I hope so that they will be never used... Your task is to learn to understand the reason and the effects, the depth and the sense of the situation and to solve it peacefully.

– And what have you said to them? – Kostya asked.

– It's very simple. I explained them that they had the same children like you. And that another group of drunken men like them might bother their children and beat them. I described them this case from the human point of view. And please pay your attention that their megalomania has not suffered. And what is more important, they left satisfied, with intention to defend others like you. That is everything may be solved much more easy, by peace...

And after a small pause he added:

– Every fool can snap and punch... But do not give in to your animal instincts. It's much more important to be human in any situation. To understand why and by which reason this aggression is caused. And how to solve the dispute in a right way so that to find a friend and not an enemy...

And already coming to the bus stop Sensei made a conclusion:

– Remember that any blow caused by your rage will come back to you at the end.



We stand keeping silence and looking ashamed at Sensei.
Finally, having made a new appointment we went home.





lmost all the way we were silent. And when coming to the centre, Andrew, who sat all this time with a thoughtful air, burst out:

– I feel so sorry after all these words of Sensei!

– Sure, – Kostya agreed. – I’m thinking over now why have I got involved with those guys? As they say, no wisdom like silence!

– Don’t worry, – Andrew reassured him. – You see how it turned out. Every cloud has a silver lining... Yeah, Sensei has done a tough brain reboot...

“It will take a long time to digest it”, – I thought. All the way back I was tormenting myself not mainly with thoughts over that incident but about myself. Something in my ordinary internal state was unusual. But what exactly? Many times I have been refreshing the conversation with the Teacher and again felt this discomfort and... Stop! It dawned suddenly upon me. Of course, it was a new feeling! When this powerful blow shook the huge underwater rock of ignorance and egoism, suddenly a long time forgotten deep feeling emerged in me. My person could not completely realize it. But when it arose on the surface of my mind I understood what Sensei wanted to say. It happened to me for the first time. I understood clearly his simple truth. It was the real discovery for my internal world. I was so happy to feel it as if I managed to find a reconciliation with myself.

I came home in an elated mood. It turned out that there was

a surprise for me as well.

– We have got good news, – my mother said with her shining charming smile. – Uncle Victor has called us today from Moscow. He managed to arrange a treatment with the best professor from that clinic. So we have only to set up an appointment.

If I had heard this news before, I would have been extremely happy. But now it struck me that it's all the same to me what happened on the physical level in my head. The main thing was the feeling I realized in myself. It was some new level of perception that concerned more the soul than the body. But in order not to ruin good mood of my parents I spoke out:

– That's great! I had no doubt. It comes easy to uncle Victor with his high standing and connections! He is a nice guy and a real go-getter.

The whole next day my person has been thinking over about this new feeling all the time. I came back again to the normal life, so to say, with my body and especially with my soul. And when it was time to go the meditation practice I couldn't wait to get there as soon as possible. This time it was me who hurried sluggish Tatyana to pack up her things more quickly.

We came to the tram stop and met there our guys.

– Girls, just imagine, – Kostya said laughing. – Sensei has almost spoiled our Andrew.

– And what happened? – we asked.

– Andrew stand keeping silence and smiling, and Kostya went on telling in excitement:

– After we had seen you to the door, we went home. And when we were almost over there, a few guys started to bother us, they seemed to feel an urge to light up a cigarette at night. They insisted so as if it was a kickback for twelve years. And Andrew as a real gentleman did all his best to explain to them that we don't smoke and would not recommend them to do it for their own health. And besides he added that public health ministry warns that smoking is bad for health... And finally he made a conclusion that instead of poisoning their lungs with this disgusting thing and hanging around and idling they would rather go in for sports, for example, Gong-fu. It would be more useful both for their soul and body.



– And? – Tatyana asked impatiently.

– They started to ask for trouble.

– And Andrew?

– Just imagine yourselves, our Andrew began to deliver a speech about their miserable life and he said that their words would boomerang against them. I thought that he was lost. But then I saw, it was all right...

– And what happened next?

– What happened next? Tensions were growing. Andrew kept his patience for a while enduring their insults but then in order to be more convincing he whacked them in the face. And made a moralizing conclusion saying: “You see, all your bad words boomerang against you with the same force”.

– How could he blurt it out, – I wondered.

– And what was at the end? – Tatyana asked with a smile.

– Any victims?

– Everything was all right, – Kostya waved his hand. – Ah! I forgot to tell the most funny thing. Later they started to ask him to be his disciples.

Everybody laughed and I felt somehow uncomfortably. First, I didn't expect such a stupid thing from Andrew. And second, I felt sorry for Sensei.

– Yeah, Andrew, you are a pervert, – Tatyana said laughing.

– Right, exactly, – Kostya kidded. – He is a dangerous man, we can say even, an old offender. He usually perverts even my great sayings and puts them into the most inconvenient position...

– Don't exaggerate telling us about your great sayings, – Andrew teased him. – Our new Sokrates, so to say.

– Why Socrates, there were more famous people in this world...

This funny dialogue would have continued endless but then our tram came.





e have left for the training earlier and as it turned later out that it was not in vain. Andrew tried to bring us to the secret glade reassuring us that he precisely knew the road. About half an hour we have been strolling about the streets of the village teasing all the dogs around. Finally desperately arguing with each other where was the turning, our company came to a small lake.

– You are a dunderhead! – Kostya said. – Where is your glade?

– Theoretically it should be here, – Andrew shrugged his shoulders.

– Aha, and practically it was driven by the flood to the other side. Let's go back.

– On the way back we bumped into Eugene.

– Finally we have found at least one living soul, – Kostya sighed with relief.

– Have you been lost in our Shanghai? – Eugene poked fun at us.

– Yeah, we relied on the memory of this dunderhead.

– And where is the glade? – Andrew asked.

– Over there, – Eugene waved his hand to a completely different direction.

– I have told you that we had turned to the wrong way! There was no this hillside, – Andrew reproached Kostya.



– And how did you happen to come here? – Tatyana asked Eugene.

– Don't you know? I can spiritually find a location of any man, I just only need to think about it.

– Don't cheat us, – Kostya said with a smile. – But really what are you doing here?

– Do not ask me twice. I live here, l-i-v-e! – Eugen said in a funny way. – I have just gone out of doors and seen your flock rushing to the lake. I didn't even have time to open my mouth. Well, I thought, they will cool down soon and go back. Just so! Then I saw you coming back in five minutes. I went to the road for you not to take me for a sign-post.

We beamed with smiles after such a successful meeting and came all together to the glade. And in that secluded nook with love created by nature there were almost all, including Sensei and Volodya. We loudly joined the others greeting them. Having noticed that it was again Eugene who took our company to the place, Sensei asked jokingly:

– Has this muddle-head organized an excursion for you again?

– No, we have a new one now, – Kostya nodded to Andrew. – This one surpassed even Eugene...

And then Kostya started to tell eloquently about our adventures. He was so carried away by the overall laughter of the crowd, he became so expressive that he blurted out at the end something unnecessary what we had decided to hide from Sensei.

– Well, really! Now entrust him disciples after that. He will lead them into such a dead end that he will not know how to get out of it.

– Which disciples? – Sensei caught on the word, although it seemed to me he had not been listening too carefully before.

– Yeah, – Kostya became confused after he had understood that he had said too much: – There was a story...

– Which story? – Sensei showed interest.

Kostya had nothing left but to tell reluctantly all the facts. Andrew also joined the conversation making an attempt to



justify his behaviour by good intention. Sensei shook his head after hearing all this baby-talk:

– You see... There is an old very ancient legend: "Once upon a time a king had the only son. Once he heard that there was a great martial arts Master who was famous even among kings by his Wisdom. He was said to work wonders when he made an excellent Master from an ordinary village boy during one year. The king made up his mind to send his son to him.

One year passed and the king asked:

– Well, has he grasped the way of warrior?

– Not yet, – the Master replied. – He is too self-confident and he wastes his time for the pride. Come here in five years.

In five years the king asked the Master again the same.

– Not yet. His eyes are still full of hatred, and his energy boils over excessively.

The other five years passed. And then the Master said to the king:

– Now he is ready. Look at him! He is so strong as if he were carved from a stone. His spirit is stainless. His internal virtues are full and perfect. His challenge will not be accepted by any warrior as they would run away in fear just from his one glance.

And the king asked the Master:

– What is the reason of such a long way of my son? He was much smarter than that village boy.

And the Master replied:

– The point is that not the mind but the Heart is important. If your Heart is open and your thoughts are pure – your spirit is stainless. And this is the main thing on the Way of warrior... The village boy has come to me with already stainless spirit and I had just to teach him the technique. And your son has spent years to learn this Wisdom. And without this source of power he would not be able to make a single step on the Way of warrior.

Rejoicing over his son's success the king said:

– Now I see that he deserves to take a throne.

– No, father, – the young Warrior replied. – I have found something greater. Before my mind was limited only to material wishes, but now it is endless in spiritual cognition. The greatest



power, all the gold of the world fades compared to it like a gray dust under the foot of the wanderer. And the wanderer is not interested in the dust, he is fully devoted with each step to the new discoveries over the horizon”.

Andrew hung his head ashamed. There came a long pause. But then Nikolai Andreevich joined our company and the discussion was switched to other problems, including the meditations practiced by us at home.

– I felt again this formication, – Kostya said. – Is this all right?

– Of course. What is the main point in it? You have to feel these ants which appear with first breathes in your head. You have to feel how they “run” inside of your arms and the most important how they “jump out” of the centre of your palms to the earth. That is you have to feel your inward and outward breath. And you should not have any outside thoughts at all.

– This is the most difficult thing to do. When I concentrate on the tip of my nose, they start coming to my head catching on each other. And the most amazing is that I even do not notice when they appear.

– Right you are. It means that we are not used to control our thoughts in our daily life. That is why they guide us to any direction they want confusing us in their “logical” chains. And the uncontrolled thought may lead mainly to negative things as it is managed by the animal nature of people. That’s why there are different spiritual practices and meditations that are given so that to learn to control the thought first of all.

We talked a little more about the striking points of our home practice. And then it came to the next meditation.

– Today we will unite two parts of the meditation into one, – Sensei said, – so that you understand how it should work and try to reach it in your individual trainings. Well, and now take a comfortable position...

Later following his words we relaxed as usually and concentrated ourselves on the meditation practice. First, we concentrated on the tip of the nose as the last time. Then the Teacher said:



– Do not distract your attention and vision from the tip of the nose, make an inward breath through the bottom of your stomach, through your stomach, breast... Outward breath – through shoulders, hands, chakrana of the palms to the earth. With the outward breath a small light flares up more and more. Breathe in... Breathe out... Breathe in... Breathe out... Concentrate on the nose tip... Breathe in...

And there I was completely confused. As soon as I have been well concentrated on “the streamlet” which was clearly felt as partial movement through the arms, I have immediately lost the control over the nose tip. And as soon as I have concentrated on the “flashing” nose tip, my “streamlet” has disappeared. And it happened all when my “outside” thoughts came to me. So, I was not able somehow to unite all together. During one of my next attempts I have heard the voice of Sensei who informed us about the end of the meditation. As it turned out later, this incident happened not only with me but with my friends as well.

– It is natural, – Sensei said. – You should not think it over, just observe. Then you will succeed.

It seemed to me completely unreal. But I was encouraged by the fact that Nikolai Andreevich and the senior guys didn't have any problems with this meditation. “It means that not everything is so hopeless, – I reassured myself. – If they can do it, why can't I do the same? I just also have to practice hard. That is the point”. There I have caught myself on the fact that even in my thoughts I started to speak with the words of Sensei. When I was reflecting on it, one of the guys asked a question.

– So you want to say that a way to the self-cognition starts with observing yourself and your thoughts?

– Of course. Self-observance and control over your thoughts can be little by little practiced during the everyday trainings. And for this you need the elementary knowledge base. It's a natural way of any training both physical and spiritual. Just a simple example. A man lifts a weight of 20 kg. If he trains, he will lift in one month easily a weight of 25 kg and so on. The same is at the spiritual level. If you will be prepared, it will be much easier for you to master more difficult techniques.



– But there are a lot of different meditations and their modifications in the world. It's difficult to understand which one leads to the peak, – Kostya made as usually a show of his erudition.

– It's too far to reach the peak. All these meditations that exist in the world practice are just “an alphabet” which has been never a secret. And the real knowledge leading to the peak starts from the ability to put together “words” from this alphabet and to understand their meaning. And the reading of “the books” is so to say a privilege of the chosen ones.

– Not so bad! Everything is so complicated, – Andrew said.

– There is nothing complicated in it. You just need a wish.

– And if you have a wish but hesitate? – Slava asked.

– And if you have doubts one should beat your head with a heavy hammer for you to understand that it's your dunderhead, that is it means that this person is very much stuck in the material world, in logic and egoism of his thoughts, his mind... if he possesses such a one at all...

The guys smiled with these words and Sensei went on:

– If you sincerely strive to the self-cognition, with pure belief in your soul, you will for sure manage with it. It's a law of nature... And the spiritually developed individual will succeed even more.

Andrew said with a thoughtful view:

– Well, it's clear with “the alphabet”, but not quite clear with the composition of “words”. Is that also a meditation?

– Let's say, it's something higher – a spiritual practice, an ancient primordial technique that allows to work not only with the consciousness but what is more important with unconsciousness. There is a set of certain meditations that lead to a respective spiritual level... It's simple. The main point is that an individual should overcome his Guard, his material thinking with ever the same wishes to glut himself, to put on rigging and to conquer the whole world... The same eternal truth as usual, and the same eternal stumbling-block. If an individual will be able to overcome it – he will become a Human.

– I wonder, if someone reaches perfection through training



his body, does it mean something? – Yura asked.

– It's one of the ways of “alphabet” learning.

– Recently we have watched with Yura a videofilm about martial arts, – Ruslan started a conversation. – And before it they showed a documentary on people's achievements in self-perfection of their body. Just imagine such a trick, one guy put a spear edge to his throat, fixed its handle to the minivan and pushed it without hands, not having injured himself. Another one lay on his back under heavy things. And nothing happened! The third one smashed bricks with a blow of his hand. But the most interesting was in the end. They took an ordinary bull bone and poured with highly concentrated acid. Of course, it was corroded. Then they poured a man with this acid. It destroyed immediately his clothes, but brought no harm to his body.

– Incredible! – Andrew exclaimed. – I can't believe it!

– It's not unusual, – Sensei said as always evenly. – The potential of a human is limited by his phantasy.

– And what was that, Qigong?

– Well, let's say, aside from Qigong there are a lot of similar techniques close to each other. But the source of the knowledge, including Qigong, is the same. That is, this is a work with energy “Qi” – the constructive energy of the air.

– I have read somewhere that “Qi” is the life energy and you call it constructive. Why? – Kostya asked.

– Because energies, chakrangs, channels and even energy centers in different teachings are called in a different way. For example, under the energy “Chi” in yoga they mean noble recoverable energy. But in the science of “Lotus” under the “Chi” it was initially meant the powerful destructive energy. The same is with “Qi”.

And keeping a silence for a while the Teacher added:

– People just assume but they don't possess a precise information about the real nature of this knowledge. Therefore they mix up the meanings. As they say, it's better to stand on the head than to hang in the air.

– H'm, that's true, – Volodya agreed. – If to paraphrase my favorite poster that is the eyesore to all in front of our



house: "There is no such an obstacle that we can't create for us ourselves!"

The guys smiled.

– Can you tell us, and what is Qigong relative to the Art of Lotus? – Andrew came back again to the serious issues.

– For you to understand it, Qigong is some kind of a kindergarten. And the Art of Lotus is a kind of an academy. And one of the first stages in learning the highest art is a full control over the thoughts. If you can control your thoughts, everything will be under your control.

– O, it will be possible to... – Slava started to talk with excitement.

– No, impossible, because you will control your thought. That is you will not be able to do something negative and wrong. That is the whole sense. We learn and practice Qigong, but in the Art of Lotus we don't train, we recall all the hidden in our soul.

– And those body phenomena we have seen in the film, is it real for us to learn them? – Ruslan asked thinking over something.

– Of course. It's easy if you can use this energy in a right way.

– And what is needed for it?

– Elementary skills, concentration of breathing, certain understanding of the essence of this phenomenon...

– I just can't grasp it, – Jura said in a thoughtful way, – how did that guy manage to break bricks with his hand?

– Did you want him to break with another part of the body?

– Eugene poked fun at him.

– It's possible to break with another one as well, – Sensei smiled, – if you wish strongly. The point is that with a certain concentration and breathing exercises you can accumulate the Qi energy in any part of the body, in this case in the hand. And at the moment of a blow the chakran opens up in the palm and all this power is released to break something. It's very important, I say it again, the very process of the mind concentration, that is, the process fo the focused concentration.



– Does it have any effect on the change in the level of brain activity? – Nikolai Andreevich asked.

– Sure. It comes to a very interesting process in the brain. If to put it from the medical point of view, a beta rhythm may be registered at the moment of blow preparation and the full mental concentration. A few minutes before the blow itself an individual stops thinking at all what he is doing. At this moment his mind activity changes from beta rhythm to alpha rhythm and it's similar with the shock state. And in this state a blow is being struck. It reminds something... a stop of time, perhaps. It's not difficult. Just some another physics. That's all.

– We also have one “companion” in our platoon who breaks bricks, – Volodya joined the discussion. – The others tried to follow him but didn't succeed more than board punching.

– It's natural, – the Teacher uttered. – The mistake of many people is that they try to think too much, to analyze the situation. That's why they are not successful.

– And can you break bricks? – Andrew asked not able to resist a temptation to see everything with his own eyes.

– It's easy, just take a hammer and go forth, – Sensei joked.

– No, I meant with a palm, – the guy specified.

– Why should I dirty up my hands, it's better to break with a piece of paper.

– With a piece of paper?

– Yes. I'm not sure about the bricks but if it's something wooden – easily. Does anybody have a sheet of paper?

We started hastily to look for it in our pockets. Volodya tore out of his notebook a paper strip, about five centimeters wide. At the same time Yura has found a dry branch not far from us, around 3–4 centimeters in diameter.

– Anybody wants to try? – the Teacher suggested.

The guys started by turn to wave a piece of paper over the stick like true card-players unless they have torn it. But it came to no changes. Volodya had to tear another piece of paper. Sensei wanted to give a paper to us with Tatyana.

– No, no, no, – we waved our hands. – If such a guys were unable to do it, what we can say of our muscles.



– Muscles don't play any role. It can be done by anybody of you if you didn't have any doubts in your abilities.

With these words the Teacher gripped a paper between his forefinger and thumb in the stretched hand. He concentrated and started to do a range of breathing exercises. After that a paper started to vibrate a bit, then its swing was gradually slowed down and soon it stopped moving at all becoming straight. Less than in a minute Sensei raised his hand slowly and cut a stick with one smooth movement. The cut looked like as if it were something iron and sharp.

– Gosh! – our amazed group exclaimed.

We looked first at the branch then at the paper and after that at Sensei with one silent question: "How has he done it?" Nikolai Andreevich assumed with doubts in his voice:

– Was it a trick? You might have broken a branch with your finger in the very last moment.

– Really? – it was a turn of Sensei to get surprised. – And have you ever seen a trick like this?

And he threw a paper that went into the nearest tree as a knife blade with metal sound. In a few seconds when we put hardly back our lower jaws to their place, we rushed to the tree as if there were an answer to the eternal question put by Shakespear: "To be or not to be?" Nikolai Andreevich took out himself a "paper-blade" even tasting it. It was circled. And really according to all parameters the former paper was an ordinary iron plate, with all typical for it features. We stand completely at a loss, not able to believe our own eyes. Suddenly the plate which was held in the hands of Slava started to lose its shape gradually turning into an ordinary piece of paper. Slava noticed it, threw it up to the air and jumped quickly away with a piglet scream causing the same reaction not only with us but of the senior guys as well. Volodya was the first who collected himself. He picked up carefully the former page of his notebook and said in a bass voice:

– Why are you making noise? It's just a piece of paper.

We looked at the Teacher.

– It's all right. It has just lost its power.



When we calmed down a bit our stormy emotions, Sensei explained:

– You have seen one more feature of the energy “Qi” – its ability to accumulate ions of metal. As Qi is the constructive energy, so to say concomitant. I concentrated mentally ions of iron on this piece of paper. And my thought was implemented by the energy Qi bringing through my breath these ions from the air into the paper. That’s why the paper turned for a certain time into the metal plate. Qi is a free energy that’s why it dissolved in a few minutes in the space thus turning this plate into its original form.

– Great! – Ruslan said with admiration. – And is it possible to “Qi” something like 2 kg of gold?

The guys burst out laughing.

– Theoretically it’s possible. – Sensei smiled. – But practically it’s the same as it was said about honey in the Vinni-the-Pooh cartoon: “If there is a honey, there is no honey”. Remember physics: in order to retain ions of metal you need strong molecular links. And these ions are connected by the energy Qi mixed up with phychic energy. That is why Qi is the connecting link between ions of metal, and phychic energy creates any shape for a short period of time. But there will be no density at all.

– Wow! – a hum buzzed through the crowd.

– That is the practical use! – Kostia discovered for himself.

– And I’m thinking what is the use of all of this? That’s great!

– We can do such things with it, – Ruslan said with a smile.

Eyes of everybody shone with joy and the guys started to discuss all together how to make use of this knowledge. Sensei observed all our excitement keeping silence. And the more we boosted the situation in jokes, the gloomier and more serious his face became. Finally he said:

– I see, guys, you have too much of the animal nature in yourselves.

– We are just joking, – Ruslan uttered trying to find excuse for all of us.

– Many a true word is spoken in jest.



– Right, – Volodya agreed while he was observing silently our jokes. – Otherwise there will be the same story as with ninjas.

We didn't understand whether he was joking or telling truth.

– What do you mean? – Andrew asked.

– What I've said, – Volodya said in a bass voice.

We looked at Sensei with a question in our eyes.

– Yes, there was such a story, – Sensei said. – Once the whole clan of ninjas was liquidated because they used the spiritual knowledge with selfish motives.

– We have not heard about it, – Ruslan said. – Tell us.

– Yes, tell us, – we backed him up.

– There is nothing to tell... Until ninjas trained their body and mastered their skills, they flourished. Nobody paid attention at them actually. They were just hired assassins. But when ninjas started to master spiritual practices and learnt something, they started to use this knowledge for their material enrichment. It was a real hour of triumph for ninjas, so to say, their heyday and decline at the same time. They won fame immediately as invincible superkillers. Due to spiritual practices ninjas developed their extraordinary abilities. They were able to turn everything into a weapon: any piece of paper, tissue, that is, anything available. They learnt perfectly how to camouflage, to jump into and from a very big height, absolutely without any harm to their health and so on.

– That's great! – Slava burst out.

– Do not admire them, – the Teacher said simple after Slava's exclamation. – And moreover do not create idols from them. They were just a gang of base hired assassins who killed behind the back, from an ambush. They were foul dregs and nothing else. They were directed by their material nature... They didn't have any honor. **And honor is one of the features of the general spirituality of a human, and not only of a warrior**, that is when he is guided by some highly moral values. A man without honor is nobody and nothing.

– And what happened to ninjas? – Jura asked.

– As usually in such cases. When they started to use spiritual



practices for gaining their own material enrichment, they were liquidated.

Then the guys started to bombard Sensei with questions. But Ruslan was the most insistent of all.

– How did they get this spiritual knowledge if they used it for their purposes?

– They didn't get it. Ninjas stole it, and if to say it more precise, they wormed out the technique of meditations through deceit. And then they grew this seed of knowledge themselves. But they used it for bad things. That's why they were punished.

– And who punished them? You said yourself that they reached such a height that they became invulnerable to people,
– Andrew put his question.

Sensei grinned and cited his favorite saying:

– You see, for every Vijai there is a Rajah... If there is military science, there is somebody who guides it. The same thing is with spiritual practices. If there are spiritual practices, there is someone who controls the use of these practices... This knowledge is called thus spiritual as they are determined for spiritual enrichment of the individual, and not a material one, especially through murders of the same living beings like you.

– And I have read that there still exist ninja schools, – Kostya remarked as if by the way.

– You see, modern ninja schools are just a miserable parody of those that existed in ancient times. Yes, there are still their techniques and instruments. But all this training is stopped on the material physical level. And the door to further perfection is closed. **As the law says: spiritual for spiritual...** And if you, guys, will strive for learning the Art for material profits or satisfaction of your megalomania, – Sensei shook his head gazing upon us, – no good will come of it...

– Why? – Slava asked.

– First, you will never learn anything. Second, if, of course, you will be lucky enough, you will gain at least schizophrenia.

– Yes, it's a nice future, – Ruslan said smiling.

– Well, there is no such a threat for you, – Eugene said chuckling.



– But we are not going to kill anybody, – Andrew was looking for excuses.

– Physically maybe not. But your thoughts contain too much of a beast. And this is the first step to aggression and violence.

– And what should we do now?

– Control your thoughts, and namely every second.

And keeping silence for a while Sensei added looking at Andrew:

– Have you ever thought over who are you in fact? Who are you in essence? Have you thought how you perceive the surrounding world? Not from the point of view of physiology but from the point of view of life... Who are you? How do you see, how do you hear, why do you feel, who in you understands and who exactly perceives? Look inside of yourself.

And already addressing to the guys Sensei said:

– Have you ever thought at all about the infinity of your consciousness? About what is the thought? How is it born and where does it go? Have you thought about your thoughts?

– Well, – Andrew became confused, – I think all the time, reflect on something.

– It seems to you that it's you who thinks and it's you who reflects. And are you sure that these are your own thoughts?

– And whose else? The body is mine, therefore the thoughts are mine as well.

– Try to analyze them, if they are yours, at least one day. Where do they come from and where do they disappear? Dig your thoughts thoroughly and what will you see there except of shit? Nothing. Just violence, just ugly things, just the only wish to gorge yourself, to put on a fashionable rigging, to steal, to earn, to buy, to raise your megalomania. And that's all! You will see yourself that all thoughts generated by your body will finish by one thing – the material supply around yourself. But is it you real inside of yourself? Look into your soul... and you will face the beautiful and eternal, your true "I". And all this external vanity around is just seconds... Are you aware of it?

We stood keeping silence. Suddenly this scene seemed very



familiar to me. It has already once happened to me, exactly the same to the smallest details: this word-for-word discussion, and this glade, and these bright stars, and the most important, this familiar to the innermost of my heart soft voice, this kind face... I knew exactly that it has already happened. But when, where? However I tried to exert my memory I was not able to recollect it. I shook my head a little in order to get out of this deadlock situation of my mind in front of the emerged fact. And Sensei went on:

– You lived 16, 22, 30 years, well, you – about 40 years. But each of you, do you remember how did you live? No, it's just some miserable scraps connected with emotional splashes.

– Yes, – Nikolai Andreevich said in a thoughtful way, – the life passed so quickly that I didn't manage to notice it. All the time studying, working, in some insignificant family endless problems... And there was not time to think about myself, about my soul, every time there come some urgent matters.

– Exactly, – Sensei agreed. – You think about the future and about the past. **But you live in this very moment which is called “now”. And what is “now” – it's a precious second of life, it's a gift of God that should be rationally used. As tomorrow is a step to the uncertainty. And it's not improbable that it may be your last step in this life, a step to the abyss, to the infinity. And what will happen there?**

Each of you believes that he has plenty of time on the Earth, that's why you don't think over about the death. But is it true? Each of you may die any second, by any reason, at the first glance not depending on you as a biological being, on the one hand. But on the other hand, you are not just a biological being, you are a Human who possesses a particle of eternity. Having realized it, you will understand that all your Fate is in your hands, a lot of things in it depend on you. And not only here, but also there. Just think it over: who are you, a perfect biorobot or a Human, an animal or a spiritual creature? Who?

– Well, a human... maybe, – Ruslan said.



– Exactly, “maybe”. And what is a human in fact, have you thought? Go deep inside of this question. Who feels in you, how do you move in the space, who moves your extremities? How your emotions do arise in you, why do they arise? And do not shift the blame onto someone who bothered you, offended you, or vice versa, if you envied, gloated, gossipped. Is it your spiritual nature in you?

Find a crystal source of your soul in you and you will understand that all this material glare – cars, flats, villas, social status – all this material welfare you spend your conscious life to reach for, will turn into dust. Dust which immediately will be transformed in this source into nothing. And life passes by. Life which might be used by you to be transformed into the endless ocean of Wisdom.

What is the sense of life, have you ever thought of it? The highest sense of life of each individual is the cognition of his soul. Other things are all temporary, through-passing, just dust and illusion. The only way to cognition of your soul is through your internal Love, through moral purification of your thoughts and through the absolutely firm self-confidence to reach this goal, that is through the internal faith... Until you have a glimmer of life in you, it's not still late to cognize yourself, to find your basis, your holy life-giving spring of your soul... Get know yourself and you will understand who you are in reality.





After all we had seen and heard on that meditation there was something to think seriously over, especially for me who was on the verge of death. "God, these are the answers to my questions which I have been looking for so long. **Is it possible that this genial formula of achieving immortality is so simple: Control your thoughts, Believe and Love.** Is it possible that due to it I will reach a saving shore, an edge of eternity from which the immortals already observe the life, all those who have cognized themselves and their divine nature?! Is it possible that my "I" will be able to break loose from Death's grip? Even if I won't have time to "re-conquer" my body, I will still be able to become free, at least I will be prepared to the meeting with the Unknown". Such thoughts raised in me an unusual inspiration and a burst of internal power inside. And I decided not to lay aside things for tomorrow but to start working immediately, right now. Because who knows what tomorrow will destine for me.

First of all I have tried to examine my thoughts. But I felt so enthusiastic and inspired that I was not able to stop at something specific as all my material thoughts suddenly disappeared under such a force. Then I started to investigate my feelings. And only now I noticed that I was so absorbed with my internal feelings that I started to look completely



differently even on the outside world. This was some kind of a new vision, an unknown for me point of view to the old and, as they say, shabby problems.

A new vision surrounded me from all sides, like a cocoon, seizing my consciousness away from grey everyday commonness with its trivial worries. I had an impression as if I existed by myself and the rest of the world – by itself. Moreover I have observed for the first time the work of my body from aside. It was making some kind of usual movements, like an autopilot: it came home mechanically, took a shower mechanically, ate mechanically, and went mechanically into its separate corner, that is into the room. While the real “I” at that time was observing it and thinking about its salvation. This small discovery shocked me. I found out that there is the true “I” in me and a kind of physical “autopilot”.

But the further the better. Once again having restored in thoughts the conversation with Sensei, I recalled his words: “Have you ever thought how you move in space and who moves your extremities?” Examining myself already from a new point of view I reflected: “And really, who moves extremities in me: the “I” or the “autopilot”?”

My person looked at my open palm and decided to conduct a small simple experiment. I thought: “I need to clench and undo a fist”, my hand obediently executed it. “And now I am not going to move fingers”. But this time a wild thought flashed across my mind: “I’m still going to clench a fist”. My fingers under the influence of this “order” gripped and released again. “Oh! – I was surprised. – And who was that thinking in me? Who is there playing a boss in my thoughts?!” Gathering myself up again this time I was more persistent and concentrated in my thoughts: “I won’t move my fingers. That’s what I want and let it be so”. Strangely enough but my hand didn’t even move, and this wild mad thought pretended to have never existed in my mind.

“Oho! – I was surprised even more. – It means that when I was relaxed in my thoughts, this someone started



to manage invisibly my consciousness and my body on his will. And when I strictly control a thought, he disappears somewhere without a trace. Gosh!" But nevertheless I was so happy to find out this fact as if I had traced a spy thoroughly camouflaged for many years in my most secret department. "Yes, this "clever boy" is much more dangerous than that stupid "autopilot". I should be more vigilant!"

It's easy to say, but hard to do. When I started to practice meditations, I understood that this "dodger" visited my thoughts all the time in the moment of relaxation and especially often during concentration on meditation, constantly diverting my attention on outside matters. All of that he carried out is such a clever and logical way that I didn't notice myself when I came off from the "track" of concentration. But when I concentrated deeply and clearly my thoughts on the meditation, the "dodger" disappeared. But I needed only to weaken the control and he would appear again. "What a skunk! Impudent and bothersome", – my person thought trying once again to concentrate on meditation. When I finished a meditation, I understood that it was not easy to fight with this "enemy number one". "I will need to ask Sensei, how to find justice for this "dodger", – my person thought falling asleep. – Otherwise he is going to spoil everything for me".

Next morning when my splash of emotions faded a little away after yesterday, I started again to observe myself from aside. Once again my body somehow came off the warm bed and started to mechanically perform everyday morning ceremony, getting ready for school. My mind, as it seemed to me, was sweetly sleeping and that's why I didn't feel like thinking about anything. Walking by my usual road to school through the city square, I was enjoying surrounding stillness, morning freshness, rustling of fallen leafs. I really liked this state of peace. My mind slept, my body walked in given direction, while I felt just well and cozy inside of me. I felt that this was my true "I".

But in school the situation changed immediately. My



person flew into the turnover of events, information, emotions. As a result I have been already completely confused in the nature of my thoughts, because they came in a continuous torrent, and it was hard to sort out them, where was mine and where was foreign. And the whole day passed in such a wild rhythm.





In the evening when I met the guys on the tram stop I started to share with them my “achievements” and at the end I asked them with interest:

– And how is about your results? Did you think after yesterday’s training?

– There is nothing to think about, – Kostya said arrogantly.

– My “I” is me, the whole, one and indivisible... I am not a maniac to divide myself in two parts.

– Oh, yeah, you are not our maniac, you are our genius.... from the ward number six. Doesn’t Napoleon bother you too much? – Andrew teased him with a smile.

– Stop it... By the way I don’t have excessive megalomania.

And a little later he added:

– Great people don’t suffer from it.

– Of course, – Andrew laughed, – I didn’t expect another answer.

– Calm down or you’ll start the old song again. Tell me better the essence, – my person said impatiently.

– There is not too much to tell, – Andrew answered, – Sensei told yesterday a lot of useful things. There is enough to think over for many years. That’s what I was doing yesterday, I was reflecting whether I had correctly formulated my goals for the future or whether I had to adjust them partially taking into account the new information.



– Oho! You really mind your language, – Slava said sarcastically. – Are you going to join the Academy of Science?

– Oh no, Sensei is quite enough for me.

– That's true, – I said. – And did you succeed with meditation?

– You know it was a lot better than yesterday. Thoughts didn't crawl too much into the head. The concentration improved right away and the feelings became clearer.

– And you, Tatyana, did you manage with it somehow?

– Well, to tell the truth, I didn't do meditation and even didn't think to try with it. I was so tired yesterday that hardly reached my bed. And in the morning I had to take my younger brother to kindergarten, then I went to buy milk, after that to the school. There is no time for reflections when you have so much to do!

– Right, – Kostya backed up her excuses. – You should not think but act. That's what youth is given for – to act and old age – to reflect.

– Aha, – Andrew teased him, – and when old you will be squeaking with your decrepit voice, thinking with the last remnants of your brain: “Ah, if only youth knew, if only old age was able to”.

– The guys laughed again teasing Kostya.

– And what's about you? – I asked Slava.

– All right.

– In which sense – all right?

– Just the same like all of you.

– All is clear, – Andrew smiled hopelessly waving a hand towards him.





t the next training we as usual warmed up before the beginning of exercises. A crowd of men with imposing appearance headed by Volodya entered the hall.

- Oho, what a crowd! – Andrew got surprised.
- Victor smiled and said to Stas:
- This is called “a couple of guys”.
- What do you mean?
- Volodya called me yesterday to talk about one thing and said at the end that he would come to the training with a couple of his guys.
- Not so bad, here is a half of the regiment, I guess, – Stas said with a smile.
- Exactly, that’s what I’m telling you.
- Volodya came up greeting to Sensei who was standing not too far from us. The senior guys hurried to join them.
- Sensei, don’t you mind? – Volodya pointed towards his guys.
- No problem, – as always Sensei answered easily.
- Did you watch TV yesterday evening?
- When? I have just barely enough time for it.
- Can you imagine – they showed our San Sanych yesterday!
- Our San Sanych?! – Eugene was surprised. – It’s ages since we last heard of him!
- Oh! But now he became so famous! He tells that he lived in

caves somewhere and learnt there a Russian martial art. And now he calls himself a Russian ninja. And what's most interesting, he demonstrated your techniques, Sensei. With the only difference that now he tells everybody that this is a long forgotten old-Slavic style revived by him.

– Not bad! – Stas grinned. – You see, Volodya, if you hadn't kicked Sanych so hard last time, now you would have been his partner.

– No, he wouldn't, – Eugene said archly.

– Why?

– What do you mean why? If Volodya hadn't beaten him down so well, he would have never seen the light.

The guys roared with laughter.

– You should not have treated him like that last time, – Sensei said. – However it is, he is an old man, and we should respect senior people.

– It was his own fault, why was he asking for trouble? – Volodya began to find excuses and added already more softly: – I haven't almost touched him, just striken him by accident.

– Exactly, exactly, Sensei, that's the way it was, – Eugene joined in. – I remember it as if it happened now, Volodya put forward his fist, and he has been knocking with his head against it for almost five minutes... And now look how useful it was! The man saw the light and became a Russian ninja.

The guys burst out laughing again.

– Ah, let him amuse himself, – Sensei waved his hand with a good-natured smile. – A man found his gold mine, let him live.

– And we were yesterday on duty in barracks, – Volodya continued the story, – and saw enough on TV how Sanych flapped with legs and kicked his guys. We have had a good laugh, at least recalled our youth. Even my newcomers are far and away better... That's why we decided to come today in order to get some knowldege of the real art. So to say, to enrich our reserve knowledge.

– It's a noble deed, – Sensei agreed.

Later it came to memories of old bygone trainings and a whole range of funny incidents during them. At the very end, Volodya's



guys joined the conversation and it turned from martial arts issues into a philosophic dispute about relations between people.

– Well, I dealt with them this way on principle, – one of Volodya's guys defended impulsively his point of view.

– Principle – is a stupid resistance to the reality, akin to idiocy. Principle...

Sensei has hardly finished this sentence when the senior guys almost all together continued his thought:

– ...Is applicable only in exact sciences as synonym to axiom.

– Exactly – the Teacher confirmed.

– Volodya got a bit embarrassed:

– Well, I've done my best to explain it to them.

– Well, then you've tried not so well. And what can't be understood through the mind...

– ...will be hammered in through the body!

– Good, since you know all so well, you shouldn't laugh then...

I've got the meaning of the last words of Sensei later when the training began. Sensei warned that that day we were going to train in full power, and those that wouldn't endure that tempo could step aside in the left corner of the sports hall and polish strikes there, without disturbing the others. We ruffled up, like sparrows, and whispered with pride among us:

– We wouldn't endure?! – Andrew said silently.

– Don't mention, – Kostya added on. – We will show right now what we are able to do!

– It's not for the first time, – I uttered carelessly remembering the warm-up of the senior sempai.

But our arrogance flew away immediately after the first few minutes of the warm-up. I have never seen before such a tough training. It was a real school of survival. The crowd was running through the sports hall in a mad tempo with overcoming of constantly changing barriers. Less than in forty minutes many of us already were crawling over these barriers almost grabbling, including my person. Groaning nearby Tatyana murmured:

– It's so awful! Almost like in a joke: "Dear ladies and gentlemen! Colleagues and colleagues! Koryak crooked girls and boys..." The last one is for sure related to us. I feel myself now a



native dweller of that region.

First “victims” appeared in the left corner of the sports hall. But our company went on stubbornly. However later it became even worse. After that marathon race with series of different exercises we started to push up from the ground, I don’t know how many times, just remember that it has long passed over one hundred times. My hands were shaking as if after a paving breaker, and the body curved as a caterpillar when trying to get up not that much due to these “vibrators”, but due to the jerks of the saving ass. Because it seemed to me only this part of my body preserved at least some power. I started to look more and more often towards the left corner with a growing number of those who wished to crawl to this saving “oasis”. In addition to that, Tatyana joined them traitorously and was alluringly waiving me a hand from there.

At that time the senior sempai counted push-ups. In order to raise people’s mood, he jokingly kept saying, like a toastmaster:

– Sensei has a sheep dog which lets everybody into the house, but doesn’t let anyone out. So let’s make ten push-ups for the quick wit of this smart dog which eats its bread not in vain.

While everybody was exhausting with each counting, Sensei walked around that big human circle of sweating people and kept looking whom to add weight to shoulders with his palm. And his palm, I apologize, like Andrew said, when he presses you feel like under a truck driven over you. When during the second round he came up to my person jerking in push-ups like in convulsions, I thought: “That’s the end! If he also will put his “small hand” on me then for sure I will be flattened like a fly against the glass”. Despite my expectations the Teacher seized me by kimono from above like a kitten by the scuff on the neck, and started to help me to come up during push-ups from the ground, evoking in this way a laughter of surrounding guys. While Victor went on and on:

– Sensei also has a cat Samurai, which became so self-confident that started to fight with dogs. Let us then push-up ten times for his desires to always correspond with his abilities.

My bones were aching because of such overstrain. While



Victor still continued telling his funny puns. I was already cursing that Samurai's flea Mashka which jumps so far, and that mice which lives in the shed and runs so fast, and those "Siamese battle fishes" which have lightning reaction and piranha's manners, in other words, all those living creatures that dwell in Sensei's house. Finally, last time pushing-up for the men-power of parrot Keshka which made an effort to breed five nestlings, we felt down to the floor completely exhausted. However less than in one minute we were laid out again in stacks, and crowd started to heavily jump over its long-suffering brethren, accidentally crushing on the way their extremities. In the hall every now and then under staring eyes one could hear here and there a restrained howling howl "Osu!" My person couldn't already stand it and joined the left flank of "weak-nerves".

– It's high time, – Tatyana said.

But our rest didn't last for long. When a warm-up was finished, we started intensive work on base techniques and exercising of strikes and movements. I noticed that Sensei devoted more time to Volodya's guys, explaining and showing them series of some new techniques. They were so dashingly throwing each other during practice of strikes, that I simply was shocked by their endurance and inexhaustible force. As if there was no such a wearisome warm-up with all the consequences.

After two and a half hours of intensive training we had power enough only to think about how to survive also additional training. Of course, nobody forced us, if you want to leave then leave. But our curiosity was bigger than physical tortures. Since Volodya brought his guys then the most interesting should be ahead. And we weren't mistaken.





When the main crowd left, Sensei started to show some special techniques how to use the counterforce. Divided in pairs, the guys started to practice them. Me and Tatyana also tried to do something. But it all ended up with our feeble bodies hanging on each other, like in the last round with fagged out boxers. Having seen that parody on sparring Sensei separated us placing into pairs with the guys. I have right away mobilized leftovers of all my powers. So to say, "who could have expected it".

Exercising one of the kicks, Ruslan who looked like a skinny ant against his partner Eugene complained to Sensei:

– Is it even possible to knock out such a giant? He is so impenetrable, like solid armor. I understand if he initiated an attack on me then I could somehow at least use his own force, as you said. And what if I need to attack him then what can I do, damn, against this stubborn rhino. It's a heap of muscles!

– Heap of muscles is nothing. In martial arts power is not essential. In the East there is such a saying: "Hands and legs are nothing more than continuation of the body and body, in its turn, is continuation of the mind". In other words, the most important is knowledge and skills. Then a weakest woman can knock out just with a touch of one finger the strongest in the world athlete or even kill him.

– Well, theoretically it's possible, – Eugene smiled. –



Especially if she is beautiful, then one glance is enough... But if to say seriously, in my opinion, it is practically impossible.

– Possible, – replied Sensei.

– Sportsman?

– Sportsman.

– With one finger?

– With one finger.

– Without force?

– Without force.

– Don't beli....

Eugene had hardly finished when Sensei touched the muscle of throat of the guy, a little lower of the right ear, with light movement of his middle finger of left hand. Unexpectedly for all, Eugene got distorted so as if he chewed a dozen of lemons exactly with his right side of the mouth. His right leg quickly gave way and he fell on the ground, with no time to understand the reason. His right hand was completely not obeying and looked like a rag. Eugene glanced at Sensei with frightened eyes, twitching with the left side of his body:

– Ohsh, notsh shou bash, – the guy could only hiss, trying to say something. We stood shocked by this scene of flash-like turning of a young healthy guy into a helpless fallen body of the half-paralyzed “old man”.

– Whash shush i shu?

Sensei bent over the “alive corpse” of Eugene and touched again some points on his body in the regions of back and stomach. He has done it just so quickly and skillfully that I didn't even see where exactly he pressed. Eugene started step-by-step to recover himself massaging his suffered extremities:

– Nosh sho bash!

– So, how are you, doubting Thomas? – Sensei asked.

– Shenshei! You should have letsh know beforehand. I gotsh almosht crazy, – Eugene hardly enunciated it on broken hissing language.

– What a pity you didn't, – the Teacher said jokingly with disappointment. – At least once in life you would feel good. Sometimes it really helps.



– Sensei, tell us a recipe of this poison, – Stas jokingly joined a conversation, evidently being the first to recover himself after that shock.

– Well, the recipe is simple. You need to know where, when and how.

– It sounds logical, and in more detail? – Volodya made an attempt to make it clear.

– In detail? There is a great number of BAPs in the human body.

– Whatsh? – Eugene didn't understand.

– BAPs – biologically active points.

– Thshey are not pointshs, damn itsh! Thshey are balishtic misshiles! – the guy said it with ironical indignation. – moreover witsh auotshopilotsh.

The guys smiled at his zealous speech.

– Absolutely correct. It proves once again that any knowledge can be turned into a weapon... So, this effect of “ballistic auto-piloted missiles” is caused by no other reason but an accurate point impact on biologically active points of a human body.

– And what are these points? – one of the guys asked with interest. – How do they work?

– Well, it's a certain area of the skin with common innervation. Located in this zone receptors send signals through nerves which transfer in their turn these signals not only into spinal cord but also through centripetal and extraspinal tracts up to the cerebrum. There happens a certain fuse of appearing unconditioned reflexes. Moreover, this process is reflected in cortical analyzers as well, with formation of conditioned-reflex connections, in other words, to put it simply, a certain order for the body is being formed there.

– If so, will it lead to such an effect?

– Not only. A man can be “frozen” for some time or “knocked out”, or finally programmed to cease existence of the given object on physical level in a definite time.

– And do you only need to hit strongly this point?

– Not at all. All processes inside of the body take place at



very small energies. If you affect these points by a threshold stimulus, that is to say, by a weak stimulus, it brings much bigger influence on the body functioning than a strong stimulus.

At that time Eugene stood up and tried to walk around, all the while limping with the right leg and shaking with the right hand:

– My dshear mothsher, thshish gripsh, ash if I were laying on thshe right sidshe.

– This lazy lie-abed, – Sensei joked. – he just wants to sleep in the bed and to eat well... You should train you yourself more!

– Well, I kindsh of sweatedsash ash muchsh ash everybodshy.

– I mean, you should train your mind more so that not to make an ass of yourself.

– And where have you “kicked” him so easily? – Volodya was interested.

– This is a so called Botkin-Erb point. And if I had pressed in a bit another way, the effect would've been completely different. And if I had affected the plexus of nearby located splanchnic nerves, with the same impact power, then I could've caused a spasm of thyroid artery, which in its turn would disorder a function of thyroid gland. This would've led to overall weakening of immune system or its complete cessation. In that case he would've died on his own from any infection.

Eugene even stopped to move his body after hearing such a speech:

– Shanks, you shealy calm me witsh shuch a chsheerful pershpctive.

– And you also said: “Where, when and how”, – one of the Volodya's guys uttered. – What does it mean, where?

– Well, the thing is that apart of the fact that you need to know the exact location of the point, the power of applying impact to it, you need also to know a time of the day when this point is most active.

– Hem! And that's all, – Volodya smiled.

Even now Eugene didn't miss an opportunity to joke, still



in his hissing language:

– Tshell me, and doesn't it come witsh latesht map of the universh?

Sensei smiled:

It depends for whom. For a dumb even this won't be enough.

And how can one understand all these points and use them? – Stas asked.

The simplest way to understand something is, of course, to examine and to feel it on yourselves, especially the impulse of pressing, this is very important.

– Aha, and if we disorder something in ourselves, – Victor made an assumption half in jest.

– You won't disorder. There exist points–antagonists on the human body for this purpose, which neutralize the given stimulus or spasm. Everything in nature is maintained in equilibrium.

– It's better to try on the others, – having smiled, Kostya proposed.

– It won't work, – Sensei said. – No matter how many times you try on the others, you'll never achieve the right effect until you feel on yourself the power of this impact.

– May we try it right now, only, so to say, during the fight?

– some of Volodya's guys asked a question.

– You may.

– And may we? – someone of the same company added.

– Yes, please.

Three volunteers from Volodya's team and Ruslan came up to Sensei. Stas, who also joined them, offered the same to Volodya but the last one refused:

– I'm not your everlasting makiwara, you guys!

– Well, well.

Eugene hobbled, sitting next to Volodya on the sport bench, and addressed to Stas:

– Come on, guys. One shecondh and zhthere is no thongue nor head anymore. Andth itsh will be your own faultsh.

– So, anybody else? – Sensei asked looking at Volodya's guys.



This time my person screwed myself up and came ahead, evoking smile on faces of surrounding guys.

– And what are you going to do? – Sensei was surprised.

“And really, why did I come up?” – a coward thought flashed right away in my head. But it was too late to retreat:

– And may I try?

– And aren’t you afraid?

– Only tickling, – I got confused and blurted out a favorite dad’s joke.

– Alright, if you want to join the ranks of kamikaze, you are welcome.

And already addressing the other volunteers he added:

– Let’s work in full contact. You task is to win this fight by any means.

– May we work in a group? – one of Volodya’s guys asked.

– You may. Fight as you like, you have an absolute freedom of actions.

While Sensei turned around, Volodya’s guys came together into circle, negotiating about something in their own “military” language of gestures. Ruslan with Stas also whispered to one another. While I stood among these giant athletic bodies like a mouse, without any idea what I can do at all, with my power of a small fly against a hurricane wind. Unfortunately nothing special has come to my mind. “Alright, whatever it will be, let it be”, – I thought.

Finally all guys took up their fighting positions around Sensei. Only I stood at the same place. When the senior sempai gave order to attack, Volodya’s guys surrounded Sensei from all sides and started to attack him at the same time on different levels. Surprisingly, Sensei easily avoided their strikes. And then he launched a counterattack so quickly, that I have seen only chaotically falling bodies. Terrified, I was shaking in my shoes. Then Ruslan and Stas tried to attack the Teacher. At the same time, fighting with them Sensei turned with his back to me, on the distance of an outstretched arm. I made up my mind to do something immediately. And nothing else came into mind but to catch hold of Sensei’s back, like a flea, so that



he wouldn't touch me at least. But when I tried to do my best in order to realize this idea, it turned out that my hands went through the emptiness and instead of Sensei I caught air. I didn't believe my eyes, right now he stood in front of me! "It's easier maybe to catch a ghost than Sensei", – I thought.

But then all my thoughts with the "soul" went sharply down into the heels because Sensei has already completely bewildered the next unfortunate fighters. I turned around and ran away with all my might to the opposite direction. But having hardly made two steps, I got a light painful push somewhere in the area of first and second neck-bone. A bright blinding light momentarily flashed before my eyes, as if I were illuminated by a bright powerful projector of some yellowy-pink color. All my body stood motionless in a rather unusual position with frozen wide spread arms, bended forward torso and half-lifted right leg. How I was balancing, I didn't understand myself. But that time it worried me least of all.

I observed terrified what was happening to my muscles. They all, as a single mechanizm, started to spasm despite my will and desire. And this overall spasm crept over all of my body. It seemed that the strain intensified with every second, and nothing was able to stop it. The body was being squeezed with such a strength, that it seemed to me that I heard crackling of the spine. And the most extraordinary thing was to feel tension of internal organs. It has never happened to me before. Even my strongest former headaches were trifles in comparison with this unbearable pain. Mimic muscles of the face got so strained that my face was distorted in a dreadful grimace.

Amazing but despite all these transformations with a strained body, I kept clear mind. My person continued to clearly see and hear everything. I saw how guys from our group, observing all of that, changed in faces, looking with fright at our frozen figures. I could clearly hear the words of Kostya addressed to me:

– Oho! What a beauty you became, I can't get my eyes off.

I wanted to reply him sarcastically, but couldn't say a



word, not even move a tongue. It seemed to me that the whole eternity passed while Sensei was bringing back us “to life”. But in reality, as it turned out later, I haven’t even stood one minute in this position. The whole body was stitched with tiny needles in all directions in a way as if I had crushed simultaneously all its extremities and parts. My “accomplices” were actively rubbing their bodies. I hastily followed their example, though not so emotionally. My body was very aching and hurting.

– Don’t worry, – Sensei reassured. – In a couple of days, a maximum of three days, this pain will be over.

And to the end of the additional training all six of us were doing nothing but rubbing our extremities under tireless jokes of other guys. When our company of complete “cripples” came outside, Volodya, who stood close to Sensei, said with admiration:

– Splendid! It was a great training today. I warmed up muscles well.

“Oho, he warmed up muscles! – I thought, hardly moving my legs. – If it will continue like that, next time I will arrive here on a wheelchair”. Our group of unfortunate fighters slowly toddled down the road, accompanied by funny jokes of our company.

– You look not bad, guys, just like in a joke – Victor commented ironically.

– In which one?

– Well,... two guys meet each other in trauma division, plastered from top to toe. One asks another: “Where did you manage to get hurt like that?” – “I crashed into the garage”. “Your car is probably smashed”, – the first one felt for him. “No, I was walking!”

– But it’s not a joke, my body hurts, – I complained to the Teacher.

– Just don’t think about the pain. Because any pain is an illusion.

– How can it be an illusion if I really feel it?

– It just seems to you that you feel it. It’s possible to stop to feel any pain at all, if you wish it strongly.



– Really, – Slava asked with distrust – even if they cut you up?

– Even if they fry you, – Sensei answered with smile and added already more seriously: – Because pain is a reaction of certain nerve endings on irritation, delivering signal into the brain. If a man controls perfectly his body and mind, he can regulate his pain barrier. By the way, there exists a school “katedo” in martial arts which masters specially teach their followers not to feel pain.

– Lucky guys those who learn in this school, – Ruslan mentioned dreamingly.

– They are not so lucky, – Sensei uttered jokingly, – before they learn something, they get in the neck with a stick at least one hundred times in the best case.

In that moment Yura probably wanted to say something approving to his friend. But as soon as he opened his mouth and clapped Ruslan on the shoulder, his friend yelled out at the top of his voice:

– A-a-a! Don’t exuch my totremities!

The whole crowd burst out laughing of such a precisely perceived absurdity.

– So to say, well said. – Stas said laughing.

And Eugene continued:

– Such trainings will inspire people to invent a new language.

– Aha, – Victor added. – And they will speak with words of unknown letters.

Later on we walked further more cheerfully with a host of new jokes, partially having forgotten about our unfortunate extremities. Just stomach alone was jerking from laughter in evident pain convulsions. Andrew walked all this time thinking about something and he didn’t participate in our mutual conversation. Not paying any attention to our laughter, he asked Sensei:

– And this style, so to say, the points style, that you showed us, is that a style of “the Old Lama”?

– Ah, don’t mix a stone on the road with Himalayas. In the



style of “the Old Lama” the Art is brought to perfection. There is enough one hand shake or simply a mediator, to do anything you wish with a person.

– Not bad! – Andrew got surprised.

– This is just a rubbish. There exist more serious things, maybe once I will tell about them.

When saying goodbyes on the tram stop and shaking everybody’s hands, Sensei suddenly took aside Kostya and started to whisper him something. We tried our best but were not able to hear anything. And when the company of Sensei started to move away down the street, we began to torture Kostya with questions. But he tried his best to laugh off all the attacks, and ascribed everything to his personal secrets.

We were silent on the way to home. Only Kostya mumbled trying to joke somehow and to cheer us in this way. I was deep in thoughts about my pain. And what’s strange, as soon as I started to think about that purposefully, the body began to ache and to hurt with new power. My person dreamed only about one thing – how to get faster back home. Fortunately my house was in the center, five minutes away from the stop.

But having accompanied me to home, the guys didn’t hurry on to leave. Or to put it more precisely it was Kostya who was not in a hurry and who burst out with jokes and other funny stories from daily life. I already was shifting from one foot to the other, mechanically smiling and showing with all my appearance that it’s time to say goodbye. But Kostya in no way reacted on that and went on with his jokes, only nervously looking at the watch from time to time.

Less than in ten minutes of our conversation about nothing unexpectedly for all Andrew huddled himself up with wild cry of pain and almost fell on the ground, if he weren’t on time picked up by Kostya who stood close to him. But Kostya himself couldn’t keep balance and fell down on the ground, holding friend on his body. Frightened we bent over them trying to help Andrew somehow. Out of fear I forgot about all my aching muscles. Only Kostya seemed to keep quiet.

– It’s alright, it’s alright, just let him sit down and rub his



temples, now it will be over, – he said raising Andrew.

While we messed around and seated almost a helpless guy, Kostya glanced at the watch and pronounced thoughtfully:

– Exactly, as Sensei said... What a power!

We looked at him puzzled.

– What did you say?

– I will explain it later, – Kostya pronounced quickly and started to help intensively rubbing Andrew's temples.

Gradually the face color of the guy began to turn to normal. Yellow-blue spots disappeared, and his cheeks became slightly red. His breath became natural. And already in a minute, which for us, frightened, lasted for eternity, Andrew recovered more or less. Grabbing his head, he mumbled in confusion:

– I don't understand what the matter is... It never happened to me something like that... Probably I have overtrained or something is wrong with my body... Well, but I'm still young.

Kostya grinned shaking his head:

– Wow! Sensei foretold even these words ...So, have you come back to life, fellow?

– Which words? – we didn't understand.

But Kostya was entirely absorbed with the conversation with Andrew:

– Sensei asked to ask, whether you liked what happened to you?

– What?! – Andrew looked surprisingly at Kostya.

– I say, did you like this fall?

When Andrew grasped these words, he became furious and was covered with red spots out of rage:

– Did I like it! Go to hell! If you were dashed against the asphalt like me, would you like it?!

– Oh! – Kostya uttered with smile. – If he's cursing like mad, then he for sure came back to life.

And then he added:

– Why are you boiling and puffing like a teakettle? Cool down. This fall isn't a simple fall, but a punishment of Sensei for your thoughts.

– What?! – Andrew got even more astonished.



This time I got boiled up: "What does it mean – a punishment?! How could he even treat the guy in this way, just decided and make a helpless creature out of him. What does Sensei do! How can he be good, if he is doing such things. He drums us about love to the neighbor, while he acts like that!" I recalled a couple of cases with demonstrations of strikes during trainings – they were harsh, ruthless and rude towards a sparring-partner. And immediately a wave of despair and anger covered my person. At that time Andrew continued:

– What!!! Punishment of Sensei for my thoughts?! For which thoughts? Are you crazy? And it means, you knew this all that time and said nothing to me! What a friend, damn it. And I was puzzled why he was cracking jokes here looking at the watch. Just to tell the words of Sensei on time. So, have you told? Enjoyed enough the spectacle, you idiot?!

Now it was the turn of Kostya to blush:

– You are stupid! Sensei asked me to stay close to you, so that you wouldn't break your empty blockhead against asphalt. And then, if you were able to listen, I had to tell you these words.

Andrew was taken aback as if poured over with a bucket of cold water. The friends stared at each other. It came to a strained pause. We also stood bewildered by such turn of events.

And what did Sensei ask to tell? – Andrew asked, still irritated, but already more self-retained.

– Sensei asked to tell you that even a thought is material and that one should not use the Art against people.

– What has it to do with the Art? Which thought? What do you mean?! – Andrew was dumbfounded.

– You must know better which thought. It were you who was thinking over something the whole way, not me.

– When?! – he was surprised even more. – Well I, I, I,... in the tram I was scrolling in my mind the whole training from beginning to end, – Andrew said, full of indignation.

– I am not speaking about the tram. When we walked with Sensei, what were you thinking the whole way over?



Andrew frowned, intensively trying to recall that lapse of time.

– Well, we were laughing and telling jokes...

– That's us, and you?

– And I...And I... What was I thinking about? Hem...

After a time of concentrated thinking Andrew spoke out, amazed:

– Shoot! Is it possible that it was for...

He stopped in the middle of the sentence. And his indignation quickly changed to the reflection on some shocking discovery. This event even more intrigued us. And our curiosity brimmed over.

– And what for? What for? – we threw Andrew with questions.

At first the guy tried to get rid of our intrusive, like flies, questions, but nevertheless later he confessed:

– Well, it's an old story... I found here some freaks who beat me up hard five years ago. Well, do you remember, Kostya, those lanky fellows?

– Ah, those whom you swore to revenge all your life.

– Well, that's exaggeration.

– It's your words, – Kostya said shaking shoulders.

– Well, yes, mine. But let's say this way, those who were a reason to start my intensive karate trainings... So... When I was walking that time... I was thinking over...

The guy got somewhat embarrassed, hanging his head. Evidently, it was not easy for him to confess it. But plucking up his courage, he still continued:

– In general, I thought..., that with the help of this Art... they won't hide anywhere... from my... revenge.

After his words silence fell. Kostya said with a sigh:

– Yes, well... You see, it's your own fault, you dream about god knows what, and I turn out to be guilty.

– Are these also the words of Sensei? – Slava hemmed, trying to joke.

Kostya looked at him in such a way, that the guy at once was confused.



And now imagine, – Kostya continued addressing to Andrew, – how shocked would be those lanky fellows. Because they are ordinary people, with their own merits and demerits, just like us. But you are at least somehow prepared mentally, or rather you know about this power. And they?... Even if someone of them would've survived after such a fear, just imagine, what would happen with them later. Each of them would have thought probably that he was sick with at least epilepsy... You felt unpleasant, and how would've they felt! Sensei asked to remind, that **any blow caused by your rage will come back to you at the end...** And something else: **"You should not wish bad to other people even in your thoughts. Because with the power of your thought you are putting a trap for yourself, for your body and mind. And the more you think about it, the stronger it keeps you, the smaller its loop becomes. The only way out is to become a friend to your enemy and to forgive his deeds because you are also not perfect".**

And pondering a little more, Kostya added:

– Well, I think, I didn't forget anything to say... That's all, now you can be free.

– In what sense free? – Andrew didn't understand. – Does Sensei drive me out?

– Well, he told me nothing about that... It's me who lets you go.

– Ah, – Andrew drawled with a smile, and started to get up from the ground together with Kostya: – And why have you fallen?

– Why? You should not be so fat and heavy. I'm not Rambo to catch such a bull!

We laughed and said good-bye to each other, so to say, in a cheerful mood. I was very happy that everything ended so happily. In my soul again happened a revolution of feelings. "And really, whose fault is that there is so much evil around us? We are guilty ourselves. Because, we don't control our desires. And then we just get what we've deserved. And then we yell and rebel, say, what for? We should think more often



about good things and be good to people, and maybe the world around will change. At least in our mind. And our mind is our real world... If I would've realized that earlier, I wouldn't be paying now for my egocentrism and megalomania with my own health and life... Oh! If only I had known it before, I would have been more confident in tomorrow. But since I'm doomed to such a destiny, at least I will try to live this time with dignity, as a human... Sensei was right when he said once: **"The quality of instants lived by you in life are much more important than senseless years of existence. How, and not how many years you lived".**

Yes, we are responsible for all that we think and do. And why was I angry with Sensei? We are guilty ourselves. And he is just an observer of our reality, our irresponsibility and disorder. He judges from the point of view of his internal world, his knowledge, and his high moral values. In order to understand him, we need first to become Humans.





t home I pondered some time over the events that occurred recently. And then I recalled about my body. All that time when my thoughts were distracted, the pain was hidden and existed on some distant level of thought. But as soon as I recalled about the overtrained muscles, they right away replied with a sharp pain, like a loyal dog responds with barking to the call of its owner. My entire body again started to cry and break apart, and my mind began intensively to feel sorry for the poor body, blaming my real "I" for the trial I sentenced it to, to sympathize with and compassionate to my extremities.

I forced myself to sit in the lotus pose to meditate. It was very hard to relax, and even harder to concentrate. But still, my persistence brought me small results. In one of the attempts of purposeful concentration, the pain was forgotten. Meditation went smoothly. And only when a foul thought flashed across my mind the pain recommenced again. At that time I clearly was feeling "a streamlet" down the hand. I thought: "This hand muscle hurts the most. Stop! Aha, I got you, leader of distemper. It's you again who spoil all my attempts. Alright, alright. This time I didn't manage to start a conversation with Sensei but next time on the meditation training I will certainly find how to cope with you".

Later, when I have already come out of the meditation,



I started to reflect logically: "I wonder if I have the schizophrenia. I start to speak with myself and try to catch someone inside of myself. Maybe, I am already going crazy with such events?" And at the same time another thought appeared in my mind: "It's a good indicator. If I were to think like that more often, the faster I would reach the goal". At some internal inaccessible level, I understood what it meant. But my mind yelled: "What goal? Who's speaking again?" Again, completely confused by my thoughts, who is who and what I really want, I fell asleep, following the example of my flesh ruthlessly exhausted during the training.

On the next day my body became completely alien. Not only that it was hurting, but also it was moving like a rusty robot. I got even interested, I had never seen myself in such a state. "The autopilot" evidently got turned off. I had to invent new ways to operate my body, even just for putting clothes on. It was good that my parents went to work and didn't see all of my comic horrors. Being busy with this disobedient "machine", I almost got late to school.

I felt during the lessons more or less fine, although it was unforgettable to feel like a robot. The very last lesson was sports classes. This was the end of everything. I tried to obtain leave from the teacher. But he was a rather conservative man and besides an awful bureaucrat. Our pains didn't worry him, the only chance to leave was to bring him an official permission

. I had an official paper at home, hidden far away from my parents because I liked sports classes and didn't want to sit aside during them, despite any opinions of the doctors. Even more so, there were no extraordinary exercises, in my opinion. During the trainings we tortured our bodies much more. But today for the first time I regretted that I didn't bring this paper with me.

Though during the day I managed to move somehow, I have had a hard time with the warm-up. And today, as if on purpose, there was a test on push-ups. "I certainly won't survive. I won't be able to do even one time, especially after



yesterday, – my person thought. – He is such a bureaucrat, and will not even listen to me without a paper..." And I began upbraiding this man in my evil thoughts. During the next break, while thinking of a word worst than previous one, suddenly the words of Sensei softly arose in my mind: "You should not wish bad to other people even in your thoughts". "Oh! What am I doing, – I woke up, – I am creating a trap for myself". And cooling down a little my temper I started to think soberly: "What's the point that I swear at him in my thoughts and look at him gloomily? I will be just more upset and will be rude with him during the test. He also will return me the favor, will give me a bad mark and will call my parents. My parents will find out that I haven't brought my paper to school and also will become upset. Why do I need all of this? And what if, as Sensei says, I will try to put myself in his shoes? After all it's not his fault that I came to the lesson down and out. No. Does he know that yesterday's entire evening one could say that in fact I was preparing for the test? He doesn't know. Then why should I be angry with him? He simply does his best to fulfil his job. And as far as my leave paper concerned, he also needs to report for his lessons. What if the director or some revising commission will come to check him? I can understand him in this case". Thus having put in order my thoughts, I noticed that my anger vanished and now I was able to think over how to solve this problem in peace.

After the warm-up I came up again to the teacher and calmly explained him the situation. I said that the day before I had trained intensively and that day suffered terribly, but for the next lesson I would certainly do push-ups, even twice as much. And I also added that I completely understood that he's fed up with our constant complaining.

– Well, you understand, you were also young one day.

Probably that last sentence burst from me by accident, has obviously stirred up some good memories from the teacher's past, because the next fifteen minutes we listened about his active sportive youth. And when finally the test



began I asked him:

– So, should I do push-ups?

– Alright, – he genially waved his hand, – you will do it next time. We'll consider that today you didn't have time.

To the great joy of the others, half of the class also “didn't have enough time” together with me. When the bell rang, my classmates said with smiles:

– Great! Listen, maybe for the other lessons you'll evoke the teachers' memories of their far-away youth, and maybe, they won't have time to ask us about homework. That would be great!

– I'm not a wizard, – I answered jokingly. – I'm just learning.

After this case I had a rather pleasant feeling inside. Nobody suffered moral damage and more than that, all remained satisfied. This pleased my vanity and my megalomania started unnoticeably to grow by leaps and bounds. I only paid attention at that when my friends listened to me in the evening and joked:

– You inflated this story like a soap bubble, – Andrew remarked with a smile. – What's so special in that? I do such tricks almost every lesson. You need simply to act with ingenuity and humor.

– Yes, but do you tame your anger every lesson?

Andrew thought about it and said:

– That's true... but humor so far has always helped me to understand each other with teachers.

– Listen! – Kostya tapped him on the shoulder. – This is a brilliant method to fight with anger... Do you remember Sensei's guys: Eugene, Stas, and others? They never stop joking.

– Exactly! – confirmed Andrew.

– You see, everything is simple, as Sensei said. And your were considering the whole night how to fight with your anger. Here is an answer for you... Well, now you'll have to joke with your mind all your life.

And then Kostya added “calmly”:



– Don't worry. We will bring you tasty cakes to the mental hostpital...

– Stop it! You will always confuse everything.

The guys laughed. We altogether went to attack the overcrowded tram. And when already in the tram, Kostya said to Andrew:

– By the way, I have also spent this night in vain.

– With whom? – Andrew inquired with a smile.

– Dirty mind! Not with whom, but on what, think deeper.

I made a brilliant discovery!

– In the sphere of self-love?

– I'm serious. Listen, I've discovered a chain of events.

If you weren't beaten up by those lanky fellows five years ago, you wouldn't have started to practice karate. And if you wouldn't have started to practice martial arts, you wouldn't have pulled me into this business. And if you wouldn't have pulled me, we would have never met Sensei and wouldn't have found what we have found and what we are now learning. At least, if we would've read about this information somewhere, then certainly we would've considered it complete nonsense. While this way we were convinced and have seen it, as they say, with our own eyes. In short, if you wouldn't have been beaten up, we wouldn't have found this gold-bearing spiritual vein! That's it!

– I agree. But what makes you think that it's because of you we met Sensei? The address of his school was given to us by a complete stranger from that previous school of Wushu. Neither you, nor I knew anything for sure. We simply by chance started a conversation about the people phenomena, and later about Sensei.

– Yes. But I dragged you to this training, – Kostya defended his theory. – You were so resisting, remember, and didn't want to go. And that guy exactly appeared that day by chance. He was waiting for his friend in the changing room.

– Yes, he was waiting, but he would've kept silence, if he had not seen our magazine, with an article about the people phenomena.



– Which magazine?

– Well, remember, Tatyana brought it from home to us that day. I and you were indignant that we would have to drag this burden with us all the day instead of just giving it back in the evening.

– Ah! Exactly! – Kostya recalled.

– Well, I put it on the window-sill. And that guy probably was bored to simply sit, so he asked if he could read it. And later as you know, one word led to another, and here is the address of Sensei.

– Right, exactly how it was, – and having sighed Kostya added: – It is always like that: such small facts kill the most beautiful hypothesis... Alright, then my theory will look this way. If you wouldn't have pulled me into martial arts, I wouldn't have brought you to this training, and further not to forget – if Tatyana wouldn't have brought a magazine, – then our company wouldn't have met Sensei and so forth.

– And still everything started with the magazine, – persisted Andrew, and further continued developing his thought, – with the article. And we became interested in these articles because... why?

– What do you mean why... because... Ah! It was her who launched all of that, she infected all of us with people phenomena, – said Kostya nodding towards me.

– Exactly!

The guys looked at me:

– And why did you become interested in them?

– Me? – I was a little confused and right away wiggled out, – Me... I was inspired by movies.

– Oh! And movies were shot by...

And later the guys were carried away, untwisting the whole chain of imaginary events. Tatyana smiled and said:

– You guys, I'm ashamed to say, will come soon to the primitive man, – and she mimicked them in a funny way: – If that man would've been caught by a saber-toothed tiger, then you wouldn't have existed and therefore wouldn't have met Sensei.



– Hey, that's a thought, – smiled Kostya.

– Men, – complained Tatyana, – They always find logic in everything. If we have met Sensei, that's great. That's the way it should be, it's a destiny. And that's all. There is nothing to argue about.





Ur company reached the glade, this time already accurately determining its location.

– Listen, there is nobody here, – Slava said doubtfully. – Maybe this is not the right glade?

– It's the right one. I remember it well from the last time,
– Andrew nodded affirmatively.

– Of course! – grinned Kostya.

We laughed recalling our last adventures. In about ten minutes, the senior guys started to come up, joining our good mood.

– Oh, the Teacher is going to come now, – Victor livened up.

– Why do you think so? – I asked looking at the stars on that side.

– Because of Samurai, – the senior sempai replied smiling.

I shifted my gaze to the ground and only then noticed how the cat paced grandly on a lonely fence in the light of a distant lamp, all the time almost falling down and trying to maintain his balance with his claws.

– He comes right to the meditation, – continued the guy.

– he sits calmly aside in full trance, and then without wasting his time to our conversations and impressions, leaves right away.

– And the first time we came he stayed till the end. Sensei was trying to grab him out of the bushes. – I made a remark.



– Well that was probably a small exception from his rules.

“Strange how it came out that time, – I thought, – Even the cat took direct part in that.”

The guys joined our conversation.

– And why did Sensei get himself exactly a black cat? – asked Tatyana.

– He didn’t get him on purpose. When Samurai was still a kitten, he was thrown up with stones by the village kids. So, Sensei picked him up from the street and cured him. Since then the cat lives with him and doesn’t leave him.

– And who has torn up his ears so much? – Andrew asked with a smile.

– Ah, he was sparring with dogs.

– With dogs?

– Yes. Samurai trains not only spiritually, but also practices martial arts, – said Victor making everybody look at the cat.

– Sensei teaches him, one could say, from childhood, the style Wing Chun, which is opposite to the Cat style. So now he picks fights with both cats and dogs.

– You must be joking? – Andrew was sincerely surprised.

– How is it possible to teach a cat Gong-fu? Not every human will understand it and this is just a stupid animal.

– It depends how you look at it, – the Teacher interfered into the conversation, coming out from the dark. – Sometimes a stupid animal proves itself to be cleverer than some Homo sapiens.

– And still, – Nikolai Andreevich was interested in the unusual fact, – How did you teach him?

– Oh, it’s easy, – Sensei simply said as if we were talking about something ordinary. – In the form of game. First with fingers I would clench his claws and then the same way would show him how to come out of that clench. That’s how he learned... Now, he not only constantly fights with cats but also picks fights with dogs. You see, he is not interested in mice anymore, they are not the right level. And why did I teach him? Now I have myself to run around with mouse traps.

Everyone laughed. And I still didn’t understand whether



that was a joke or not. If that was a joke, then why it was so serious, and if it's true, then one really needs to have a remarkable talent to teach even the cat.

During his story Sensei was simultaneously shaking everybody's hand, and when it was Andrew's turn, the last one didn't give his hand, but instead bowed politely.

– What happened? – Sensei was surprised.

– Well, I am already afraid to touch you after those events,

– Andrew replied half-jokingly.

– What do I have to do with that? – said Sensei, smiling and shrugging his shoulders. – It's not me that you should be afraid but him. He was next to you and not me.

While Sensei was speaking with the other guys, Andrew pushed Kostya slightly to the side:

– So it was through you!

– What! I'm smart of course, but not to that extent.

– I'm serious.

– And I'm serious.

– Honestly?

– Honestly.

Andrew waited until Sensei answered another question and asked:

– Is it true that you've done it through a handshake?

– No, of course. Some day I will tell you about this.

Then the conversation moved on to our home meditations.

At first I wanted to call off Sensei to the side and speak to him alone about my thoughts because I was afraid of the reaction of the senior guys. Who knows, maybe they'll ridicule me with their picky jokes, like my friends. But Sensei patiently examined and explained every situation that happened to the guys. From Yura I have heard a similar story but not exactly so acute. Seeing the serious mood of the others, I, finally, decided to tell to Sensei everything in the presence of everybody. And when another pause appeared in the conversation, I started to share timidly my achievements. Everyone listened calmly and carefully. Then I grew bold and told about the "dodger".

After my story reigned a short silence. "That's all, – I



thought, – Now Nikolai Andreevich will diagnose me with schizophrenia. And why did I blab it out in front of everyone?” But, to my surprise, Sensei said the following:

– It's a good result. To catch a thought of your animal nature is hard and to fight with it, even more so. It is impossible to fight with this category of thought in principle. Because violence generates violence. And the more you'll try to kill it, the more intensively they'll appear in you. The best way to defend against it is to switch to positive thoughts. In other words, the principle of Aikido of smooth withdrawal should be used here.

– And if they are chasing me all the day. Can't I just chop them off with some swear word? – asked Ruslan.

– No matter how you chop them off, still negative thoughts will keep appearing according to the law of action/counteraction. That's why you needn't fight with them. You should withdraw from them, artificially developing in yourself a positive thought. In other words, concentrate on something good or recall something good. Only in this way of smooth withdrawal you will be able to win over your negative thought.

– And why can sometimes thoughts be absolutely the opposite of each other? It happens to me also sometimes that I get confused in my thoughts.

– Let's say it this way, **in the human body there is a spiritual nature, or soul, and a material nature, or animal, call it as you wish. The human mind is a battlefield of these two natures. That's why different thoughts arise in you.**

– And who am 'I', if thoughts are alien?

– Not alien, but yours. And you are the one who's listening to them. And which one you choose will be your nature. If you prefer the material, animal nature then you'll be evil and nasty, and if you listen to the advice of your soul you'll be a good person, it will be pleasant for other people to be around you. The choice is always yours, you are either despot or saint.

– And why did my admiration of taming my anger lead to pride or something like that, to the growth of megalomania?



Because it seemed like I did a good deed, but the thought got carried away in different direction? – I asked.

– You turned to the soul, your desire was fulfilled. And when you weakened your control over yourself, you were pulled over by the animal nature, and insensibly for you, with your own favorite egoistic thoughts. You liked that you were complimented from all sides that you were so smart, so judicious and so forth... There is a permanent war of two natures inside of you. And your future depends on the decision which side you choose.

I pondered a little and then specified:

– In other words this “dodger” who reminded about the pain and prevented me from concentrating, who inflated my megalomania...

– Absolutely correct.

– But there is an entire pile of these thoughts there!

– Yes, – confirmed Sensei. – An entire legion. That's why it's impossible to fight with them. It's not a Gong-fu, it's much more serious. To fight is possible with the one who shows resistance. But fighting with a vacuum is senseless. Against a vacuum of negative thoughts it is only possible to create the same vacuum of positive thoughts. In other words, I repeat again, shift your mind to the positive and good thinking. But always stay vigilant, listening what your brain thinks about. Observe yourself. Pay attention to the fact that you don't do anything but the thoughts in you are constantly swarming. And not one thought. There at once can be two and three or more.

– It's like in Christianity, they say, on left side of man's shoulder sits the devil, and on the right, an angel. And they are always whispering something, – remarked Volodya.

– Absolutely correct, – confirmed Sensei. – But for some reason the devil whispers louder, he probably has a rougher voice. What's called the Devil in Christianity is the manifestation of our animal nature.

– When I discovered this division of thoughts in myself I thought that maybe I caught schizophrenia, because it also has



to do with the splitting of consciousness, – I said more bravely.

Sensei smiled and jokingly answered:

– There is no genius without a sign of madness.

Nikolai Andreevich laughed.

– Yes, indeed. I observe in me something similar, as well.

Stas joined the conversation, reflecting aloud about his experience:

– Well, if the mind is a battlefield of two natures, and as far as I understand it, their weapons are thoughts, then how can you distinguish who is who? How do the spiritual and the animal nature manifest in thoughts? In which way?

– The spiritual nature means thoughts generated by the power of love, in a broad sense of this word. While the animal nature means thoughts about the body, our instincts, our reflexes, megalomania, desires, entirely devoured by material interests, and so forth.

– Well, then we should live in a cave, – Ruslan expressed his opinion, – So that to have nothing and to wish nothing.

– With the head like yours, even a cave won't help, – Eugene jokingly teased him.

– Nobody forbids you to have all of this, – continued Sensei.

– If you want, please, follow the modern world, use all the goods of civilization. But to live just for that, to place the accumulation of material goods as the main purpose of your existence on Earth, it's stupid, it's unnatural to the spiritual nature. This goal is an indicator of predominance of the animal nature in people. At the same time it doesn't mean that you should live as a bum in a cave. No. I already told you that all these high technologies that are given to the mankind are given so that humans would free up more time for their spiritual perfection. But certainly not for a man to collect a pile of these iron things at home and to blow up his megalomania because he possesses all that dust.

And, keeping silence for a while, Sensei thoughtfully pronounced:

– A human is a complex synthesis of the spiritual and the animal nature. It's a pity that in your mind predominates more



of the animal nature than one from God. I was thinking the other day and decided to give you one ancient practice, which will help you balance these two natures, so that the animal won't burden you so much. It exists just as long as humans exist. This spiritual practice is not just for work on yourself, on your thoughts, but what is very important, is for the awakening of your soul. In relation to life it can be compared to a dynamic meditation because it is constantly functioning, regardless of where human is located or what he does. A part of this human should be always in this state, controlling all that happens around or inside.

This spiritual practice is called a “Lotus Flower”. It consists of the following. You imagine that you plant a seed of a lotus inside, to the regions of a solar plexus... And this small seed grows due to the power of Love generated by your positive thoughts. Thus controlling a growth of this flower you get rid artificially of negative thoughts that constantly turn over in your head.

– Why, do we really think all the time of negative things?
– Ruslan asked.

– Of course, – Sensei answered – Just follow your thoughts carefully. People share a lot of time to visualization of different conflict situations, negative memories of the past, they imagine as they quarrel, prove something, deceive someone or hit back, they think of their illnesses, material deprivations and so on. It means they always keep a lot of negative thoughts in their mind.

And by doing this practice you intentionally under your internal control get rid of all these negative thoughts. And the more positive image will you keep in your mind, the quicker growth of this seed of Love will you get. In the beginning you imagine that a seed starts growing, and a small stalk appears. It grows further, leaves cover the stalk, then comes a small flower bud. And finally getting more and more of the power of Love the bud blossoms out into a Lotus. The Lotus Flower is at first golden but on growing on it becomes dazzling white.

– And how much time does it take it to grow out? – I asked.



– Actually it depends on you. Some people need years, the others – just months, or days, or even seconds. All depends on your desire, whether you will make your efforts. It is necessary not only to grow out this flower, but also to support it all the time by the power of your Love so that it would not fade or die. This constant feeling of growth is to be held by you at the level of subconsciousness or, to say it more precisely, at the level of a controllable remote consciousness. The more you give Love to this little flower, cherish it in your mind, take care of it, protect it from surrounding negative influence, the more it grows. This flower is generated by the energy of Love, I emphasize, by the internal energy of Love. And the more you feel Love towards the whole world, to all the people and to your surrounding, the bigger the flower becomes. And if you start to get angry – the flower becomes weak, if you break in strong anger – the flower fades and becomes ill. Then it is necessary to make maximum of efforts in order to restore it. It is some kind of control.

Thus, when this flower blossoms and starts to increase in size, it starts to emit vibrations instead of the smell, the so-called leptons or gravitons, call them as you like, that is, the energy of Love. You feel moving petals of this flower that bring vibrations to all your body, to all the space around you, irradiating Love and Harmony to the world.

– And is it somehow felt at the physical level? – Eugene asked.

– Yes. The Lotus can be felt as though the regions of a solar plexus are burning, spreading heat. That is, these feelings arise in the regions of a solar plexus where, as legends say, our soul is hidden. These regions start getting warmer and warmer. The main sense of all of this is that wherever you are, with whomever you are or whatever you do or think, you should always feel this heat, heat that warms not only your body but your soul. This internal concentration of Love is located in the flower. Finally, the more you take care of it, glorify this Love, the more you feel that this flower expands, surrounds tightly your body with its petals and that you stand inside of the huge



Lotus.

And then it comes to a very important point. When you reach the stage when Lotus petals surround you from all the sides, you feel two flowers. One is inside under your heart that warms all the time by the feeling of internal Love. Another one, the bigger, like the astral shell of this flower that surrounds you and, on the one hand, it irradiates the vibration of Love to the world and, on the other hand, it protects yourself from the negative influence of other people. Thus the cause–effect law works. To put it by the language of physics, there is a wave effect. To say it briefly, you irradiate waves of the good intensifying them manifold and creating thus a graceful wave field. This wave field is felt all the time by you and is supported by your heart and soul of Love, meanwhile it impacts positively not only you but also the surrounding world.

What happens due to the everyday practice. First, you always control your thoughts, learn to concentrate yourself on positive things. Therefore you are not automatically able to wish bad things to anybody or to be bad. This practice should be done every day and every second. And this is for the whole life. It is some kind of distraction method as nobody can fight with negative thoughts by force. Love cannot be compelled. Therefore you should distract your attention. If a negative or undesirable thought comes, you concentrate on your flower, you start to give your Love to it, that is, you forget all the negative things artificially. Or you switch your attention to something else, to something positive. But you feel the flower all the time: going to bed, getting up, at night, during the day, whatever you do – when studying, working, doing sports etc. You feel how Love flares up, how currents of Love are moving in your chest and are filling all your body. How this flower starts heating inside, with some special warmth, the divine warmth of Love. And the more you give, the bigger is Love inside. Constantly irradiating this Love, you perceive people already from the position of Love. That is, second, what is very important – **you tune up yourself to the frequency of the good.**



And the good means success, luck, health. It means everything! You start feeling happier and that has a positive impact on your mind. And CNS (central nervous system) is the main regulator of the vital activity. Therefore, first of all, this practice improves your health. Besides, your life becomes smoother as you start finding reconciliation with everybody. Nobody wants to quarrel with you, you are welcome everywhere. You will not have any big problems. Why? Because even if some troubles happen in your life, as life is life, you start perceiving them in a completely different way than just ordinary people. Because you have already a new vision of the life that helps you to find the most optimal decision well adjusted to the situation. Because the Wisdom of life awakens in you, **you start feeling yourself a Human, you come to understanding who is God, that God is an everywhere substance**, and not just a fantasy of a few idiots. **You start feeling the divine presence in yourself and strengthen this power by your positive thoughts and feelings.** You will never feel alone in this world anymore as God is in you and with you, you feel His real presence. There is an expression "**If you are in Love, you are in God, and God is in you as God is Love**". Also it is very important that you start feeling the aura of the flower which is inside and outside of you.

– And how is the aura felt around the body? – Stas asked.

– With the lapse of time you see this vibration around yourself as a light glow. The air seems to become lighter and more transparent, and the surrounding world turns to more intensive in its colours for your eyes. And the most fascinating thing is that people start noticing these transformations in you. There is a common expression “a man glows”, “shines”. That actually means the glow of this wave field resulting from work of Love in the individual. People surrounding him also start feeling this field. They are glad when this Individual is somewhere near, they start also feeling joy, internal excitement. Many people are getting better. They will feel good even in his presence however sick they have been. Everybody is attracted



by this person wishing to open him their hearts and souls. That means that **people perceive Love**. This is the open Gate of Heart towards God. That means what all the Great souls told and what was meant by Jesus when he said “Open your heart to God”.

This spiritual practice of “Lotus” was used since the times immemorial. Since olden times the “Lotus” was said to beget Gods, God awakens in the “Lotus”. In the meaning that a divine substance – a soul – awakens in the “Lotus flower”, in Harmony and Love inside of you. You should always take care of your flower, controlling all the time your thoughts and feelings so that the “Lotus flower” would not fade.

– And is there a real flower? – Slava asked with surprise.

– No. The material flower does not exist there, of course. It is a kind of imagination. This process can be called in a different way: awakening of divine Love, reaching of enlightenment, full unity with God – “moksha”, “dao”, “shinto”. Call it as you like. But all of this is just words and religion. **And in fact it means that you create by your positive thoughts and feeling of love a certain force field that effects, on the one hand, the real world around you and, on the other hand, changes the internal frequency of your mind.**

– And the soul? – I asked.

– And the soul is you, it is a kind of an eternal generator of divine power, if you wish, but it needs to be activated by your constant thoughts of Love... Later I will tell you about the soul and its meaning in details.

But then Kostya joined the discussion:

– You have said that this practice is very ancient. How old is it?

– I have already told you that it exists as long as people exist as Homo Sapiens.

– Well, how long, seven, ten thousand years?

– You take a too short period of time. The mankind in its civilized form has also existed a lot of times before, even with much higher technologies than now. Another thing is why these civilizations have disappeared. Once I will also tell you



about it.

– But if this practice is so ancient, there should be some memory records of it in our civilization.

– Certainly. The fact that the spiritual practice of the “Lotus Flower” has existed long time ago may be proven by various ancient sources. The “Lotus” was given, for example, to some Pharaohs of Ancient Egypt. And if you look for the literature on this issue, you will receive evidence that Egyptian myths and legends say that even their God of Sun was born out of the flower of Lotus. This flower served as a throne for Isis, Horus, Osiris.

In ancient Veda, the oldest Hinduism books written already in Sanskrit, the Lotus is one of the central issues. In particular, considering three main male incarnations of the God – Brahma–Creator, Vishnu–Protector and Shiva–Destroyer – they say also the following: “the body of the God Vishnu bore a giant golden Lotus with “Lotus–born” Brahma–Creator on it. The golden thousand–petals lotus was growing and the Universe followed it growing”.

Still in China and also in India this flower depicts purity and chastity. The best human qualities and intentions were associated by people with lotus. In China they think that there is a special “Western heaven” with a lotus lake and every flower growing there is bound with a soul of a died man. If an individual was virtuous, his flower blossomed out, otherwise the flower faded.

In Greece the lotus was considered to be a plant devoted to the Goddess Hera. Hercules made his voyage in a sunny lotus–shaped boat.

However, all these legends and myths are not so made–up by people. They appeared due to the real facts of self–development of people due to this ancient spiritual practice. As earlier the animal nature prevailed in most of people, the “Lotus Flower” was given only to the chosen ones, spiritually mature individuals. And it is natural that other people regarded later these individuals as Gods. Because an individual with a grown–up Lotus and awakened soul becomes God–like as he



can create in Love just by his thought.

And when the times of spiritual education of most of people came, Bodhisattvas of Shambala gave this spiritual practice to Buddha. Due to practicing this technique of the “Lotus”, Siddhartha Gautama reached Enlightenment sitting under the Bodhi tree. On approval of Rigden, Buddha gave it to his disciples for further wide-spreading within people. Unfortunately, people distorted with a time the teaching of Buddha and created the whole religion based on this practice. It resulted in the fact that following this religion even the Buddhists themselves imagine their paradise as an unusual place where people are born like Gods on the lotus flower. They are looking for this place although it is always inside of them. They made up a God even from Buddha although he had been just a Human who had known the truth due to this spiritual practice. In such a way the Lotus became a symbol of Buddhism, there is even an expression “Buddha sits in a lotus” or “Buddha stands in a lotus”. He has just shown people by his example what an individual can reach by defeating his animal nature. He has really done a lot of useful things for spiritual development of the mankind by wide-spreading this spiritual practice among people in its original form.

The same prayer was given by Jesus Christ to revoke the divine Love.

– Does it mean that the prayer and the meditation are the same things? – Tatyana asked.

– Actually, yes. The Jesus’ prayer ‘Our Father’ is the same. It is just so simple, people ask for bread and so on but the main sense is the same: an individual develops himself, grows out his soul by controlling his thoughts, by his desire, by his firm Belief and Love.

– In general, Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed and all the Great souls knew this spiritual practice as they used the same source. It helped them not only to become themselves but also to help other people to know their divine nature. Why was it so pleasant for all to be near Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed? Why are “saint people” said to shine? Why don’t we like to



leave strangers on meeting them? Because they irradiate this Love. Because they always strengthen this power, the power of good, the power of Love, the power of this divine emanation in people. They say: the God is in this human. And it is true.

– So, does it mean that you should just think with Love about this flower? – Andrew asked.

– No. You should not only concentrate yourself and think over it but the most important is to awake this feeling of warmth in the regions of a solar plexus and to support it all the time by your positive thoughts. Not everybody can reach it at once. Therefore you should go into the root of the matter, get the more realistic view of it, and, I repeat, awake all these feelings. Why do I draw your attention to it? Because when an individual awakens these feelings he starts supporting them not just with his mind but also at the level of his subconsciousness. And it leads to awakening of the soul. It just can't but awakens. And the more Love you share, the more will it be awakened, and the faster you will become yourself, as you have always been inside, and not in your external mortal body shell.

And keeping silence for a while Sensei added:

– **Life is too short and you'd better advance in glorifying your spiritual nature...**

Our entire group of different age stood keeping silence and thinking about Sensei's words. While I felt some kind of formication in my body from sudden delight and inspiration. I was so much amazed by all I had heard, so much shocked by this unexpected information that it was hard for me to believe that these words were spoken by an ordinary man. There appeared a feeling in me that his deep knowledge, from my point of view, was evidently not of this world. I wanted to ask about that but something was holding me back. And I suspected that this "something" has already known about everything because it was pulling me towards this Creature with all my heart and soul. But as soon as I thought about that, my mind again started to argue with me, assuring me that this is an ordinary, simple man, just competently understanding philosophy, religion, psychology, history, physiology, medicine, physics...



“Stop! Where am I heading? – I thought. – Is it possible that a man can accumulate in himself so much fundamental knowledge at one time? And on the other side, why not? There happen to be talented people, like Lomonosov... or Leonardo Da Vinci, who was far ahead of this time by his knowledge... But I don’t remember them speaking clearly about the soul. And in general, why do I rack my brains over the fact who he really is? The main thing is that I got answers to my questions that I had been searching for so long. It’s true, as they say, the one who searches will always find”.

I was sincerely happy, like a child: “Can it really be? This is the way to reach that edge of eternity where the Great contemplate the world! This is my only chance, my only straw. It’s not just a straw, it’s an entire saving ark, in which even physical death is not to be feared, in which it is not scary to swim into eternity.

– So, anymore questions? – Sensei asked.

We kept silence, looking at him with admiring eyes. Alone Nikolai Andreevich, who was more or less the sober-minded man in our group, replied:

– Well, let’s assume, I don’t believe, of course, in God. But from the point of view of psychology, this is quite an interesting variant. Everything needs to be pondered... There is a lot of information, I need to examine everything. And questions will arise later.

– All right, – the Teacher answered genially. – Then, I suppose, it is enough for today, let’s go home.





I was in an excellent mood. All the way I analyzed what I had heard, reviewing it in my thoughts from different points of view. And then I started examining my good mood. Something was strange with it, as I felt as if I were completely healthy. Analyzing a little my impressions, I suddenly realized what the matter was. Before I thought that my soul, that is my "I" which would go to the eternity, is located in my material brain. And it seemed to me that I think with it, and all my thoughts arise from it. But I got serious problems with my brain lately, as the doctors said. It depressed me not that much physically, but more spiritually. I assumed that if my brain is damaged, then also my soul can have some malfunctions.

I couldn't wait to get quickly home and to plant my small seed. Sensei, of course, said that one can do this spiritual practice in any place. But I decided still to start this noble doing at home in peace and quiet.

At home I quickly finished with all my petty things. And when my parents settled down to watching the TV, I sat comfortably in the lotus pose. Finally came the long-awaited minute. Having concentrated, I thought: "Let's begin with planting..." I got panicked a bit. First, I didn't know how the lotus seed looked like. I have seen the flower in a book, but not its seeds. And I didn't know either, how would this planting look like, and what



namely would I plant it in? I saw how seeds sprouted in the soil. But for some reason it didn't satisfy me, as the soil in the soul, even an imaginary one, somehow didn't coincide with my notion of eternity. Reflecting on it a little, I found an acceptable way out. One day I saw how my mother was couching kidney beans by placing them in a wet cotton wool. I liked a lot this method. "Then let it be a bean, – my person thought. – After all, it's my imagination. And the most important thing is what I do, the essence, as Sensei said".

Having concentrated once again, I started to imagine, as if I placed inside of myself, in the area of the solar plexus, a small white bean, immersing it into something soft and warm. Afterwards, I started to repeat inwards endearing words, nursing my small seed. But no feelings followed. Then I started to recall all the good words, which I only knew. And here my person was astonished to discover that I knew much less good, beautiful words than bad and swearing ones. This was because I heard them everywhere on the street and in school and they enriched my vocabulary more often than the good ones. My thoughts again unnoticeably switched onto the calculation of some conclusions, logically clinging to each other. Discovering this, I again tried to concentrate on the flower, but nothing happened. In about twenty minutes of my fruitless efforts, my person thought that I was doing something not right. Finally, I went to sleep, having decided to ask Sensei later in detail about my mistakes.

But I couldn't fall asleep. Darkness covered everything around me. Objects and furniture in the room lost their natural color. And a thought came to my mind: "our world is really so illusory. It just seems to us that we really live. While in fact, we imagine like children a game and play in it. But unlike children, adults don't grow up, because they get used so much to the created image that they begin to think that everything else is the same kind of reality. And in this way our entire life passes in imagination and vanity. But, as Sensei said, "The real you is the soul, that eternal reality which exists in actuality. You need only to wake up, to awaken from illusion, and then the whole



world will change..."

As soon as I went deeper into the contemplation of the eternal, I began to feel somehow light and good. And I felt how something started to warm up in my chest and even to tickle pleasantly. Small ants started running through my whole body from the coccyx to the back of the head. Such a pleasant, peaceful state came over me that I wanted to embrace the entire world with my soul. In such a sweet slumber I fell asleep. I slept like in a fairytale because when I woke up in the morning, I felt such inspiration, such lightness, which I had never experienced in life.

At school I tried again to evoke yesterday's state in my mind, but I couldn't really concentrate myself because of the constant circulation of school information and contradictory emotions. I was successful only on the last lesson of literature when the teacher droningly explained a new topic. Half of the class "carefully" listened to her with drowsy eyes, and another half somehow tried to fight with the sleep. Meanwhile I again concentrated on the area of the solar plexus, focusing all of my attention on evoking warmth and a state of happiness. My good thoughts wandered somewhere in the background of my mind. The important thing for me was what was going on inside. I felt very comfortable, my body somehow relaxed and in my chest I started feeling light pressure turning into warmth. After that I simply sat enjoying this state, and continued listening to the new topic. By the way, afterwards, in a few days, I found out that starting from that moment I clearly and easily remembered all what the teacher was telling us. This was a very pleasant discovery for me.

After the lessons I ran into the library to fill up the gap in my knowledge about the lotus flower. But what I read about it from different sources really staggered me. I found out the following: "the lotus is a water-resistant perennial herbaceous plant with a long stalk and large flowers reaching 30 centimeters in diameter and resting upon big leaves. The leaves of the lotus have interesting, peculiar properties: they are covered with a special waxy covering and in this way they don't get wet in the



water". I interpreted this fact in such a way that the soul can't be spoiled by bad thoughts, or in other words, by the impact of the animal nature. It will just keep "sleeping".

"The lotus flower has twenty–two to thirty faintly–pink at the foundation and bright at the top petals, which are located **spirally** around the seminal box". I glanced at the photo of the flower. This seminal box, located in the center of the flower, looked similar to the cork of a gold color, with multiple fibers around of the same color. "It is interesting that **the lotus flowers are always facing the sun**: a little lower than the point of pedicle attachment the lotus has the so called **reaction zone which catches the light**".

I read even more stunning information about its seeds: "**The lotus seeds possess the extraordinary ability to retain its germinating power a few hundred (and sometimes even a few thousand) years.** This peculiarity of the lotus is supposed to be a reason of using it from the time immemorial as a symbol of immortality and resurrection".

Also, I managed to clarify one interesting detail. "The lotus possesses **homothermy**. It means that **the flower is able to maintain its internal temperature just like birds, mammals and people do**". "The lotus flower has a significant place in the beliefs of different nations".

And that's all that I succeeded to find out. But this was enough to partially grasp the meaning of why the Art of Lotus constantly mentioned by Sensei is named in the honor of this flower. However, the complete understanding of its meaning I felt somewhere inside of myself, in the very depth of my true "I".





In a few days, when we were going all together to the training, the guys started to share their impressions and results. It turned out that everybody understood Sensei and grew this internal love in a different way. Kostya imagined that he planted a lotus seed, as he said, "into some kind of a live substance of the universe". And he has done it right yesterday, while all these days he was diligently searching through the literature looking for proof of Sensei's words. He didn't have any kinds of feelings; he simply imagined this process and now waits for the result.

Tatyana imagined this Love as the birth of Jesus in her heart since she was brought up by her grandma as a faithful Christian. She had feelings of happiness, internal delight, and light pressure in the area of her heart. But her heart began to ache a little.

Andrew tried all these days to concentrate purposefully on the area of the solar plexus in order to achieve at least some kind of feeling by thinking about the lotus. Only on the third day he felt a slightly noticeable, light warmth, not warmth really, but as if "something was tickling in that place, as if touched by a feather". And Slava wasn't even able to imagine how all of this happens "inside of his organs".

Before the beginning of the training, our company waited out a moment when Sensei wasn't busy and came up to him



with questions. We started to tell him about our feelings. And Tatyana broke into the conversation out of turn and complained to Sensei about her heart. The Teacher took her hand and felt her pulse like a professional doctor.

– Right, tachycardia. What happened?

– Don't know. It started to ache after I concentrated on the birth of God in my heart...

And then she spoke with more details about the awakening of her divine Love.

– I see. You concentrated on the organ, on the heart. But you shouldn't concentrate on an organ. The heart is the heart, it's only a muscle, it's a pump of the body. By concentrating on it you bring it off its rhythm and interfere into its work. When you learn to control yourself, only then you will be able to concentrate on the work of the body and organs. By doing that now, you'll only harm yourself. You need to concentrate exactly on the solar plexus. Everything is born from it. That is the primary chakran in "Lotus", which is called Kuandalini.

– Well, I read that when Kuandalini begins to awaken there, some kind of snake crawls along the spine, – Kostya bragged a little with his erudition.

– This definition is from yoga, – answered the Teacher. – It's typical for people to mix up everything with time, while primordially in the "Lotus", Kuandalini was a chakran located in the area of the solar plexus. That what I told you about the lotus flower, I repeat, are just images, nothing more, so that for you it would be easier to understand, perceive and feel.

– And in general how does it look in reality? Tell us, please, one more time, specially for dummies, – Andrew asked jesting.

– You simply feel the fibers, growing the internal power of love. Let's say, you feel like as if you were waiting for something very, very good. For example, you are waiting for some huge, long-awaited present, which you've dreamt about. And now you receive it, you are happy, you are overfilled with gratitude. You feel formication in all your body, in other words, you perceive this feeling in the area of the solar plexus, as if something beautiful, good emanates from you, or you are waiting for that.



You should have a feeling like this, which you evoke artificially and permanently maintain in the area of the solar plexus. Finally, it becomes natural for you. And people begin to feel it. In other words, you radiate this happiness... And that's all. It's not necessary to have a flower there or something. These are just images for an easier perception.

– And the flower that will be around the body. How is that?

– Well, are you familiar with such notions as the astral, mental, and other energy bodies, simply saying, the multi-layer aura around a human?

– Yes.

– So, when this power field of good expands in you, then you start to feel a kind of multi-layer petals. You feel that you are covered, protected, that you flourish in lotus. And at the same time you feel that you are like the sun over the world, you warm everything with the warmth of your vast love.

This is a permanent meditation, wherever you are and whatever you do, you evoke these fibers, these feelings, these flows of energies. The main sense is that the more you practice, the stronger they become. Finally, this process becomes material and you'll be really able to have a positive effect on people. In other words, you'll be able to do it only then **when you completely change yourself internally in thoughts, and externally in actions.**

Andrew wanted to ask another question, but a lanky old man appeared in the doorway of the sports hall.

– Alright, guys, – Sensei said ahead of Andrew, – We will discuss it later.

We moved aside. The old men, greeting Sensei, started to speak with excitement, taking him aside:

– You know, the academician from Leningrad called today, – he spoke out being out of breath, – George Ivanovich. He asked me to tell you that he will come for sure over here in three days...

I did not quite catch the following words because "Lanky" coped with his excitement and switched to a whisper. My person was extremely surprised by this message: "And what does an academician need here? And even from Leningrad? What does



he need Sensei for?” I was full of curiosity. But the training started and Sensei entrusted the senior sempai to head it. There already was no time to satisfy my curiosity.

During the training, having checked practically Sensei’s words about “waiting for a big present”, I felt that these feelings worked a lot better in me because I remembered them well from childhood. And just when I revived these long-forgotten feelings in my memory, I felt a pleasant tickling in the center of the solar plexus, spreading in different directions with light winding streams. It was really a nice and very pleasant feeling at that moment. But I couldn’t keep such a state even for a minute and it disappeared by itself. My attempts to revive and to evoke these feelings took up a lot more time, than I wanted to. Thus, absorbed in my internal state, I didn’t notice how the training was over. By the way, my body wasn’t already aching after that memorable training, and the pain’s gone away, like Sensei said, exactly in three days.





he next days I tried also to evoke these feelings while doing different things. But it worked well only when I specifically concentrated on the “lotus flower”, doing some kind of physical work. Furthermore, I began at least a little bit to keep track of my thoughts. One day, while sitting at home and doing homework, I tried to recall all I had thought about that day but could not do it, not just thoughts, but even all of my actions. I was able to recall some general things while details surfaced with difficulty. And most importantly, my good deeds went under the category “that’s the way it should be”, and I hardly remembered them. However, negative moments, negative emotional upsets were engraved in my memory in detail. That was the case when I deliberately felt the power of the influence of the animal nature. Sensei’s words recurred to my memory by themselves: **“A thought is material because it’s born in the material brain. That’s why a bad thought oppresses. This is the first Guard, which always tries to defeat a human.”** One day I will tell you about it in greater detail, about how your thoughts are born and why their power is so strong over you”. I thought, “Why doesn’t Sensei say everything at once but keeps postponing it until an indefinite “later”. This “later” may never happen for some of us... And on the other side, the way how I perceived his words at the first trainings and now is completely different.



Before I simply listened, and only now I begin to understand something because I started to practice and to work on myself. I have already some results, some experience and, therefore, I have now concrete questions. And Sensei always gives detailed answers to the concrete questions. And suddenly I had an insight: "He just simply waits for us to understand his words, so to say, when we let them work through ourselves, when our minds will conceive everything on its own and will take the side of the soul. Otherwise, all this knowledge, as Sensei says, will remain for us as an empty ringing in an empty head. Sensei said that we have to work constantly on ourselves, that every minute of life is valuable, and we should use it as a gift of God for the perfection of our souls". These words strengthened my confidence and optimism. Later on I recalled them often, when my body was seized with apathy.





Despite the bad weather and traffic problems caused by first snow, which heaped up this year like never before, everybody came to the meditation training on time. Without wasting time, Sensei proceeded to a discussion of our attempts to bring up the “Flower of lotus”. Nikolai Andreevich was admired by his results, in particular from the psychotherapeutic point of view, as one of the best ways to control thoughts. At the end of his story he said thoughtfully:

– I was trying to analyze in more detail everything you said, and a question arose in me. You said that these vibrations of love protect a human from the negative influence of other people. From which one exactly, and how does it manifest?

– Negative influence can be various. It can be an evil eye and, as people say, bedeviling...

– An evil eye? Bedeviling? – Nikolai Andreevich was sincerely surprised. – I thought that the evil eye and bedeviling are just folklore, which is profitable enough for some enterprising people.

– This “folklore” exists for the only reason that this phenomena of thought really exists but doesn’t have yet sufficient, steadfast scientific acknowledgement. But in fact, the manifestation of a negative thought exists. I’ve already said many times that a thought is material. They try to prove it



today as well. Later on they will find more and more scientific proofs. A thought is an information wave. Its information is coded on a certain frequency, which is perceived by our material brain, or rather, by its deeper structures. And when someone thinks something bad towards you, it's naturally that it is received by your brain at the subconscious level. And during the deciphering of this code, the brain starts to model in itself this negative situation, which is implemented later into life as an unconscious order of the subconsciousness. That is the bedeviling, which manifests itself in a form of illness or something else. That's on the one hand. But on the other hand, when an individual creates around himself a wave field with a certain frequency characteristics... well, simply saying, an aura of Love, then, by all the laws of physics, negative information won't be able to penetrate into this power field, not even to reach his brain and to manifest itself there in the form of a command. Why? Because this power field is much more stronger... The human as a social creature is a pretty complex structure. And he exchanges information with others not just by means of mimicry, gestures, voice. Do you know what is namely the voice itself? It's the same vibration heard by us in the range of the same waves, just at different frequencies than thoughts.

– So it means that our ability to perceive sounds is limited only by the peculiar illusion of the mind? – Nikolai Andreevich enunciated, thinking over something of his own.

– Of course. For example, science officially proved that a human is limited in frequency range and only hears in the range from 20 hertz to 18 kilohertz. But for some reason, when people discovered the world of ultrasounds, then they learned to “communicate” with dolphins. It simply proves one more time that a human consciously perceives only a small part of that diverse world that surrounds him. But his subconsciousness... it records much more from the surrounding world.

– And does a human somehow feel it? – Stas asked a question.

– Yes. It's just that ordinary human feels it at the intuitive



level. In other words, as people say, with a “sixth” sense. While a more spiritually developed individual perceives more consciously. By forming in himself the power field... made of the vibrations of love, he becomes invulnerable to negative informational flows, in other words, to put it more simple, to bad thoughts. And, consequently, he is not distracted by the struggle inside of himself and doesn't waste his precious time and power on it.

– And how does it manifest in life? It doesn't always work so smoothly, sometimes you have good or bad luck, – Victor showed his interest.

– Good or bad luck exists only in your mind; it is you who created it yourself in your imagination. When everything is wonderful in your life, you await already subconsciously for something bad and negative. And since you pretnue yourself to it, finally you get it. It's we who invented such a game for ourselves, to our own... misfortune. It doesn't exist in nature. Good, means good. Bad, means you are dumb. No exceptions.

The guys smiled having heard this irrefragable answer to all objections.

– And can this spiritual practice help us to cleanse off from...well... – Eugene faltered a bit looking for right words, – from a sin, or something. In general, from all the bad that you already managed to commit in life?

– Of course. A human, as you say, “cleanses his sins”, because not only does he repent what he has committed in his life, but what's more important, because he no longer commits and doesn't want to commit this as for him these actions have become alien. He simply casts aside everything negative, forgetting this at the conscious and subconscious levels. If he is oppressed by some past actions, which constantly pursue him, he automatically cleanses himself with the help of the growing power of Love, working over the awakening of his soul.

– And why do they say “sin will destroy you”? – Andrew asked.

– Yes, it will destroy. If a human committed something, this



action doesn't let him rest at the conscious and subconscious levels, and like a worm it nibbles his brain. Finally it bursts through in the form of an ulcer or, infarct, insult, and so forth. In other words, whatever one may say, finally, if nothing is undertaken, this bad thing destroys a human from inside.

– And if a human doesn't understand, whether he committed good or bad thing?

– Everybody understands pretty well what he did wrong and what good. No matter how he swaggers, no matter how he shows off in front of others, how tough he is, how good, what a superman he is. In reality, when he is left alone, he is afraid for himself. He is afraid when he goes to bed at night, especially if he is alone or walks along a dark path. He clearly feels that someone is looking at him. He feels this gaze at himself and this oppresses him. He is afraid of death because there will be.... Well, to put it mildly, he will have bad time.

– And what will be there, after death? – asked Stas.

– For the one who's good, let's say, who's cleansed, who's with God inside, for that one there is nothing to be afraid of, it will be good for him there. Even though he didn't achieve much success in spiritual development, even though he didn't manage to reach his final Freedom of the soul, let's say it more simply, to unite with eternal Love, with God, Nirvana, call it as you wish, or to get to heaven or to the kingdom of God in the interpretation of religions, but he was developing his soul, he was striving for this... Heaven is not a place where you physically hang out with your friends, the same like you, who prayed in church, because it's fashionable and consider themselves enlightened. All that is rubbish, even if you pray like that all your life. The most important is not what you show off to the outside world, but what you think and do. The most important is who you really are and how you bring up yourself, how you devote yourself to your spiritual growth. And if you reach a certain level of Freedom, when you come to God as a mature child, then, indeed, it is clear. This is the primary goal that draws you. You left, you are free, the stars are in front of you, and the endless perfection awaits for you.



But it's difficult for you even to understand this state.

And if you are a bad, negative fellow, let's say it this way, if a material nature predominates in you, if you try to obtain material goods for yourself at the expense of oppressing others, that is, by harming them, and at the same time you don't try to change yourself, then you will be in a trouble there.

– Ah, just bribe priests in the name of God, they will forgive all sins at once, – Eugene tried to joke.

– Priests, maybe, will forgive, but God unlikely. In general, if you try to give a miserable ransom, even by building a church, but don't repent for what you have perpetrated and won't make peace with your conscience, then all your “recompenses” will be senseless and foolish, because God is more interested in the cultivation of your soul, that is, of his own particle, rather than in some “recompenses” in the form of material goods, which were created by His own will for the cultivation and trial of human souls.

– And what does it mean “to be in a trouble there”? – Andrew asked.

– Well, it is hard to explain for you to understand. But approximately something like this. Imagine the most heinous thing that can happen to you, the most horrible...Imagined?

– Imagined.

– So, this is the best, which will be there, and for pretty long... I'm not scaring you; I'm telling you how things are. Every human bears responsibility for his doings. He may not even think of it, although at the subconscious level he is perfectly aware of what he is doing. He is greedy in secret. A material essence predominates in him. He steals, lies, and satisfies his megalomania. He begrudges to donate a penny or he thinks: “I have a lot of money, I am a king!” What kind of king you are, tomorrow you'll croak, and they will look at you over there who and what you are... And the most interesting is that everybody feels and understands this. That's why many people rush about all their life, like a pendulum, from one extreme to another, from one religion to another. But in reality nobody instead of you ever will pray-off your sins.



What's needed are your real actions in respect of your internal world. What's needed is a real maturity of the soul and not some illusive self-delusions and foolish hope that no one will find out about this and you will get away with it. The guard inside of you records any of your thoughts, not even speaking about actions. And the destiny of your soul will be determined according to his "memory testimonies".

– Then, it means that it's bad to be rich, – Slava made his own conclusion.

– No, a rich man, it's good, it's wonderful. The fact that we still have poor people, it's bad, it's sad. And when people are rich it's wonderful; they have time for themselves, for their development, if they, of course, use it in the right way.

– Tell me please, – Nikolai Andreevich again joined the conversation, – recurring to the "Lotus flower", I would like to ask if all people perceive these fibers of Love positively?

– A majority of them, yes. But there are certain individuals who perceive these vibrations extremely negatively. It makes them suspicious and causes antagonism. It means that they possess defective state of mind. In other words, they are afraid that their soul would awake contacting with emanations of that positive person, and therefore their mind activates and brings to the foreground all the negative. It means that this individual is very bad, rotten, although he might think that he is wonderful, good. He might be extolled by the whole crowd, while in reality he is a scumbag. Why? Because he reacts to all this extremely negatively. In his mind the animal nature predominates over the soul.

We kept silence for a while.

– You know, I recently found by chance in books that Helena Blavatsky mentioned in her manuscripts about some kind of special spiritual practice that she called "Rose of the world", which very distantly reminds me of the "Flower of lotus", – Kostya bragged about his discovery.

– Yes. It's an echo of the spiritual practice the "Flower of lotus". However, Blavatsky brought a lot of confusion in it. And that's not strange because she wrote it hearing from



different lamas and not from the genuine source.

– And I also read that the awakening of the “lotus” is the highest achievement in Buddhism. But before it one needs to go through numerous initiations, levels and trials.

– Ah, all that is rubbish. People made up later on all that stuff in order to create for themselves a gratuitous sinecure – religion. In the beginning, Buddha gave this simple practice in a pure form to the majority of people so that everyone would have access to the spiritual practice of the “Flower of lotus” for the awakening of the soul. Everything was very simple.

– And for his adepts?

– And for his adepts at first he also gave this spiritual practice. And then, according to their level of awakening, he gave a more profound knowledge.

– You said last time that Buddha’s knowledge was partially lost, – Kostya just couldn’t calm down, – and partially distorted. And I read that the Dalai Lama, who in Lamaism, one of the major branches of Buddhism, is the highest being among the “reincarnated personalities”, and he is an earthly incarnation of highly respected Bodhisattva... Avalokashevara... No, not like that, Avalokiteśvara, – Kostya hardly enunciated. – In other words, he is a living God, as they say. There is also written that the death of this living God becomes the beginning of his new earthly incarnation. And a special commission of the highest lamas “finds” him among infants who were born over a year after the death of the Dalai Lama. So, I think that if this Bodhisattva constantly reincarnates, how can this knowledge be lost?

– Who?! The Dalai Lama is Bodhisattva?! It’s not even a parody on Bodhisattva. Who is the Dalai Lama by himself? Well, for you to really understand it, I’ll tell you his prehistory. The teaching of Buddha was initially oral. Though it had a big resonance among people because its spiritual practices were simple and easy to understand, especially the “Flower of lotus”. His philosophical teaching was written for the first time from the words of his followers in, just think over it, almost 600 years after his death, on palm leaves (Tripitaka)



in 29 A.D. This was the most ancient early-Buddhist collection of manuscripts that had already been written in a distorted version in relation to the real teachings of Buddha. Because it was written by people pursuing their personal goals of enriching on this knowledge, and in particular, of creating the basis for a religion. Moreover, after the death of Buddha, dissidence happened between his disciples. A part of them adhered to traditional views, the so called doctrine of Hinayana, which in Sanskrit means “the low vehicle”, or “the narrow way” of salvation. In its initial form, this way was closer more or less to the truth because it emphasized the significance of the personal efforts of the practitioner to liberate himself from the bonds of Samsara (the transition of the soul from one body to another) on the way to final salvation (Nirvana). And still, it was heavily distorted with time by people who turned it into a complicated, fluffy cult.

And namely another doctrine, Mahayana, which in Sanskrit means “big vehicle” and “wide way of salvation”, is the beginning of our story about the Dalai Lama. The doctrine of Mahayana reformed all sides of Buddhist teaching, turning Buddha from the wise man and the Teacher into a typical deity, and the “Bodhisattvas” – into his emanations. By their understanding, anyone could become a Bodhisattva, in case he reaches the ruling clique of that religion, even though the very word “Bodhisattva” has a completely different meaning. This word originates from Shambala.

The word “Bodhisattva”, exactly translated from Sanskrit, means: “The one whose essence is knowledge”. Buddha introduced this concept among people taking into account the level of spiritual development at that time. But even in his decoding of that word its meaning sounded like this: “Bodhisattva is the being of Shambala who reached the highest level of perfection and came out of Nirvana having the will again to submerge into it but refused it because of his love and compassion to living creatures and a desire to help them attain perfection”. So what did these fake Bodhisattvas do? They took out only a few words from Buddha’s definitions:



“of Shambala”, “came out of Nirvana”, “having will” and also “help them attain perfection” and changed that to their own interpretation. They changed the entire meaning of the words in such a way that they could benefit from it. They hoped that the world would never find out about this. But this fact points out to their immeasurable stupidity in regard to the true knowledge. The true spiritual knowledge, no matter how much it is distorted, no matter how much it is hidden, no matter how much it is destroyed, will still be in the right time brought by Shambala to people in its pure form because this is the only crystal source of spiritual knowledge on the Earth from which all the Teachings of the world originated.

It is impossible for people to become a Bodhisattva. Although, in the history of mankind there were a few unique individuals who were able to grow with their soul to the level of Bodhisattva. But these unique people can be counted with fingers of one hand for the entire history of the existence of mankind and not for that tiny period of time of the so called “history” known to you. So, the highest level that people can achieve in the spiritual practice by working on themselves, I emphasize again, by working on themselves, is to develop their soul through Love to such a degree that death won’t be able to rule over them, in other words, they can liberate themselves from the chain of reincarnations and unite with divine Love, with Nirvana, call it as you wish. For you it’s hard now even to understand the meaning of this word “Nirvana”. But no earthly pleasures can be compared even with a thousandth of this highest state.

– So, Bodhisattvas are really beings from Shambala? – asked Andrew.

– Yes. They created their small world, known to people as the Abode. From there the world is given knowledge, both scientific and spiritual, so that people would grow spiritually and develop their souls.

– And are Messiahs also Bodhisattvas? – inquired Stas.

– Sometimes, Bodhisattvas, when giving their basic teaching, had to become Messiahs. But this is very rare. More



often, as a rule, Messiahs are their disciples brought up from the ordinary people.

– In what sense?

– Well, one day I will tell you about it. Because we deviated from the subject too much... So, Bodhisattva will not prove to anyone who He is, and moreover He won't create a religion. Bodhisattva may give a Teaching about the spiritual essence of the human, how to develop it. But in no way a religion... In fact, any religion is just a show business begotten by the megalomania of the ruling class to fleece money from a crowd of stupid asses.

– Well, why stupid, – Ruslan said resentfully.

– Because these people become very limited in their knowledge. They are constantly being drummed that they should listen only to speeches of their religious leaders, they should read only their literature and stick only to their herd, because all other religions are wrong. For example, let's not look for something else but recur to the subject of our conversation, what did these showmen do with the Teaching of Buddha? First, for their convenience and in order to have fewer questions from the crowd, they turned Buddha into a god. Second, they introduced complicated religious ceremonies, worship services, prayers, pointing out to the masses "the wide and easy way to salvation", due to their show cult of "bodhisattvas-mentors". The ordinary man not only has to perform the rituals, spells, vows and all their multilayered nonsense invented by them but also has to pay them for their lie and obey them implicitly. In fact, these false "bodhisattvas", who are actually just sly and clever people, simply created another sinecure religion.

And now we'll return to the question about the Dalai Lama. So, it was Nagarjuna, who lived in the second century and started all this mess about reforming Buddhism. He was a pretty smart, but cunning man with mercenary-minded interests. He was a Hindu philosopher, theologian, poet, and he founded the school of Shunyavada (Madhyamaka). And now the most important. As Nagarjuna made the complicated



thing from the simple one, greatly distorted and partially pocketed for himself the knowledge given by Buddha for masses, turned upside down the essence of the very Teaching, he was severely punished by Rigden Jappo and sentenced to eternal conscious reincarnation.

– And who is Rigden Jappo? – asked Kostya.

– Rigden Jappo leads a commune of Bodhisattvas in Shambala... So, later Nagarjuna was known under different names. Afterwards, in 1391, his soul was reborn in Gendundub, who became the first Dalai Lama. Once he wanted to be worshipped, admired for being a great teacher... He was drawn by wealth, luxury and worship. Now the Dalai Lama has plenty of wealth; he is worshipped by a quarter of the world. But on the other hand, he is not happy and will never be. He is doomed to eternal conscious reincarnation and eternal internal suffering. He cannot leave for Nirvana, cannot liberate himself from the continuous vicious circle of conscious rebirths. Nobody will let him free from this earthly life. Every time, when he is 13 years old in the next chain of life, in other words, during the period of puberty when the life force begins to awaken and connect the human with the Universe, to put it simple, when he begins to awaken as a personality and realizes who he is, for him it's a big pain for all his life.

– What kind of pain?! – Kostya blurted out. – He is the Dalai Lama, he has everything! It's a big joy to have everything and to be reborn constantly. How can he be bored of such a life?!

The Teacher wearily looked at the guy and said:

– Well, how to explain it to you... Have you seen, for example, the movie “White Sun of the Desert”?

– Yes.

– Do you remember how the customs official, Vereschagin, sat down to dinner and when his wife put before him a whole plate of black caviar, he glanced at it and said: “Again this caviar! I just can't eat it any more, damn it. Can you go and swap it for bread?” In other words, everything becomes boring with time and very fast. And life becomes boring even



much more. If you would remember at least a part of what you experienced in other bodies, you would be fed up with monotony of bodily forms. To be reborn consciously and to know that this is your eternal destiny is scary, and you can't even imagine how scary it is. That's why Jesus punished the Wandering Jew with immortality. Do you remember this story?

Kostya shook his head in embarrassment.

– No.

– When Jesus was whipped on the way to Golgotha, He felt very bad and hard; He was very thirsty. And when He stopped on the threshold of the house of one of the Jews, whose name was Ahasuerus, and asked for water, the last one rudely banished Him being afraid for his life that he would be punished for that. And Jesus said him: "You are afraid for your life; so you will live forever!" Since then Ahasuerus cannot die and wanders all over the world, no matter how he's bored by it.

– So, will he never be forgiven? – Tatyana asked feeling pity for him.

– Until there will be overall forgiveness, until the entire world repents. But that's already another story.

Sensei glanced at the watch.

– Alright guys, it's time to begin a meditation, otherwise our conversation might go on for a long time. Today, we will repeat for some of you and some of you will try to work through the chakrangs of legs and the chakran "Hara".

– And where are they located? – asked Stas.

– The chakrangs of legs are located in the center of the feet, and the "Hara" chakran is three fingers lower than the navel in the point of "Dan-tian". Translated from Japanese "Hara" means "belly". This is a center of the human and it practically coincides with the center of gravity, both in physical and geometrical sense. This meditation, just as the previous one, is focused on concentration of attention... And now stand up, relax, put your legs as wide as your shoulders...

We stood up in a comfortable way, relaxed, and concentrated



on performing the meditation.

– Now we'll breathe in as usual, in other words, voluntary, and breathe out into the bowl-like "Hara", as if filling it with the "Qi" energy until you have a feeling of light heaviness. When the "Hara" fills up you should let this "Qi" energy pass through from "Hara" into the legs through the center of the feet into the earth...

For some time I "drove" this energy only with my thought. But then my imagination switched to an evidently real feeling of my belly bursting as if water had been poured into me. Meanwhile Sensei reminded us:

– When "Hara" is filled up, you should "pour" this energy out through the legs, through the center of your feet into the ground.

I tried again to do it in my imagination, mentally working on my body. Gradually, I started to feel some kind of warmth, streaming with a small streamlet. It wasn't wholly, but partially felt in the area of my shin and especially of my foot. Even though it was pretty cold outside, my feet in my boots started gradually to warm up. When I noticed that I switched to thinking about how I was able to do it. The feelings somehow unnoticeably disappeared as soon as I gradually deepened my mind into logic. But just as I tried again to concentrate, Sensei notified us that the meditation was over.

– Make two deep breathes in and out. Sharply make your fists, open up your eyes.

I looked at the watch; only about ten minutes had passed. And to me it seemed like a lot more. Someone noticed that the snow had melted under us. We looked around with amazement. And really under some of the senior guys the thawed patches were about 40 centimeters in the radius, and under us just ordinary ones. Eugene glanced at Stas, and declared:

– You see, and you complained, "It's so cold, it would be good now to be in Africa". There is no need for you to go to Africa. There already palm trees start to grow under your legs.

And addressing to Sensei, he added:



– I suspected long time ago that something is not right with his origin, he is always drawn to Papuans.

After another series of jokes, when everybody calmed down a bit, Sensei said that we could work on this meditation on our own at home.

– And on the Flower of lotus as well? – asked Kostya.

– Of course. Pay a special attention to it and do it every free minute.

– And when will there be results?

– Don't worry, if you aren't lazy, the results won't make you wait.

– I'm sorry. I wanted to return a bit to our conversation before the meditation. You said that all scientific knowledge is given to the world by Shambala. I didn't quite understand how is it given? – Nikolai Andreevich pronounced it with a faint note of arrogance in his voice. – I always thought that a human is a pretty intelligent creature to invent everything on his own, including scientific discoveries.

– Well, what should I say, in general, a human, undoubtedly, will become one day a perfect creature... But until in his mind prevails the animal nature, he won't even be able to invent an ordinary chair, if he were not told about how it should be done.

– How can it be?

– Well, simply. It's only now people are so smart because they use knowledge of ancestors. But how did their ancestors find out about that, have you ever thought? Even in the most ancient legends of the Sumerian civilization, written on clay tablets, it is mentioned that "people from the sky" told them how to organize the household, how to build houses, to fish, how to cultivate vegetative food for themselves, and so forth. Before that people lived like any herd of animals... Let's take for example, the modern world. How do scientists make discoveries?

– By intensive work on the given subject of research.

– Certainly, externally this looks exactly this way. But the very instant of discovery, the instant of insight?



Nikolai Andreevich shrugged his shoulders.

– Recall the history of great discoveries, – continued Sensei. – Take for instance, the well-known periodic system of Dmitriy Ivanovich Mendeleev that came to him in his dream in its final form, although he was given not its complete but partial form that can be perceived by mankind at this stage. The same story was with the structure of atom of Niels Bohr, with the formula of Frederick Augustus Kukle, with discoveries of Nikolai Tesla, and many, many others. Practically all the scientific ideas and theories of mankind appeared as a result of insights, intuition, and more often as “afflatus from on high”. In other words, these discoveries were extracted by scientists from the depths of their subconsciousness.

While the depths of subconsciousness is the same chakran, “the doors”, “the gates”, call it as you wish, which can open from one side as well as from the other side. It is just a transition to a completely different sphere, a different dimension, a different information field, name it as you like. So, when necessary, a ready answer can be inserted into the brain of a scientist from that side.

– And who does insert it? – Kostya inquired.

– The One who’s located on that side. Every human perceives Him differently: someone take Him for the Absolute, someone take for the Collective Intellect, or Shambala, or God...

– I wonder whether Shambala and God are one and the same? – Ruslan asked, thinking about something of his own.

– No. God is God. While Shambala is just one of His creations.

– And what is Shambala in relation to the mankind? – asked Nikolai Andreevich.

– It’s simply a source of knowledge. Speaking with modern language, it is a certain bank of information, the entrance to which exists in the depths of the subconsciousness of every human.

– So, it means that one can get into Shambala without leaving a room? – Stas was surprised by his guess.



– Absolutely correct...

We spoke a little more about the questions worrying us until Sensei once again glanced at the watch.

– Alright, guys, it's already late; it's time to leave.

Honestly speaking, I, as well as the others, didn't have a desire to leave. Later Eugene precisely expressed our mutual opinion: "The soul demanded the continuation of the banquet". But, alas, we needed to go home so that our relatives would not worry about long absence of our bodies.





The following days flew by unnoticeably. At the next training everything was as usual: the warm-up, the basics, the new techniques. This time we were given new techniques from the "Monkey" style. And in order to execute a deceitful blow or to make a simple attack, we tried to copy the habits of this animal. This looked pretty funny. Eugene, as always, didn't fail to express that, for majority of our group, there was no need to copy the monkey because our habits in life evidently surpass the original. In short, the training went by quite emotionally and merrily.

On the additional training, when almost the entire crowd had left, we continued polishing the complex exercises shown to us by Sensei for individual work. Already at the very end of the training a solid, imposing man, about sixty years old, entered the sports hall. Sensei, on seeing him, smiled and said:

– Whom do I see?! How did you get to us, George Ivanovich?

– Don't even ask me, – the man said, slightly indignant.
– I have been already looking for you for two hours circling half the city.

Sensei grinned:

– I beg you pardon, Sir Academician. I was busy and



couldn't meet you near the ladder.

Having greeted each other in a familiar way, they went deeper into the sports hall and, having sat down on the sport benches, began to talk about something.

When hearing the word "academician", it was too much for my curiosity. Although, the others around didn't react in any way to the appearance of the guest. The senior guys continued polishing their strikes as if nothing had happened, and concentrated on the work. And our guys kept up with them. Me and Tatyana, also tried "to put up a good show". But with the arrival of this man, all my attention switched to him and Sensei. And when I saw that Sensei, turning to the guest, started to gesticulate, saying something in quite tough form, I couldn't bear it. Dodging the blows of Tatyana, I began gradually approaching in this improvised sparring towards them. And I heard the following words of Sensei, addressed to his guest:

– When about twenty years ago you dreamt only of worldwide fame and recognition as a remarkable scientist, you offered us yourself your services in exchange for concrete knowledge, which will bring you out the leadership in science...

"Oho! – I thought, dumbfounded. – Sensei speaks to him in such a familiar way! And who is this "us"? And what services?"

Meanwhile Sensei continued:

– ...From our side, we fulfilled the conditions of our agreement. You received from us detailed information, starting from the semiconducting heterostructure laser and ending with the converters of solar energy. Isn't that enough for you?! You, anyway, all your life did nothing and just used our knowledge while at the next anniversary you also will get the Nobel prize. Not so bad, right?! I don't understand what are the problems?

Meanwhile the man sat hanging his head. And when Sensei finished, he raised his eyes towards him. His face was all red, probably because of strong agitation.



– What are the problems, you say? You should take me for a fool!

And already with softer tone he added:

– I remember everything perfectly and never renounced my words... But explain me, please, where will I find the source of energy with the necessary power? In order to launch your plant, according to the blueprints which you handed to me, I would have to switch off the power of at least all Leningrad region. And you ask that this plant would work from the beginning of August till December. It means that all these months Leningrad and all the others will be without the light?

– Dear George Ivanovich, don't worry about the source of energy, we'll supply you with it.

– What, do you want to bring a nuclear generator to my institute, or what?! How can you imagine that? And why should it be exactly on the territory of our institute? Can't you do it in some other place, in Moscow, for example?

– We can, of course. But we decided that your institute is located in a more convenient place... And we'll supply you with the source of power. You need not worry, it is very small in size, not bigger than a briefcase so it won't take up a lot of room. Its energy is enough so that the plant will work for the time needed.

– I apologize, but you mentioned millions of kilowatts. Will it be all just in a briefcase? – the academician was surprised.

Sensei smiled.

– Don't stuff your head with trifles. I can partially satisfy your curiosity and say right now that this is a vacuum source of energy. Moreover, we will give you, as promised, a frequency converter for this equipment. But I warn you in advance, I wouldn't advise you to get in there and disassemble these devices; otherwise, it will be a million times worse than Hiroshima. Although in outward appearance, they look completely harmless. But remember, the plant should begin to work in continuous mode not later than the 15th of



August.

– Alright. And when will you deliver them to me?

– I think, right after Christmas they will be delivered to you.

– Well... Just...

The academician halted a bit.

– What?

– I'm cusious to know one thing. You said once about the noninterference into our life, while this plant is an evidence of the opposite.

– We do not interfere. If we interfered, we would stop the events that are going to burst out. But we don't have the right; it's your will, do what you wish. It's just not in our interests that at least a third world war would break out here with the use of nuclear weapons. That's why we only want to smooth away the consequences of these events.

– And where is a guarantee that these waves won't harm anyone?

– We insure you that it is absolutely harmless. People will become calmer and more reasonable. That's why their reaction will be softer and it won't develop into some global conflict. But I repeat, we don't have the right to prevent these events. If you want, prevent it yourselves. It's your business.

The academician heavily got up from the bench and began to bid farewell. Sensei accompanied him to the door, one more time reminding about the date. And, shaking each other's hands, they said goodbye. I heard how Sensei, coming back from the door, mumbled to himself with a smile:

– Hem, every fool considers himself to be smart, but only a smart one can call himself a fool.

I was very impressed by this peculiar conversation. “Who is Sensei? Is He a physicist? – I thought. – He probably works in some scientific research institute. Sensei also told us once about some profound physics. In that case, it explains a lot about the extensive range of his knowledge”. This was the only version that came to my mind, and was more or less acceptable because all other thousand questions completely



confused me, and I couldn't find a clear explanation for them. Nevertheless, Sensei rose in my estimation as a scientific authority because even the academician considered his opinion. Although Sensei did not want to distinguish himself from the crowd. On the way home, as usual, he joked with everybody, keeping up our happy mood after the "monkey" training. However, at home I didn't forget to write down this unusual conversation in my diary with a big mark at the end: "It turned out that He is a physicist!"





In a few days, when we went as usually shopping with my mother, I was making plans for the evening, thinking over questions that I intended to ask Sensei at the training.

After yesterday's rain and night frost, there was a heavy fall of fluffy snow on the streets. I need to mention that winter here was quite warm in comparison to those regions of the Soviet Union where we had lived before. "Miner's" snow looked like snow only the first day because on the second day it became grey from coal dust and on the third day, it completely melted, turning into wet, slushy mud. And every New Year we celebrated with the same weather forecast: "Rain turning to wet snow". So, I was glad to see at least this fluffy snow and feel the long-awaited freeze. It was giving me a small hope that next New Year, which was only three weeks ahead, we may celebrate properly, with real winter and a lot of fun.

So, dreaming of a good future, we were walking to the next store. But suddenly my mother unexpectedly slipped and fell back so hard that even her legs flew up. All that happened in a few split seconds. I didn't even have time to understand, not even to catch her. Passing by men rushed to lift her up. I also tried to help somehow, being really scared. Having thanked the men, my mother stood up, leaning on me.

– Mum, how are you, can you walk?

– Oh, wait up, it hurts so in the back, as if something crackled.

– Maybe we should go to the hospital?

– Just wait; it will pass.

We stood a bit and then slowly walked home. My mother slightly limped. At home she felt even worse. We didn't want to bother father at work and hoped that it will pass. The pain kept getting stronger, and no pills helped. We tried all we could: we rubbed it with different ointments, made compress and simply warmed it up. But she felt even worse after the last procedure. Of course, I didn't go to the meditation training. And when late in the evening my dad came home, we tried everything possible in order to relieve the pain. There was only one way-out and namely to go to the hospital. My father made a few calls and arranged for mother to be observed by a doctor of the regional department of neurosurgery.

In the morning her state quickly worsened. An aching sharp pain passed to the leg. Even the slightest movement caused the strongest attack of pain. She was even taken into the hospital reclining. In neurology department, after a series of X-rays and computerized tomography, the doctor diagnosed that she had osteochondrosis of the spinal cord for long time, and the fall caused the burst of the fibrous ring and a 7 mm herniation of intervertebral disk. As a result, the sciatic nerve was squeezed, and the strong pain extended to her leg. After careful examination, the doctor sent her to consult with the neurosurgeon. My father again found a good neurosurgeon, who, having studied the results of the examination, made a conclusion that the operation is inevitable.

It was a catastrophe for our family. We saw not only more than enough of bedridden patients on the way to the consulting room of neurosurgeon, but also my mother had heard plenty of horror stories from, as it turned out later, her future neighbor in the neurology ward, who needed to undergo a second operation. My mother was so scared by the forthcoming operation that after consultation we, in a literal



sense, escaped with her from the neurosurgery department, if our strenuous hobbling can be called an escape. Thus, unexpectedly for all of us, the future looked in the darkest tones. We decided to try drug treatment, injections, and, as they say, to fight till the end.

Starting from that day when my mother went into the hospital's neurology department, my life sharply changed. In the morning I went to school and later went by bus to the regional neurology department. All the time I was near my mother and tried to support her spiritually. As it seemed to me, it was very important for her. Although, the doctors were indignant that "outsiders" visited her, but my father quickly settled that question. The hospital became the main place where I spent my free time.

My mother was all the more sad that misfortunes, one after another, chased our family. Moreover, a message came from Moscow that the date was fixed and I was awaited to the operation after the New Year's holidays. My mum greatly worried that I gave up my favorite hobby classes and trainings, and even tried to insist that I should return to my usual life. But I didn't even listen to her. It seemed to me that nobody would take care of her like me and that without me she would simply fade away from her bad thoughts and the oppressing atmosphere of the ward where all her neighbors just spoke about their diseases.

At first, I, as well as my family, was a little bit shocked. "How could such a thing happen? – I thought. – So unexpectedly, and exactly with my mother. Our life is so unpredictable! It only seems to us that we foresaw and planned almost everything in it, and that everything will be exactly like that. While in reality, every day is a trial, as if somebody wants to test us, how reliable we are, how steady we are internally in various situations, whether it's joy or grief. Maybe these stresses which make us unwillingly their witnesses and participants, appear to us as reminders from above that life is too fragile and that we might not even have time to do the most important thing in it. Because we are



so accustomed to put aside the important things for our soul for “an indefinite later” that we don’t realize how quickly life passes and that we do not have time to do anything serious in it.

Why do we start to really value something only when it is irretrievably lost: youth, in old age; health, on the hospital’s bed; life, on our deathbed? Why?! Maybe, for this reason these sudden situations make us think over our perishable existence, make us wake up from our unrealizable fantasies born by our laziness and bring us back to reality. And reality shows that nobody clearly knows what can happen to him in a minute. So, maybe it’s not worth tempting Fate, and we should start to value each moment right now, and value it as if we were people doomed to death. Maybe then we’ll be able to understand more deeply the sense of life itself and make a thousand times more useful things for our soul and for the surrounding people. “It’s foolish to think that tomorrow is waiting for us, it may simply never come”. Only now did I understand the real meaning of Sensei’s phrase, which once I believed to be a joke: **“If you want to make God laugh, tell Him about your plans”**.

In the life stories we listened with mum in her first days in the ward from her neighbors, I found proof that nobody is insured against Mr. Accident... The woman, whose bed was next to the window, was called Valentina Fedorovna. Just one instant turned over her entire life. And it happened unexpectedly as well. First they lived with her husband like all, hardly having money from one salary payment to another. And when they decided to join a wave of cooperative movement, her husband quit the factory and registered his own furniture cooperative. As the man was enterprising and hard-working, the business was successful. Just in one year they made so much money that they bought new cooperative apartments, a car, and even a country lot. Everything couldn’t be better and nothing meant trouble.

But two months ago, when Valentina Fedorovna was coming back with her husband from the birthday party of



her relative, they got into a big car accident. It happened in some split seconds. Three cars crashed into each other at full speed because of a drunken driver in the oncoming lane. The husband died right away. And she, thanks to being fastened by a seatbelt, miraculously stayed alive. However, she was pulled that the doctors later diagnosed a subluxation in the cervical area of her spinal cord with a hematoma. After that, her hand hardly moved, while she completely couldn't feel her legs. The subluxation was cured in neurosurgery department. However, the hematoma remained, as a consequence of the spinal cord injury. Valentina Fedorovna was transferred from the neurosurgical to neurological department about one month ago.

But it seemed to me that she suffered much more not because of her physical state but of a moral one. Exactly from that moment her life was destroyed. Beside the fact that she had to pledge a part of her property because the money she had was quickly spent on treatment, on paying off some odd debts of her husband, she was shocked by the strange attitude of her friends.

She told that her family had many friends and relatives. But as soon as they found out that her husband had died and she remained disabled alone, everybody for some reason immediately forgot about her existence. And now, she has been for two months in the hospital and was visited only by her old grandmother and her sister, who, despite the fact that she lived in poverty, always tried to bring her something delicious. Now Valentina Fedorovna understood who is who, but it was already too late. That evening I wrote down in my diary one interesting expression of her old mother regarding careless friends: **"When the pot is boiling, the house is full of friends. And when the pot is gone, nobody comes".**

Valentina Fedorovna was in despair and didn't find any other way out for her grief except of slandering her former friends and relatives. I felt uncomfortably when hearing such speeches. These bad words not only spoilt her own mood and



made her very nervous but she inflamed hatred in herself and people around her suffered. Later on we didn't even want to mention the word "friend" because this woman exploded and started again her non-stop complaints.

Another woman, Anna Ivanovna, was kind. She didn't curse her Destiny, though her health wasn't any better. She had almost the same kind of disease as my mum had. Simply once her back began to ache. Finally, the doctors found a herniated disk. They performed an operation and eliminated the vertebral herniation. After that she felt a lot better. But in some time she again fell ill and felt even worse. The doctors indicated her for a second operation but she was afraid that she wouldn't be able to walk after it. Anna Ivanovna was quite reserved telling about her story but the details, especially the consequences of her operation scared very much not just my mother but also me because I, most likely, would be operated by neurosurgeons as well.

Anna Ivanovna hardly moved. Her husband, a happy plump man, often visited her. Their children had grown up long time ago and lived with their families in different cities. But Anna Ivanovna had her own distress as she was most of all afraid to be bedridden; after all, she was only fifty. She was afraid to become a burden to her husband and even more to oppress her children with her illness. That's why this woman tried very hard to recover, swallowing all the assigned pills and performing all the prescribed procedures. But sometimes, when the pain became unbearable, optimism left her and she would weep bitter tears, repeating one and the same question: "Why?!"

The third neighbor, a young woman about five years older than me, had afterbirth trauma. She had already felt pain in the back during the pregnancy. Her right leg completely stopped moving; Lena even couldn't stir toes. As it turned out, she had a protrusion of two disks. At home she left a baby under the care of her retired mother-in-law. She also was visited by her husband. He was a good guy: calm, and probably a meek person. In return, her mother-in-law was



rushing like a hurricane, always grumbling and dissatisfied with trifles.

This complication after the delivery, which nobody could foresee, put the young family on the verge of collapse. Apart from the fact that Lena had serious health problems, and she couldn't physically take care of the child, her mother-in-law regularly provoked conflicts telling her son that he didn't need a cripple wife, that it would be a burden for all his life, and that he should ask his wife for a divorce. Lena couldn't rely on anyone else to be with her child but her mother, but she lived far away in a different city and seldom visited her because she worked all the time in the factory, barely making both ends meet. In general, her life turned to a continuous tragedy.

Having heard plenty of all these stories, I thought that actually no one of them expected such an outcome; everyone lived and planned something but the events came like a thunder amidst a clear sky. Everybody complained about why it happened indeed to them... In the evening, after having heard all of that, I randomly opened my diary and came across Sensei's words which he had said once during the conversation: "**There are no fortuities. Fortuity is only a natural consequence of our uncontrolled thoughts**". "That's it! Strange, that I simply didn't pay attention to these words before. And in order to improve my "vigilance", I marked them out in the diary with bold italics.

I really wanted to visit Sensei's trainings, but, I just couldn't get out from this whirlpool of events, without feeling guilty. Although, I regularly called my friends who effusively bragged about their successes. At home I continued doing meditations, and I tried to do the "Flower of lotus" every free minute. It worked well to evoke feelings when I thought about a "desirable present". At that thought, a wave of tiny ants would arise in the solar plexus, which would spread through the whole body in different directions. This feeling was quite pleasant... Even though I wasn't near Sensei, but his words that I read from the diary constantly circled in my mind.



In the hospital, I decided to change at any price the unhealthy atmosphere in the ward because listening to all that talks about diseases and oppressive existence could quickly weaken even a healthy man. Visiting my mother, I tried to tell all the funniest stories, whichever I knew, starting from school life and finishing with different amusing incidents from literature. But this method was ineffective since the women remained deep in thoughts about their problems. One time, talking to Lena, I told her what I heard from Sensei, about good and bad thoughts, about the essence of our soul and our life, apropos to a great surprise of my mother. Amazingly, the women started listening to these words with such attention, as if it weren't Sensei's words I was telling but rather a confession that concerned each of them. My mother said that after my departure they still continued to discuss these words and reflected on their meaning in relation to their life experience. Strikingly, but in a week after my conversation it brought some unexpected results.

Valentina Fedorovna, who more than everybody groaned and grieved, transformed herself into a completely different person, an intelligent organizer of her destiny. My mother said that after these conversations she intensively pondered over something. The result of her decision surpassed all expectations. She offered Lena's husband an official position of director in the furniture cooperative with the corresponding good salary. This was a complete shock not just for the young family, but even for the mother-in-law. They simply didn't know how to thank Valentina Fedorovna for this present of Destiny.

Though Lena's husband was a meek person, but when he was entrusted such important business, he showed the talents of a good manager. As the mother-in-law told, he worked with great enthusiasm and efficiency twenty-four hours a day and due to his efforts, the production of furniture was restarted in less than two weeks, and they received even the first big profit. The mother-in-law blossomed from happiness and her attitude towards Lena immediately changed for better.



Moreover, Valentina Fedorovna hired her sister to this cooperative, turning her from a simple bookkeeper with a tiny salary in a state enterprise into the chief bookkeeper of privately owned enterprise, with a good salary. And since the woman was honest, punctual, and accurate, the order was guaranteed. In general, such smart and simple decisions made by Valentina Fedorovna pleased everybody, and especially herself. Her health and all her life in general began to improve. Even her old “friends” began to visit her, offering various services. But Valentina Fedorovna, completely without anger, let them know that she no longer needed their services or help.

The atmosphere in the ward since then significantly got better. Now, the women smiled more often, joked, supported each other. The atmosphere in this ward became pleasant for everyone. Even the hospital staff lingered for longer than usual just to chat with our jolly women. And what's most striking, not only did the women's mood improve but also their health; they quickly started recovering. And I understood that this terrible pain was begotten, first of all, by their imagination, bad thoughts and fear of the unknown. It was like a worm eating them up from inside, intensifying over and over again their physical pain. As soon as these women drew their attention away from these thoughts, they became pleasant not only to those around them, but also to themselves. They received an opportunity not only to reason soberly, but also to try to adapt to new conditions of life and their relations with people.

I was simply shocked by this discovery since I didn't even suspect that Sensei's words would cause such a revolution in the thoughts and feelings of these doomed to suffering women. The positive thoughts of one of them begot an entire chain of events in the destinies of several people, bringing into their lives happiness and wealth. This proved to be again an evidence that Sensei was absolutely right telling us about the power of our thoughts, and how much they affect us and our Destiny.



Also, I noticed that it became significantly easier to practice the “Flower of lotus” in the ward. My person did my best to support this spirit of optimism, which grew on here every day. I brought library books of the great classics, certainly with good endings, as well as humorous stories. The women read them with pleasure retelling each other the exciting moments. It turned out that many of Sensei’s words also found their proof in works of the classics of different epochs. Finally, I realized that Sensei actually spoke about the eternal truth that was always known to the humankind. He just explained all this simply and clearly.

And I noticed one more curious moment. Anna Ivanovna, who has been working for twenty years in university as a teacher of literature, knew many of these books almost by heart. But now she said that she read again these books with pleasure as now she perceived all this completely differently. And in particular for herself, for her soul, as she later confessed, she made interesting discoveries noticing in the books those things that she hadn’t paid attention to before.

Sometimes our readings would turn into real literary soirees. Amazingly, when I spoke to the women about Sensei’s theory of control over thoughts, they listened to these words with unusual attention. At first, it embarrassed me because I simply couldn’t answer many of their questions about life. But at home, anew looking through my diary, I found the words of Sensei, which, in my opinion, more or less matched as the answers. Strangely enough, the women perceived these words in their own way, depending on their life experience, and what’s most important, these answers quite satisfied them. So, although Sensei wasn’t with us, his presence clearly was felt in his deep thoughts which we constantly recurred to.

New Year drew near. The women decided to organize a holiday party right in the ward. My father settled all the formalities with the chief doctor. We even installed a real small Christmas tree, decorating it with various toys and just for fun, with syringes and droppers. So, our family celebrated New Year in mother’s ward together with the women and their



close friends and relatives. It was so merry, and everyone was so kind to each other that I had an impression that it was like a big, friendly family. I remembered one interesting toast, proposed by Lena's mother-in-law:

— They say that how you celebrate New Year, so will be the entire year. And despite that we are celebrating it in the hospital, the most important is that we are celebrating it in the company of such wonderful people. I am thankful to God that all the misfortunes of my son are finally over. Thank you so much, dear Valentina Fedorovna, for your kind and keen heart. If it weren't you, we would never get out from that nightmare. So let's drink for you, for unpredictable Destiny, which gathered all of us in such an unusual place. Your health!

A lot of kind and beautiful words were said that night. And closer to two o'clock at night, we were joined even by the chief doctor and his wife, who were coming back after visiting their friends. But as I later understood, he was more interested to talk to my dad, rather than to stay with us... Having drunk a few glasses of wine, the women began pouring out their souls to each other. And I was really shocked by one fact when Valentina Fedorovna was telling how she had taken her vitally important decision.

— You know, girls, I long thought about what had happened to me and how to get out from that trouble. And once, after one more heavy pondering, I had a strange dream. A beautiful young man with blond hair to the shoulders came up to my bed and started speaking with a melodic voice: "Why are you suffering? Look around at people surrounding you. When you see their best features, your problems will disappear". After that I woke up in a completely different mood. I began thinking. And really, as it turned out later, I couldn't have found better candidates for my business. Although, honestly speaking, in the beginning I had doubts, there was still a great risk. But recalling this dream, something pushed me to a final decision... Honest, girls, — she made the sign of the cross, — it's genuine truth!



– Can you imagine, this blond man was also in my dream!
– confessed Anna Ivanovna. – Just I was too shy to tell you.
He was telling me something with such a pleasant voice. But
in the morning I could remember nothing of his words. I just
remember that afterwards I had such a nice feeling. I still
keep feeling appeased. And what could that mean?

– They were angels from heaven who came to help you,
– lamented pious mother-in-law. – They show you, my dear,
the right way...

And later on she started the whole homily of church
teaching. But this case clearly intrigued me. And coming
back home I hurried to write it down to my diary.





oon after the New Year holidays, my mother felt a lot better, and she was discharged from the hospital. Parting with the women, who also were getting ready to be discharged, was very warm. These days I had more free time, and I decided to go to the training. But my friends said that Sensei had left somewhere on a business trip for a couple of weeks. So, our meeting was postponed for an indefinite period of time because in three days we had to fly with my mother to Moscow.

I took my diary with me to the plane. And when my mother slept during the flight, I turned its pages over and over again. Of course, I worried a lot before the forthcoming operation, but Sensei's words warmed my heart, and were honey to my soul.

Uncle Victor met us at the airport and informed that grandfather had come from Siberia to support our moral spirit. The point is that my grandpa was the most respected, most esteemed and wise man among all our kinsfolk. Everybody listened to his opinion. And it was considered a great honor, if he visited one of the relatives. It pleased me to see such a touching demonstration of care from grandpa; it was not so easy at his age to travel more than five thousand kilometers, even by plane.

After that, when we had greeted happily grandpa, we



began the traditional feast where mother told him about all the misfortunes which had befallen our family. They continued to discuss problems still for long time, and I, fairly tired after the trip, went to take a rest because the next day had to be quite a hard.

In the evening, when I was reading my diary, somebody knocked on the door. It was grandpa. He sat next to me and began inquiring about some trifles. Gradually, our conversation moved onto more serious subjects. Grandfather was trying to console me before the forthcoming operation. He said that regardless of the results of the second examination, there was no need to be upset. Many people who got into worse situations came out of them as winners exactly because they didn't lose their self-control and will-power, and fought to the end. Grandfather started to cite eloquent examples from his front-line life during the war. And to be more convincing he supported his speech with his favorite proverb: "**As long as life in you glimmers, hope still shines**"... All that time I carefully and calmly listened to grandpa. And when he finished his speech, I sincerely told him what I actually thought and felt in my soul. I expressed all my relation to life, which, thanks to Sensei's teaching, formed me internally and became an essential part of myself. Grandfather was so startled, so amazed by this simple truth that he again asked me whether I really wasn't afraid of death.

– Of course, – I calmly replied him. – For me, death is just a change of conditions, a transition from one state to another. I know that I will be always with you, with my relatives, because my love to you lives in me, in my soul. And wherever I will be, whichever form I'll take, this love always will be with me because I and my love are eternal... And exactly this feeling I began to appreciate most of all in life, **because in life, the quality of the instants lived is more important than the senseless years of existence.**

These words, probably, touched some grandpa's feelings because he was touched to the depths of the soul. And I thought that it looks like everybody is afraid of death, even



those who are as courageous as my grandfather. Apparently, he was also afraid of the unknown, of what will be there after death, but had never told this to anyone. Grandpa pondered for some time and then said: "Yes, probably, **wisdom is a virtue of the soul and not of the age**".

On the next day I noticed that grandpa changed. He became happier, more cheerful, and looked as if he had found answers to questions that had been tormenting him for years. We altogether headed to the clinic... Almost for the whole week I have been examined, passed various analyses and X-rays. And finally, on one of the days, me and my mother came to the professor, an old, pleasant man. I thought he greeted us somehow strangely, slightly confused. Looking at him, I thought that my body had very little time left to live. A tense pause reigned.

– You know, – he began, still looking through my films.
– I don't understand anything. There is a clear pathology in these September films that you brought, the tumor already began slowly to progress. While on these, which we took now, everything is clear. I even required to take repeated films... Either there was a mistake in the first films, though unlikely, based on the documentation the girl has been regularly examined, or... I even don't know what to think.

And already addressing to me, the professor asked:

– When was the last time you had headaches?

– Me? Well.., – I did my best to recall it, – Probably, somewhat in October, I clearly remember it. While later... – I shrugged my shoulders.

And really, I completely forgot when was exactly the last time that my head ached. The previous months had been full of events, especially in case with my mother, and I had completely forgotten about myself and my disease. The only thing that was significant for me was the spiritual practices and care of my mother.

– Strange...Very strange, – said the doctor. – According to our films the girl is completely healthy, though the old films show that, at a minimum, right now she would be a bed-



patient. Did you get any other treatment beside the doctor's recommendations? – the professor asked with evident interest.

– Well, no, – my mother replied in confusion. – We did what we were prescribed.

– But what my colleagues prescribed would only slow down the growth of the cancer cells but not completely destroy them. Paradoxically! This is the first such unique case in my entire long-term practice. Evidently, it didn't happen without Providence, – the doctor kept saying, once again going through the films and the results of the analysis.

– So, does it mean, – shyly asked my mother, clearly not believing all she heard, – you don't confirm the diagnosis?

The professor drew away his attention from the films and glanced at my mother with amazement.

– Of course. Your daughter is absolutely healthy!

My mother, for one more minute, sat clinging to the chair. And when she finally understood the professor's answer, she rushed to thank him and to shake his hand as if he were an angel with wings. I was also happy. But unlike my mother, I exactly knew who was my angel and savior. Even my mind didn't resist that definition. The only question that worried me in that moment was: how did Sensei do THIS?

After such a news we didn't just came out of the clinic, but flew out of it. Our relatives waited downstairs, including grandpa. There was no limit to their joy. And my mother even made a sign of the cross, and silently thanked God, which unspeakably surprised me because I could hardly believe that my mother, an officer, a major, who had been brought up in the ideology of communism and atheism, would have done something like that. And I thought that everybody whoever or whatever he or she is, first of all, remains an ordinary man with his or her fears, grief, and faith in higher power.

For the whole next week we have been celebrating my "second birth". All those days, the diary was full of pages of joy, excitement, and one and the same question: "How did Sensei do this? Why did my life change so sharply? Is it thanks to His presence in it? Who is He actually? And where



do I know him from?" One question begot another series of other questions. But I left Moscow with a firm intention to find out everything to the end, even if it would take years.





t home, I first asked my friends about the next training. It turned out to be that night. We agreed to meet at the same time on the tram stop. I barely had the patience to wait till the appointed hour, and took all my medical discharges and films.

The guys greeted me with elation and a whole flow of news. And when the long-awaited tram came up they hardly held me.

– We have to take a different tram now, – Tatyana said smiling.

– How come?

– Surprise! – they yelled almost in unison.

– We have now moved to a different sports hall, – Andrew explained with pride. – It's a lot better, a lot more comfortable, with mirrors. Besides, it is located almost twice as close.

– What a news! – I was surprised.

All the way my friends told me about how many interesting things I missed, when healing, as they thought, my stomach in a health center. Andrew, vying with Kostya, shared news about the trainings, about original cases in Sensei's regular demonstrations and about his unusual philosophy, which he was telling them during spiritual trainings. While Tatyana and Slava echoed and supplemented with their impressions all especially thrilling moments. I was listening to them with



attention and great regret that I hadn't become a witness to such interesting events. But, on the other hand, an entire life was now ahead of me.

Having reached the final stop, I saw a huge, modern building, the palace of culture, though the locals called it simply a club. There was a movie theater and many rooms for various hobby classes, and a good sports hall with mirrors on the wall.

– Great! Now we can practice the “Monkey” style in front of them as much as we want, – I joked, examining my multiple reflections.

Sensei entered the hall together with the guys. He warmly greeted us, including my person. Shaking his hand, I was looking into his eyes with admiration and one silent question: “How?” Not that I didn’t believe, I simply knew that my cure happened due to Sensei, due to interference of higher powers, as the professor said, “divine Providence”. But how could he do it so quickly? Why did the disease so quickly disappear?

My soul was overflowing with feelings of gratitude. But I could express them only with eyes because there were too many curious people around. And when the guys went to the changing rooms, I gathered all my courage and asked Sensei to speak with me alone. He agreed willingly.

We walked into the vestibule, and I started showing him my medical records, telling him about Moscow events. My person tried to express him the feelings flowing over me, but my strong emotions caused me to speak only some incoherent mixture of grateful phrases. Igor Mikhailovich quickly flipped through all the films with the professional movement of a doctor, and having read the documents, genially asked:

- Are you satisfied?
- Very much! Even more than satisfied.
- That is the most important.

– I nevertheless don't understand, there is such an impression, as if this disease never even existed... But all these films, the confirmation of the doctors, the medical records, – I uttered in confusion.



Sensei smiled and said:

– You know, there is such a Latin proverb: “What doesn’t exist in documents, doesn’t exist in the world”.

– No, I’m serious. I know for sure that you did this, but how? Why so quickly?

– What do you mean? – grinned Sensei. – Did you think that one needs to open a skull, cut out a piece of brain or to get stuffed with pills just for you to really believe that you were cured by some kind of action?! **Any action is begotten, first of all, by our formed thought...** Have you ever heard about stigma?

– Somehow it sounds familiar...

– Stigma are people of deep faith, in whom in split minutes appear bleeding wounds on the hands and feet, in other words, these wounds appear in exactly the same places that appeared on Jesus Christ when he was crucified on the cross. And literally in three days these wounds disappear without leaving a trace. And in some of the faithful stigma appear not only wounds, but also nails. These nails have been taken for analysis and really confirmed that they are not simply some wart of bone and meat, but real nails, made of the material, typical for those times, in other words, made around two thousand years ago... Faith really creates miracles. And there is nothing impossible for believers, regardless in whom or in what they believe... And you say, why so quickly?

– But I wouldn’t say that I am a believer, an especially deeply faithful person, because I really believed in... (Here I almost said, “in you”) higher power only when I heard the words of the professor in Moscow who confirmed that I’m absolutely healthy. In other words, when everything had already happened.

– Everything is a lot simpler. When a human can’t deeply believe in his recovery, then there should be someone else to believe in him, someone who is more spiritually developed than he is. And then the result will surpass all expectations.

– And is it possible to overcome any disease?

– Absolutely.



– And what needs to be done for this?

– Just simply and sincerely believe, and think in the right way. But believe deeply, with love, with positive thought, and not something like, “I want to be healed” but from the position of an already healthy person who can create by this asserting positive thought, well, let’s call it, “the matrix of one hundred percent health”. This matrix is saved in our subconsciousness, thanks to the power of our faith... And exactly due to this matrix, by its healthy scheme, a body regenerates its functions on a physical level because it simply fulfills the order of the subconsciousness. Everything is simple.

– And how can one cure another person by faith?

– In the same way. It’s just that this matrix, or rather it would be more rightly to call it a hologram, is transmitted by thought as a healthy image from one person to another...

– And can everybody do this or only those who strongly believe?

– Of course... I can tell you about a case that happened to our Volodya, but I will tell you just because you have already gone through this yourself. But don’t tell it to anyone. If you want, you can quietly ask Volodya but so that no one will hear. His father has been a fireman at Chernobyl atomic power plant. Before that his stomach ached, and they thought that it was gastritis. And when he came back from there, he felt bad. The doctors diagnosed unanimously a stomach cancer. Of course, he needed urgent surgery. Volodya came to me that evening and asked if it were possible to help somehow. I told him about this technique. He relaxed, removed all unnecessary thoughts, thanked God that a mistake had happened and that his father was completely healthy, and everything was fine with him. Volodya asked God to forgive his sins, the sins of his father, everything that he had done wrong. He repented and at the same time thanked God.

– Sorry, and is a human really sinful before God?

– Well, let’s say it this way, in fact, a human is sinful only before himself, before his soul... The problem is that



the factor of sin is placed in our subconsciousness from childhood. We are suggested that, regardless of the religion we belong to, all of us are guilty before God. Nobody of us is guilty before God! We are guilty just before ourselves. God, He does only good. But we push ourselves into dirt. That's why when we admit that we are animals that are stuck in the dirt and when we pray for forgiveness from God; we admit the fact of His existence; we admit His power and, what's most important, we get tuned into love, to the positive... So, Volodya practiced this technique for a couple of days, going to bed, waking up, whenever he happened to have a free minute. He pronounced this prayer in the deepest faith, in great love to his father. As he confessed, he had never experienced in life such an internal state, although Volodya had been practicing meditations for a long time, in his spiritual direction... And what's most amazing, in seven days after our conversation, I emphasize, already on the seventh day, when his father was opened up during the surgery, there was no tumor and they sewed him up and sent him home. The diagnosis wasn't confirmed and it was considered to be a medical mistake. And up to this day, his father is alive and feels wonderful; he works just as hard as he did when he was young. This old man, for his entire life, believed in no one and relied only on himself, on his powers... Here is for you the real example from life, that deep faith can work wonders.

And being silent for a bit, Sensei added:

– Faith: It's not just a word, it's a huge internal power generated by the human himself. And in the union with divine power of love, about which we spoke in the “Flower of lotus”, it gives birth to such a power that can really create impossible things. Although all these words: “miracle”, “impossible” – are just the words of people. Because the science of Shambala explains everything by the laws of nature, which at the present are not yet known to the mankind. The power of Faith and Love, begotten by thought, is a power initially inherent to a human being. This is what distinguishes him from an ordinary biped.



That's why, throughout history, all great teachers of the mankind summoned people to Faith and Love, giving them this knowledge on their level of perception. Recall at least the words of Jesus who said, "if you have faith the size of a mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, "Move from here to there", and it will move; and nothing will be impossible for you". And these are not empty words; this is a true knowledge for those who can listen: "Those who hear will hear".

– Interesting. But if this huge power can be explained by natural laws, then it means, as far as I understand, there should be some kind of formulas.

Sensei smiled and replied:

– Undoubtedly, formulas do exist, but people are still not ready for this knowledge to be given to them in formulas because thoughts of the animal nature predominate in the majority of people... In reality, to prove that this power really exists means to discover the laws of the universe, to discover the reality of the existence of God... Even simple, "blind" human faith with limited impact is capable of doing a lot, while true faith opens up unlimited possibilities. It moves not only planets, but also creates, destroys, and rules many worlds with only a thought.

– Oho... With such power one can probably restore health just by thinking about that! – I said in admiration, discovering for myself an absolutely new world of thought.

– Absolutely correct.

Then I recalled about the miraculous healings performed by Jesus, which struck me once. And suddenly it dawned upon me:

– So it means that Jesus alone with His positive thoughts healed people! And before I believed that these were fairy tales.

Sensei laughed:

– Yes, yes, yes. That's why He said: "**You will receive from God according to your faith**"... Jesus created with His power just a hologram of health, while a man was holding it with the power of his "blind" faith. And the stronger



man's faith was, the firmer it held this hologram in man's subconsciousness.

I reflected a little and then asked:

– And why shouldn't I tell anyone about this?

– You see, telling other people, a human sows in himself a grain of doubt in his subconscious after their answers and corresponding thoughts, and even doesn't notice this. And this negative power, gradually cultivated, begets in consciousness the logic of "parasite thoughts", when based on his little knowledge about the surrounding world a human tries to formulate at least some kind of common sense, searching for an explanation in his scanty bag of knowledge. In this relation, the so-called "common sense" is a first enemy to human, his faith, spiritual development, because it is an abundant field for the cultivation of doubts, negative thoughts, and negative emotions. In this meaning, God and "common sense" are two completely antagonistic notions... So, finally, these doubts, with their negative power of logic, win on the battlefield of the mind and destroy the "blind" faith together with its matrix of health. And disease comes back again. If you are not strong in spiritual knowledge, you need simply to believe, to thank God with Love for this gift of health and not to speak to anyone about this cure. Only then will you have a chance to save this hologram of health, created by the power of Love, till very old age...

At that moment Victor came out from the sports hall and, seeing Sensei, asked, whether he could begin the training.

– Yes, of course, – answered Sensei.

We hurried to join the group. Throughout all the exercises I thought only about our conversation. I was amazed by this simple truth. It seemed like I had read about it before, but just read and had not deeply understood it. Sensei showed me some kind of new vision of these ideas, which had existed for thousands of years.

Being carried away by this subject, I dug up through our entire family library and finally found that magazine with abstracts from the Bible about those people Jesus had healed.



I read again all that now with completely different eyes, with completely different thoughts, from the point of view of those extraordinary events, which had happened to me in such a short period of time. Gradually, a new world was opening to me, a world begotten by the mighty power of Thought.





On the way to the spiritual training, I noticed that the vocabulary of my friends began to change. It consisted now more of good words, positive moments, and wise thoughts. They even decided with common efforts to get rid of bad words which before they had often used in their expressions. Therefore they decided that if someone utters something bad, he or she would buy a cheesecake or patties for everybody. I, having slipped a couple of times myself, already decided to carefully watch over my speech and first of all over my thoughts.

A not so big, but quite rammed snowy pathway had been treading to our secret glade. Volodya, Stas, Eugene, Sensei and Nikolai Andreevich already stood in the glade. Having joined them, we heard the continuation of the conversation, which had been interrupted by our arrival.

– ... but using hypnosis in our practice, we found out that it turns off consciousness and works simply with the subconsciousness, – the psychotherapist said with enthusiasm.
– And made the conclusion that there is no concrete knowledge in the subconsciousness. It perceives everything as is: if we suggest someone that he is a singer, and he has never sung in his life, he will be singing; and if we give him an onion and say that this is a sweet apple, he eats it with pleasure, not even making a wry face, and so forth. We even repeated a series of



experiments of our colleagues from the capital regarding the research on the inhibition of reactions of human blood vessels in cells of cerebral brain cortex on irritants in the state of hypnosis. We placed an ampoule with hot water (+65° C) to the hand of the somnambulist and rang strongly with a bell. There was no reaction in the vessels of the hand. The level of the plethysmogram didn't change. While the man hypnotized not to respond to these irritants answered that he felt nothing and that was obviously seen by his mimicry. Or we suggested such somatic effects which are impossible to cause by himself. For example, that a piece of ordinary paper is a mustard plaster. Then a corresponding redness appeared on the surface of his skin, where we had applied the paper... In other words, a man in a state of hypnosis literally executed all our commands, beginning with a psychological image and ending with the reactions of the body.

– Absolutely correct, – answered Sensei, – because hypnosis is a clear manifestation of the animal nature in the human, it is a “liberation” from intellect and a disconnection of the soul. Hypnosis is only a function of subconsciousness. In hypnosis, a human becomes who he really is if he is completely overwhelmed by the animal nature, a zombie, or, simply saying, an obedient piece of meat or, as Omar Khayyam correctly remarked, “a bag with bones, tendons and bloody mucus”.

– And who are zombies? – asked Tatyana.

– “Zombie” were called people in African tribes whose mind oppressed by certain narcotic substances and special psychic influences was programmed; they implicitly executed any order of the chief and could kill not only themselves, but their own mothers, their children... Shortly saying, “zombie” is a body of a human whose soul has been “taken out” or “disconnected” and who has been deprived of intellect, – answered Sensei. And already addressing to Nikolai Andreevich, he continued: – Hypnosis is the “breaking in” of the individual, it is aggression, it is slavery. And you will find there no knowledge except of a dumb, animal obedience.

– I don't completely agree with you in regard to a dumb



animal obedience, – protested Nikolai Andreevich. – Because as far as I know, the “I” of the hypnotized person keeps control of reality all the time and can be restored in any moment. The hypnotizer can affect only something with which the patient subconsciously agrees. As it’s written in medical research, the mechanism of resistance and protection is not completely turned off.

– If all this were so, as you say, in reality, then hypnosis wouldn’t have been used so actively in the secret services of all of the developed countries of the world. Do you know that all the newest discoveries, technologies, and the best ways of fishing out the information and methods of control over the human mind are used, first of all, in the military interests of states and only a small, not a significant part, in peaceful goals.

– Alright, well. But hypnosis can be used in medical goals to cure some diseases. Will you deny this fact?

– I will. What is disease? It is, first of all, a signal from the body about a possible serious disorder in its functions and tissues. Posthypnotic suggestion, left by the hypnotizer, and later executed by the human mind as its own idea, just simply eliminates this signal of pain, but doesn’t remove the cause of the disease. And a human, indeed, for some time won’t feel the pain, deceiving himself with illusive hopes. While practically, he will make himself even worse because the disease will keep still progressing and in the end will appear again in an even worse, neglected state. To be “cured” by hypnosis doesn’t mean to be healthy. By such healing, even a light form of one disease can beget another disease, a more serious one.

– And what about the patients getting into the habits when the medical effect shows itself? It was many times proved that the bad habits disappear and, on the contrary, the good ones are formed, implemented and the mind itself begins to work differently. Why? How can you explain it?

– Everything is very simple. The mind under hypnosis is, as a rule, in a state of the “trusting listener”. In other words, it looks as if from aside, absolutely without any analysis. And if



it's ordered in this state not to listen or to forget, or to change habits, it will execute all this precisely. And afterwards, it will perceive this order as its own idea. Our mind isn't perfect, very imperfect. The soul is perfect and its possibilities are unlimited. But the soul gets disconnected when a human is mesmerized because it evidently awakens the animal nature in the human. The soul, of course, loses and cannot already have an impact on the mind. That's why hypnosis is, in general, awful for people.

- And if a human is suggested to good?
- It doesn't matter.
- But hypnosis response is peculiar to all people, simply to a different degree and in different forms.
- Of course, just like a presence of the spiritual and the animal nature is peculiar to all people, to different degrees.
- But hypnosis has common features with other altered states of consciousness, such as dream or meditation. Hypnosis is also achieved by a reduction of the influx of signals into the brain, its subject also concentrates on one sensor stimulus before it...
- Yes, but you enlisted features that are peculiar to the beginning of any method of the altered state of consciousness. The main distinction of hypnosis is in this state itself, which is reflected on a physical level as well. I would call hypnosis a state of "doubling of command". You take a look at how it manifests itself on a physiological level. If it is compared with a dream or meditation, then the content of oxygen and carbon dioxide doesn't change as it happens in those other states. Unlike the other altered states of consciousness, hypnosis isn't accompanied by a physical deviation from the state of wakefulness. Waves of the electroencephalogram ("brain waves") most often remain the same, as with a wakeful man, and so forth. But these are only facts, which our science can actually detect at this stage.

While meditation is a completely different altered state of consciousness. Even the term "meditation", which comes from Latin, means "reflection". Meditation is a state in which the



highest degree of concentration of attention on a certain subject is achieved, or, conversely, the complete deconcentration of attention. In this state the processes of perception and thinking are haltered and it comes to a peculiar form of isolation of human from the external world and a full concentration on the internal, spiritual world, spiritual essence. It's natural that psychic immobilization on a physical level is associated with the temporary disconnection of the major integrative mechanisms of the brain. It facilitates the recovery of the nervous and psychic functions of a human, bringing a feeling of freshness, internal renovation, and joy of life. Hypnosis, on the other side, brings a depression of a person on the subconscious level, forming in this way the slavish psychology in the consciousness of a human.

And one more curious moment in regard to meditations: the normal functioning of organs of sense during wakefulness creates in the CNS (central nervous system) a high level of their own internal "noise" which impedes the flow of processes of integration and association. During meditation, this level of "noise" of the brain becomes extremely low. Consequently, a human gets an opportunity to use at most the associative and integrative processes for completion of certain tasks, which a human formulates for himself. So, hypnosis and meditation are two completely different states of consciousness. Meditation is one of the ways of awakening the spiritual nature. While hypnosis, I emphasize, is just a function of the animal nature.

– But are we allowed to suggest a human self-confidence and self-reliance at least for psychotherapeutic goals? – Nikolai Andreevich just couldn't calm down.

– Hypnosis is a bad instrument for that, as at the same time it increases suggestibility, compliance to the will of other people. And this is something unnatural to the essence of human, his true predestination in his life. Because internally, on the subconscious level, he strives for true Freedom, Freedom of his Soul. That is why people always strive for independence, for self-assertion in any form of external freedom.

And if you really want to help someone to change, to believe



in his own powers and potential, convince him with your word, your thoughts, and your argumentation. Because **the power of words begets to the power of thought, and the power of thought begets action...** But in no way by hypnosis, not by an open order into the consciousness of a human. Because you don't know what you do, because you are not aware of the true nature of hypnosis and those negative forces, which it awakens in a human.

Nikolai Andreevich stood in thoughtfulness. Meanwhile the last guys came to the glade. Greeting them, Sensei said:

– Alright, everyone is here, perhaps, we'll begin... Today, we will do the same meditation, as last time, to purify thoughts. For those who were absent, I will repeat. So, stand more comfortably, legs as wide as shoulders. Hands should touch each other with tips of bristling fingers on the level of the belly. Tip to tip, in other words, thumb to thumb, forefinger to forefinger and so forth. Like that.

Sensei showed me this connection.

– It is necessary to relax by taking away all thoughts, and concentrate only on normal breathing. Then, when you reached a state of full relaxation of all extremities and a feeling of internal peace, you begin to imagine that you are a jug. In other words, the top part of your head is as if cut off like in a jug... The source of water is the soul. This water fills the whole body and, in the end overfills it, spilling over the edge of the jug, streaming down the body and into the earth. During the process, when it fills the body and flows out into the earth, all bad thoughts, all problems leave you with it, in other words, all that dirt and unease, which are present in your mind. It looks like you cleanse yourselves inside. And when you do it, then you begin to feel a clear division of soul and thought. Besides, the soul located inside of him, and the soul located above the jug, which observes the process. And finally, practicing everyday this meditation, you cleanse your thoughts of the negative and further learn to control them, all the time keeping your mind in a “clean” state. Any questions?

– And why should the hands touch exactly this way? – I



asked.

– Because during this meditation certain energies circulate inside of the body, I will tell you about them later. While the tips of the fingers enclose this circle. Moreover, there is an irritation of the nervous skin receptors located on tips of fingers, which positively and calmly affects the brain... Are there any more questions?

Everybody remained silent.

– Then let's begin.

Under Sensei's guidance we began to perform this meditation. I tried to imagine myself as a jug. But my imagination formed this image somehow half-way, because my mind just couldn't agree with this definition. Then I stopped proving anything to myself and simply thought, "I am a jug", and concentrated on the "internal source of water". And here appeared an interesting feeling as if my consciousness went inside of me, went into my soul and concentrated in the form of a point in the area of the solar plexus. That point began gradually to widen while crystal clear water revolved spirally in it. Finally, there was so much water that it boiled over, filling my entire body with its pleasant moisture. Filling the "vessel" this way, this pleasant feeling flew over the edge. A wave of small ants started to run over my body from top to bottom, as though going into the earth. I imagined that my body was cleansed of all bad thoughts. And in one moment I felt so nice inside, so cozy and so joyful that I couldn't resist and slightly deviated from the meditation, thanking God for all that He gave me in life, for all His huge Love to His children. In the next moment, I suddenly found out that my consciousness, in other words, my real "I", was as if above my body. While the body didn't look like a body at all. From its jug-like head emanated thousands of thin, multicolored threads, which constantly moved and went into the earth. While in the depth of the jug something bright was shining transforming these threads into more vivid colors. The beauty was of course simply charming. But then I heard the melodious voice of Sensei, reaching me from somewhere far:



– And now make two deep, quick breathes in and out. Quickly close and open your fists. Open your eyes.

I quickly came to my senses, though the state of this internal euphoria stayed somewhere in the depth of my “I”. As it later turned out, each one of the guys experienced this state differently. The senior guys, made it better than me, while my friends practiced it only in their bare imagination. But Sensei told them that at first, it often happens this way with many people. But if they train intensively every day at home and if they have a desire to improve their moral qualities, then in a certain time they would reach some feelings and later will learn to permanently control their thoughts. The most important is to believe in themselves, in their powers and not to be lazy.

When we were leaving the glade, I snatched a moment and silently asked the Teacher:

– The guys told me that when I was absent, you gave them new meditations. I probably missed out a lot. What should I do now?

Sensei, glancing at me somehow very kindly, replied:

– Believe me, **the one who acts with good intention, has no need to be upset about what he has missed because he acquires a lot greater power for cognition of his soul than when doing nothing.**

That time, of course, I little understood what Sensei meant by that because everything, what I did, I simply considered common everyday care. And, nevertheless, these words so sunk into my soul that the very same evening a corresponding record appeared in my diary.

The days flew by in the twinkling of an eye. I liked this new meditation so much that I performed it with pleasure before going to bed, though, just like all the previous ones, in turn, one by one. One day I asked Sensei whether it's harmful to do them one after another in one evening. He replied that quite on the contrary, it was even very useful because then a human works more on himself spiritually, while the “Flower of lotus” also awakens the soul. “It's better to perform them in



the evening before going to bed and in the morning, when you wake up. These are the simplest meditations to work on the concentration of attention, the awakening of internal sight, and the control over thoughts. They are absolutely harmless; that's why everybody can learn them even those who have never come across any spiritual practices. And at the same time, these meditations, being simple and clear, bring the most results.“





t the training, I tried to catch up with the guys doing all my best to study new and old techniques. These days everything interesting and cognitive was happening at the spiritual trainings. At one of such trainings, Nikolai Andreevich began to argue with Sensei about reincarnations. Though it seemed to me that he wasn't even arguing but rather provoking the Teacher in order to start a conversation about it. I noticed that despite the fact that Nikolai Andreevich was a psychotherapist, zealous atheist, and "the common sense of our company" (as we jokingly nicknamed him), he didn't miss a single training, and treated Sensei with delicate respect.

– Reincarnation is a fable invented by people, because most of them, I would say, have a pathologic thanatophobia. That's why they imagine different tales about reincarnation, about the life after death.

– Not at all, – objected Sensei. – Concerning a fear of death, it's begotten solely by the animal nature in a human being, by the instinct of self-preservation and the power of imagination, cultivated on egoistic negativism. Fear is just an emotion, switched on only where information is absent or where there is too little of it... And what concerns reincarnations, this phenomenon really exists in nature. And you don't even imagine how long it exists.



Sensei lately spoke with Nikolai Andreevich in a familiar way like a friend.

– No, if it were really so, we would remember something, some excerpts or something else.

– And do you remember what happened this very day a year ago?

Nikolai Andreevich reflected and uncertainly said:

– I probably was at work, if it weren't Sunday.

– So, then you can't exactly remember this day?

– No.

– Right. And why do you speak then about another time, whether you had a previous life? We already examined, in regard to your hypnosis, that there is mind, and there is an animal nature and a soul. You are located in the soul, exactly you, the genuine you. The mind is that part of you which perceives. And it also has a particle of your "I". It means that you are divided: in your soul you feel yourself as one person, while you think completely differently. You should reflect on yourself, who you really are, how do you think, how do you speak, how do you see. Not in the meaning of brain activity, verbal, nonverbal, excitation of acoustic fields. All that is rubbish. But exactly you! Look inside of your consciousness. It is endless. Think about that, how much the Universe is endless. And try to explain the fact that the Universe is reflected in every atom of your body.

– Is the Universe really reflected in every atom? – Nikolai Andreevich was surprised.

– Of course. If you doubt, read the corresponding literature on the atomic structure and compare it with the organization of the Universe. Even today, there is enough evidence to support the realization of this fact. Or take, for example, a vacuum. It's empty, it looks like there is nothing in it, at first glance. But life is born in it. What from? From emptiness? Think about these global questions seriously... But what's most important, find out: Who are you? And then you'll understand that the body is only a carriage, which carries you from birth to death, first in one reincarnation,



then in another. Where you'll arrive will depend on how you use this carriage. Either it will run by itself, or you will drive it.

A human, that is, his soul is just a coachman of this carriage. And if your soul is asleep, the carriage will be rumbling to the same direction as others. The coachman will be riding in circles. But if the soul will wake up, he will ride in the right direction, the direction of spiritual development, in that one which he will choose himself. But what's most important is that a human will understand that he is the driver of this carriage. And having realized that he will be able to simply stop riding in circles and go to Nirvana. In other words, he will be like God.

All the guys carefully listened to Sensei, while I, having gathered enough courage, asked the Teacher my acute question.

– Tell me, and what is the sense of the existence of the soul, in other words, of myself?

– The sense is simple: to arrive in the end to God as a mature creature... A human is a synthesis of spiritual and animal nature. And this synthesis is necessary so that the soul can obtain a certain form; it has to go through matter, in other words, to ripen. A human, like a butterfly, goes through the stages of development of his soul. Metaphorically speaking, at first, hatching from the egg, a human goes through the material stage of “larva” or “animal human” when he “crawls” on Earth with predomination of material interest, like a caterpillar. He doesn't see a soul in himself and considers himself to be one and the same with his matter, in other words, with his body.

Then passes a certain time of realization, either in the course of several reincarnations, from one to another, or during one life (which is different for everyone), when his soul matures in good thought of spiritual Love. And gradually, a human changes into a “cocoon”, into a stage of “human human”, when he clearly realizes his true “I” (soul) and “cocoon” (body). Now the body is regarded just as a material



for the ripening of his soul. Externally it may not be shown in any way, but internally rapid, global changes take place in him.

And, finally, when the soul ripens, the “cocoon” bursts open and a glaringly beautiful, divine creature flies out of it, it's a “butterfly” (soul), which is free in its flight. Joining to other beautiful creatures, it takes part in the creation of new souls, the creation of new “larva”, which will follow the same path. This is the stage of “God human”.

That's why the whole sense lies in the development from animal to divine, in order to become a full-fledged particle of God. This is implied in us primordially and deep inside. That's why we search for God; that's why we know about God.

Having smiled, Nikolai Andreevich said:

– And if I am an atheist and deny God?

– Nobody denies God really, whoever that one is. Because everyone feels it in his soul. Everyone is scared in darkness, however courageous he is. Everyone thinks about eternity, about death, about the sense of his life and his existence. Just many people don't have enough information and turn on the protective functions of their mind and try to muffle these thoughts.

– Well I'm like that, I need real proof. If only I really would come across a case, at least in a memory about past reincarnation, I would believe in it, making sure myself.

Sensei thought for a little and answered:

– Alright, I will grant you such an opportunity. After training I will tell you about one interesting technique of altering the state of consciousness, which will let you awaken a human soul and evoke a conversation with it. But I'm warning you, nobody else should know about this technique, because the society is still in a stage of “animal human”. People will receive this knowledge in the future, when the majority of them will change to the stage “human human”... You can do it with any of your patients, do everything exactly as I will tell you. But, jumping ahead, I'm warning right now, that in reincarnations, the notion of time is absent. In other



words, one man, for example, lived two hundred years ago, and was reborn only now. Another died a year ago and was born in a minute, and a third one maybe lived in the distant, distant future, and was born in our time, and so forth. In other words, there are certain laws there, so, don't be surprised too much... Allright?

— Of course! — Nikolai Andreevich uttered with admiration.

Suddenly Stas, who had kept silence before, thoughtfully asked:

— And concerning reincarnations, do people in Shambala also undergo it or do they exist eternally?

— If you mean the life of the Bodhisattvas in Shambala, they exist under completely different laws. And they have not such bodily, rough matter, like people. Shambala is a completely different side of reality... Well, for you to understand it better, their bodies are subtle matter, which exists under its own laws in time and space. And if in the human world the mind serves the body, at home... I mean in Shambala, — the Teacher quickly corrected himself, — the body serves the mind... Why can't Shambala be found? Because it exists at a completely different frequency level of perception.

— So, a human cannot get there in his body? — Andrew asked with surprise.

— Why? He can if he knows and is able to transform his body to that frequency of the perception of reality.

— It sounds fantastic, — Kostya sniffed quietly.

— For today's human perception maybe. But it's a fact... If people believe that this is a science fiction, let them do it... But a human cannot make up anything on his own because all this knowledge was, is, and will be in spite of his desires. His capabilities of perception are limited only by his egocentrism. In general, **science fiction is only an unrealized reality**.

— And how do higher creatures come into this world? You said that they, if needed, can get into contact with people.

— Simply, through reincarnations. **Their soul enters into the body of an infant on the eighth day, in other words, just like all people are born.**



– I wonder, – remarked Nikolai Andreevich, – What made you think that the soul enters into a human on the eighth day of life? In Christian religion, for example, it is believed that the soul enters in him still in his mother's womb.

– It's a wrong opinion. Evidently, someone understood something incorrectly and another one incorrectly translated it. A third one added his own thoughts coming out from his logic; in this way, the real knowledge was lost. All as usual... **While in reality the soul enters into the human body on the eighth day. It can be even materially traced. A soul, though being an energy substance, but still, entering the body, acquires a quality of subtle matter. That's why the weight of a newborn baby sharply increases on the eighth day from three to twenty grams, and sometimes, in exceptional cases, up to fifty grams. This can be traced if one exactly measures the weight of an infant starting from the seventh day, taking into account the nutrients he ingests and expels. In other words, on the eighth day there occurs a sharp bounce in weight of a newborn baby. Moreover, exactly on the eighth day, the gaze of a child becomes alive, luminous. It is impossible not to notice that.**

– And how do Bodhisattvas differ then from ordinary people? – Kostya asked with interest.

– Absolutely with nothing. They are consciously reborn into the matter of the human in order to experience all the severities, hardships, and also the temptations of the world. And during their human life they make their contribution, which they should do. Sometimes they “come” to Earth with a certain goal, to realize a decision taken in Shambala, but most often as observers. Bodhisattvas live as common people, quietly and modestly performing their work, though inside, this Human is quite aware that he is a Bodhisattva. But he will never yell this and drum on his chest. As a rule, no one around knows this. This could be anybody: your close friend, your acquaintance, relative, and so forth.

– And why do they come as observers? – asked Victor.



“And really why? – I thought. – Probably, our world seems to these higher creatures as too dirty and egoistic place”.

– Well, they have such a rule or, to be more precise, a responsibility. Each one of the Bodhisattvas of Shambhala should, at least once in a thousand years, reincarnate into this world. What for? In order to live a human life, to see, how and what mankind thinks about, at what level people should be given knowledge. In other words, to know the human nature because in Shambala the animal nature is absent in individuals. In Shambala there is a completely different reality. So, for a Bodhisattva who lives there to understand what is going on here, he is thrown out into this world so that he won't forget, so to say, won't relax too much. Even Rigden Jappo cannot avoid this rule, this fate. However, he comes, as a rule, to this world before the beginning of global changes in the course of human civilization, approximately once every ten or twelve thousand years, not as a Messiah, but as a Judge. He checks the work of his forerunners, assessing the level of human perception, the degree of their spirituality or absorption by matter. And depending on that, Shambala then returns a verdict, to be or not to be, for this mankind.

– What do you mean?

– Well, if mankind in its majority was evaluated as a spiritually progressing society, then it was preserved. While if in it predominated more of the beast, in other words, the material nature, then the same story of global cataclysms repeated, which happened to some other previous civilizations. And not more than one-tenth of the total people was left for the breeding of matter for the souls of the next civilizations... **Mankind chooses the path for itself, while actions of Shambala are just the consequences of that choice.**

– As I understood it, – Victor joined the conversation, – their main predestination is the spiritual development of humankind.

– Almost right, – answered Sensei. – Their main predestination given from Heaven, in other words, from the Cosmic Hierarchy or God, call it as you wish is the cultivation



of the human soul during all cycles of its reincarnations. They help actively to develop it when the spiritual nature awakens in a human.

– Probably this egoistic world seems horrible, from the point of view of their spirituality, – I said aloud my thoughts.

Sensei grinned and continued:

– Right, it's not quite a gift. This reincarnation is equal to that, as if a butterfly were stuffed into a caterpillar, and that is inconvenient both for the butterfly and for caterpillar. But these are the rules. Each Bodhisattva should serve his time here, live an entire life. Although any Bodhisattva is free to go to Nirvana in any minute; it is a big temptation for them.

– And once you said that a Bodhisattva is a human who left Nirvana for the sake of the humankind.

– Certainly. That's why this is a double temptation for him, because he felt this state of peak of unearthly happiness... You simply can't imagine yourselves, what kind of a... feat it is to leave Nirvana and to come here. Metaphorically speaking, **Bodhisattvas can be compared with those who are the best of the best volunteers that were sent to do the most crucial work. Bodhisattvas stay here for the sake of people, for the sake of the cultivation of human souls so that these souls can develop and become Free, really Free. Because our internal nature, our soul, strives for this every moment of life.**

Sensei glanced at the watch and said:

– Alright guys, it's time to start a meditation. Otherwise, we can continue debating until the morning.

I also looked at the watch. Time flew by in this conversation as one second. And there was a strange feeling, as if it were completely absent. As if it were the moment of eternity, slightly opening the curtain of its mysteries.

We performed the same meditation, as in the last time, on the cleansing of our intentions. The “water” streaming over edge of the “jug”, has been already felt more clearly, with some kind of wavy movements. After the training, the Teacher reminded us that we should permanently learn to



control our thoughts and “fish out” negative “parasites of consciousness”. He also emphasized that we wouldn’t give in to our aggression, if it appeared. And the most important, we should constantly cultivate in ourselves the divine Love, by performing the “Flower of lotus”. Nikolai Andreevich remained in the glade, while we said good-bye and went home.





I was so much amazed by this knowledge, which Sensei was so simply and lucidly telling us that I wrote down all this conversation into my diary, marking out for myself the most important moments: **“The sense of human existence is the perfection of the soul!!!”** I felt this but wasn’t sure. Now, once again I thought that this was changing everything that I had up to now and that I considered so valuable and important in life. I looked around and thought: “We really live entirely life for the body. Even in the room, at home, whatever you look at, everything existed for the service and satisfaction of the needs of the body. Books are probably the only one exception... Of course, Sensei said once that all these attributes of civilization are necessary only for us to have more time for the perfection of our souls. But how much among all this unnecessary stuff is completely redundant! And still for us it isn’t enough. We still want more. What for? Why? After all, tomorrow we could die and in That World they will value what we have cultivated inside us and not how much dust we’ve gathered by the tireless work of our half-rotten-in-the-earth shell.

All these days I went on to revalue everything, even at school. The girls, as usual, showed off, what for fashionable rags were bought for them, and with evident envy, told about what they saw on others. Listening to them, I was



surprised with myself, because before I was just the same. I was chasing for some kind of illusive fashion, which maybe didn't completely suit me. But megalomania was getting unrecognizably blown up, when at that time I had an opportunity "to stand out from the crowd". While, in reality, in general, fashionable are always only those things which nicely suits. And that's all... Some, at one time fashionable clothes, after a momentary presentation are now hanging as dead weight in my closet. Why does one human need so much stuff? What do I need it for? Maybe somewhere people don't have anything to wear. In my own class, for example, there are three girls from poor families. Two of them didn't have fathers because their fathers had died in the mines. And the third one's father was a drunkard, that is even worse. Why can't I share all this stuff with them? They need it more than me.

I asked an advice of my mother, although I lied her a bit telling that our school organized a charity action. But my mother wasn't against it. We even found shoes for the girls. I gathered all this and I had then to solve another problem: how can it be given to them? Putting myself in their place, I considered that the best variant would be to ask my class teacher to pass the clothes to them as if from some charitable organization... I suppose that she liked this idea because in a week the whole school, under the initiative of our teacher, announced a charitable action in favor of children from the city orphan's house. Having heard this news, I recalled once again Sensei's words that **kind thought and kind deed give birth to a chain reaction of kind thoughts and kind deeds**. I thought that if everyone would understand this and would do good deeds, whatever he could, then, probably, poverty and hunger would disappear in the whole world. Otherwise, it's somehow shameful to be called civilized when nearby somebody is starving or extremely needy.

With such thoughts of universal love, brotherhood and mutual aid, my body was embraced by some kind of stirring quiver. A feeling of light, pleasant pressure began spreading



in the area of the solar plexus. Reaching a certain size, it started to radiate waves, which brought consciousness to an even bigger excitement, to an increasing feeling of endless Love to the whole world.





At the next additional training we were learning the new kata with interest and diligence. The “speedy guys” never ceased to impress us with their mastery. With captivating beauty and thunder-like speed, they conducted sparring with each other. Andrew, just another time observing their movements, complained to the Teacher:

– How do they move so quickly? It seems like we do same kata, but no matter how hard I try, I still fall behind much. They move practically twice as fast as I. Why?

– It has to do with balance. This is the trick, – answered Sensei.

– But I keep the balance as it should be, as I was taught earlier, still with my first steps in karate. In my opinion, I follow all the rules; the center of gravity is distributed as it should be. But it doesn’t work like with them.

– Because you move the center of gravity while they follow the center of gravity.

– And how is that? – Andrew was surprised.

– Well. In “Hara”, or how it’s also called, the point of Dan-Tian, which is located three fingers lower than the navel, is the center of gravity. Remember, one time I told you about this. Everybody is taught to rightly hold it, to step, to move and so forth. You were told that, for example, a standing man doesn’t fall down until his plumping line from the center of



gravity is located inside a platform limited by the edges of his feet. Walking is a series of falls forward, prevented by timely moving the supporting leg. Running is a series of jumps from one leg to another with a corresponding shift of weight of the body and the center of gravity. Right? Right... In other words, everyone is speaking and teaching to follow the general rules of moving the center of gravity. **But that is why they lose in speed. Because in order to increase speed and to teach the body to move, one needs to learn, first of all, to move the center of gravity.**

– And can I learn it or am I hopeless? – Andrew asked with a smile.

– Only the fools and the lazy fellows are hopeless, – Sensei replied with some kind of irony. – Otherwise, everybody can learn it. There is an elementary technique to shift your center of gravity. In other words, it's almost the same dynamic meditation. At first, you learn the breathing technique. In any arbitrary movements, when your hands move away from you, make an inhale. When hands come to you, exhale; step forward inhale, step back, exhale. You exhale into the bottom of the belly, into the “Hara”, which is similar to how we exhaled through our hands in meditation. In other words, during the exhale concentrate your attention and completely concentrate on this point of the belly, as if slightly straining it exactly in the area of “Hara”. In the end, you begin to control your derived breathing in this way. And the most important is to feel this place, to feel in particular your center of gravity.

– And what kind of movements does one need to perform? Is there any sequence?

– Any, whatever you want, it doesn't matter. If you want, warm-up or polish kata, or simply walk in circles, or make bows, it doesn't matter. The important work is done by your thought and concentration. This is the first phase: to find exactly your center of gravity and to feel it during any movement.

The second phase is aimed at increasing the point of gravity, concentrated in the “Hara”. In other words, you mentally send Qi to it. At this point, due to the concentration of the energy



of air, it spreads and becomes round and dense. And now it turns into a small ball, in whatever you like or imagine. The important thing is that you almost feel it physically, as if something is there, for example, such a big, round ball from bearing or so forth.

And the third phase is the most important. With the power of your will, you move this center of gravity and everything follows it. Wherever you are and whatever you do, you constantly perform this dynamic meditation.

– Just like the “Flower of lotus”?

– Absolutely right. Just like that. Besides, to practice one meditation doesn’t mean to neglect another. No matter how you move, wherever you go, first, you should move with your mind not the body, but your center of gravity. While later, the body already should learn to keep up after it. That is all. Everything is simple.

Andrew reflected and started to move with breathing.

– Look here, – Sensei drew his attention, – that’s how you move usually. You bring forth at first the shoulder, the leg, the head, and so forth. In other words, at first you bring forth some part of the body while later the center of gravity. And now look at the guys. See, they start all movements exactly from the point of “Hara”, the bottom of the belly first goes forward, while later the body follows it, no matter how they move around, quickly or slowly.

– Aha, now it’s clear, – Kostya caught up, carefully listening to the Teacher together with us. – And we couldn’t get why your unusual walk differs so much from other people.

Sensei shrugged his shoulders and said with a smile:

– It’s a habit.

Our first attempts ended with loud laughter because everyone tried to learn everything at once. But all that we were able to do was to walk like penguins. That’s why Sensei remarked:

– Guys, I told you, you at first need to learn to breathe, to feel you center of gravity and later to move it.

– And how do they accelerate their movements? – asked



Andrew, nodding towards the “speedy guys”. – Do we need to do something special then?

– Actually, no. You can accelerate just with exhale, in other words, with the power of your thought pushing forward the center of gravity. Just like you move your hand just by thinking about it. It is the same with it: you should freely move your center of gravity by mentally sending it an order. And when you learn to move your center of gravity at the speed of thought, you will be able to move so quickly as your physical condition will permit. You’ll only need to have time for your body to catch up with your center of gravity.

– Great! – pronounced Andrew. – Any sprinter competition can be won in this way.

– That’s for sure. If this technique were known to sportsmen, they would have won the gold at world championships, – Sensei answered half in jest.

– And doesn’t anyone of them know about this?

– Unfortunately, not.

– I have never heard about this and even never read about this, – Kostya confessed honestly, to our surprise, – Why?

– Well, this is a very ancient technique for the development of human abilities and it is the secret knowledge of superiors of ancient monasteries. They don’t tell about it even to their disciples and save it for their own use as a peculiar, secret technique. Though, in reality, there is nothing special about it. It’s not even the Art. An ordinary technique easy to learn by anybody, although it is more effective among others and that’s all...

The entire way home our company was very proud. We were so happy to find out the secrets known only to masters of ancient monasteries, it was much more than we could have hoped to learn. I was amazed once again by Sensei’s knowledge of ancient techniques. And when guessing who “He” is, I wrote down in my diary that probably Sensei was a talented orientalist or he knew those regions very well, or grew up there. Otherwise, how did he receive this knowledge? Mystery gave rise just to another mystery. Sensei, undoubtedly, knew a



lot, starting with philosophy and finishing with exact sciences. And all that was on a foundation of some kind of unknown science of the fundamental knowledge about human beings, starting with the micro-universe of the endlessly dividing atom and finishing with the invisible but deeply felt by me soul, or rather with the mystery of its creation. “Who is He?!” – I asked myself once again.





he next day, I received a quite unpleasant news. My mother again fell ill with a sharp, horrible pain in the back. Lately she was greatly nervous, because she, as a good specialist, simply was overloaded with work. Moreover she had to finish with that work, which was piled up during the time of her absence. Besides they had a visit of some regular inspection. In general, due to long sitting, her back, together with her nerves, didn't endure such an overload. That day she got up from bed with great difficulty, with horrible, unbearable pain in the waist.

This was, of course, a shock for us. We horribly worried. Each one of us tried to help her in his own way. My father started to call all relatives and consulted about other ways of a good treatment, because my mother didn't want to undergo surgery. Most likely, she was scared not by the surgery itself, but by the consequences which she saw enough in neurosurgery and heard enough from many people, while being in neurology. My mother didn't like at all the perspective of becoming disabled for her entire life. But once the pain became so strong that she agreed already to do anything.

Meanwhile my father called his direct commander, the general, to obtain leave for tomorrow's day. My father was saying that this general was a good man. He, with fatherly concern, took care of and worried about all his subordinates



and always helped them and their families as he could. This time, he didn't betray his principals and didn't ditch his deputy officer. The general, having listened to father, advised him to visit a good chiropractor, giving him the corresponding address. And then he asked my father to calm down his spouse because he had had a similar story when he had strongly pulled his leg. He received treatment from this chiropractor and was able to move, and already a second year still everything was all right.

After that call, my mum and dad unanimously decided to drive there the next day. While I, honestly speaking, was doubtful. In my mind, I simply couldn't grasp how my mother could be treated just with bare hands if even injections and pills didn't help her. I decided to "treat" my mother in my own way, as Sensei had said. He told that any man can make a matrix of health with the power of his deep, internal love, if he believes in it very much.

Before going to bed, after all meditations, I concentrated on an image of health for mother. I imagined her completely healthy, happy, cheerful, with her beautiful, sweet smile and kind eyes. I silently asked forgiveness from God for all my sins, if I had such, in His opinion. I sincerely asked to help her, because I greatly love my mother. I was asking so strongly that I shed tears. I wanted so much for mother to recover quickly, that after this peculiar meditation, I ran to my parent's room to see if maybe something had already changed.

My father was working over some papers at his writing table while my mother has been already sleeping. Her face was slightly frowning. Probably, her back was hurting even in a dream. I came back to my room and thought: "Maybe, alone my power is not enough. Of course, I will continue doing this technique on creating a "matrix of health", but it would be great, if Sensei would join this. Then success is for sure guaranteed. He has such spiritual power, such solid internal faith and such knowledge that can do everything, if he was able to save me from death just with his power of thought. I will need to speak with him at the next training. He is kind; he will help". With these good thoughts I fell asleep.



The next day I went with my mother to the chiropractor. The general cared of us and provided us with his black "Volga" car and personal driver, who knew well that place and the roads. On the way I imagined according to Volodya's plan, how this decrepit, in my imagination, old man – the chiropractor, having looked at mother, would tell her that everything is well with her and that this is a mistake and she is healthy. Meanwhile I noticed that the driver turned to the district where we came for spiritual meditations. "Familiar places, – I grinned to myself. – It's strange that such a remote district is so famous with its people". And again I concentrated on a desirable result.

We arrived at some private sector. A house, where, evidently, the chiropractor lived, I noticed from afar. Or rather, not the house itself, but a huge crowd of people, who stood near a small, but tidy house. There were a lot of people there. The driver hardly parked his car among the multitude of other cars, drawing his professional attention to the many license plates of these cars that were not just from different regions, but even from different republics. It so surprised me that this god-forsaken place was so famous.

People stood as a thick wall in line. It didn't even help us that we came in a black "Volga". No matter how we tried to break through the crowd, we weren't able to. We had to stand in line like everybody else. My mother, meanwhile, was half-lying in the car. Our number was four hundred seventy-three. But when people found out that my mother had a sharp pain, we were told that with such pain the chiropractor takes without waiting in line, and that we need to stand in a different line, which was ahead. We hurried to join the "out-of-turn" people, and there were only fifty people. My mother was even given a place on the bench by those, who at least somehow could stand on their legs. And we began waiting.

I was very surprised by such a number of people and even a little got flustered. People in line were of different ages, from senior to the young people with children. While ahead there stood a woman with a tiny baby. They said, he was only five



days old and already had plexitis. His hand didn't rise due to some kind of pathology of the delivery. In general, the public gathered here had various illnesses of the spinal cord, about which I have never even heard.

A senior lady sitting next to my mother said that the chiropractor takes twenty women, twenty men and later ten "out-of-turn" people. And that it's not long, according to her estimations, we will be taken only in two hours. I thought that in this case I had time to concentrate well on my healing meditation for mother. For around ten minutes I hardly tried to do it. But concentration wasn't successful there because the crowd was silently buzzing in unceasing conversation, creating obstructive "noise". Unwillingly, I began listening to the conversations.

— We had such a misfortune, such a grief, — lamented an old woman standing next to a girl around fifteen years old. — It is horrible even to recall. There is nothing more bitter in the world than to have a sick child. Because my grandchild had a horrible kyphoscoliosis, a real hump. The doctors prophesized that she would be disabled for her entire life. The girl came back from school in tears every day. Though she had a beautiful face, her classmates teased her, calling her a "freak". And we went everywhere, showed her to all doctors, and even took her to sensitives but it was all in vain. We were all in despair. And once we hardly managed, God helped, to pull out the girl from the noose. She was crying about her life, as nobody would ever fall in love with her. She was crying, we were crying, such a grief, in one word, can't even tell it...

The voice of the woman trembled and she furtively wiped a rolling tear.

— Don't cry, grandma, — asked her granddaughter. — Everything is already over.

— Yes... So, I went that... day to the church, prayed to God. And the next morning received a fresh newspaper and there was an article about our chiropractor. We, of course, at first doubted whether we should go and entrust our child to just another doctor, because she had already been examined by



many specialists. But... all these last events... At the end we decided that if God gives us one more chance, we shouldn't refuse, because it can't get any worse...

We worried when came to the reception. But the people in line spoke well about him. And when we entered and I saw his eyes, all doubts dissolved for some reason. He has such luminous, blue eyes, such a peace-giving gaze that even a light shone in my heart...

– Yes, – said another woman. – His eyes are really somehow unusual, so bottomless. As if they know everything, as if he feels your pain.

– I have also never seen in my life such calm and smart eyes, – pronounced a young woman standing next to her.

The women nodded their heads, agreeing with the opinions.

– And what a pleasant, melodic voice he has, a calm manner of speaking. He speaks so politely with everybody...

– After speaking with him, my mood always gets better. After all these endured pains, I even want to live.

– And I have such a feeling.

– That's what it means to be a good man.

Listening to these words, I halted all my fruitless attempts to concentrate and began already carefully listening to the conversation.

– That's what I'm saying, – pronounced that old woman. – Something in him was quite unusual, hope-giving. He looked at the girl and said that he will fix her back, but we will have to come here and perform all his recommendations at home. You can't imagine how his vivifying words affected the girl. We came to treatments a lot of times, almost a year even though we live in another region. Sometimes there was a foul weather and it was hard to come, but Anna always insisted on the trip. She became so purposeful that we just rejoiced and crossed ourselves. At home she performed every day diligently the entire complex of curative gymnastics, which was recommended by the chiropractor. And in a year there wasn't a trace left of her hump! You can't imagine how happy we were. Anna blossomed; so many fiancés appeared right away; now they are running



after her in crowds... Now we came for a check-up. Oh! We pray God to give him great health. His golden hands created simply a miracle!

– Yes, his hands are really golden, – confirmed another woman around forty years old. – He is a professional in full sense of the word. Rarely can you find such a specialist who possesses a talent from God and such a fine knowledge of medicine... I, for example, suffered from headaches for ten years. I passed a lot of hospitals with no result: sleepless nights and the loss of consciousness because of the headaches. And two years ago, I'm even afraid to recall those days, I couldn't walk. You wouldn't wish this experience to your enemy, this state of confusion and helplessness, and such a strong pain in the waist, in the legs. Again sleepless nights, injections with no result. There were even horrible minutes of despair from pain and suffering. Even though by nature I am a courageous woman and always was a leader. Suddenly my entire life stopped, everything froze, I felt only pain and suffering.

The doctors of course, insisted on surgery, and were convinced that nothing but surgical intervention would help. But they couldn't guarantee a full recovery. To put it briefly: disability for an entire life. And then my mother came to me and began telling me about our chiropractor, persuading me to go to visit him. I consulted with my doctors but they just laughed in my face and said that nobody in the world, even among prominent doctors, could cure a herniated disk or neck in a nonsurgical way. They said, if you want, go, anyway, you are going to come back to us. While my mother anyway insisted on her own.

When I was taken here, I didn't have hope after such a verdict of the doctors. However, surprisingly, after the first seven visits I started to move one toe and the pain was relieved a little. That's when I really began to believe in a recovery, though the chiropractor even on the very first day said: "It's hard and long, but we will fix it". And later on, with each day I started to have not big, but stable changes for the better. Slowly I began moving without assistance and dress myself.



So, in half a year I returned to a normal human life, and now I'm finishing up treatment. I can't believe myself that my horror is over and everything turned out so fortunately. To cure such serious and terrible disease without surgery is really a miracle!

When I returned to a normal life, I came to my city and specially went to show the result to our doctors, in which they hadn't believed. They only raised their hands. And can you imagine, none of them even asked about how I achieved such results. Even though all of them once yelled that it would be impossible. Here is this knowledge, just introduce it into medicine. It may help to so many people! But no, their pride doesn't let it... I will be grateful to Igor Mikhailovich to the end of my days for everything that he did with his golden hands! And how many people did he put on their feet. When I came here, I saw a lot. People came here really with the last hope for recovery. And even those doctors and professors bring their kids and grandchildren here.

I even flinched at the mention of the name of the chiropractor. "Is it really... No way, it can't be!" – I thought, getting lost in guesses. All inside of me strained and turned into a sole ear. Then the line buzzed in a new wave.

– Yes, he is a man of a big soul! – said another woman.
– People say that his great-grandfather also was a famous chiropractor in Orlovsk region. They say that he was a man with a gift from God, and diagnosed disease unmistakably.

– Our doctor is also very strong, he looks as if with X-ray. I had a dislocation of the disk and he said right away, "six millimeters". And later I had taken films, and really, everything coincided.

– It is because his hands are especially sensitive. I read in the newspaper that he can find a child's hair, akin to a human nerve, hidden under forty pages of paper sheets. Journalists conducted this experiment. "This is the same – he said, – as to find the exact place of the strangulated nerve and to release it by manipulations of hands".

– Thanks to God that there is such a man. Thanks that



He led us to him, – the woman, who was talking about her granddaughter Anna, crossed herself.

– And you know, last year, I had osteochondrosis that he treated, – an old woman with white, grey hair said. – And this year, I lifted a heavy weight and again disrupted my back. It was so painful that I have not slept for two nights. I had a gnawing pain and fainted because of it, as I completely ran out of power. And our chiropractor came up to me in a dream, touched me on the head and said: “Don’t be afraid; now you’ll feel better and tomorrow come to me. Everything will be all right”. So, what do you think, I stood up in the morning completely different, even the pain slightly let go. Now, I visit already for a third time and I feel completely revived. Otherwise, I just couldn’t find a place for myself... But what’s strange is that in the dream he had hair down to his shoulders, as an angel, and his eyes were so kind...

– Yes, he has an unusual color of his hair, such a blond color is so rare.

– What would we do without him? Really, probably, God sent us an angel.

After these words, the very decrepit old woman, up to this moment dozing on the edge of a bench, unexpectedly for everyone, squeaked:

– Not an angel but an archangel.

She again submerged into her drowsiness. This unspeakably surprised the whole crowd. Finally some miner, judging by the black edging around his eyes, didn’t fail to speak:

– I don’t know what kind of angel or archangel he is, but he is a great man! He put me back on my legs, though I don’t believe in God.

– I also didn’t believe, – remarked a tough old man. – Thirty years I had the Communist Party membership card, and now look... – he pulled out a cross on a string and showed it to the crowd, – I have this cross. And all this happened after one case. I will never forget it... That memorable day, I had to go to the shift. While the night before this I had seen our Igor Mikhailovich in my dream who said: “Tomorrow come to



visit me, don't go to work. If you'll go, you won't come back". Well, before that I was receiving treatment from him, but then I had a break in treatment. I woke up in the morning and my back was hurting. Well, I think, it probably ached at night; that's why I dreamt of him. I got ready to go to work, and then I thought, why should I go? I will need to lift heavy weights. How can I do it? If I do a few samples there, my back will be collapsed. Well, I decided to go to the chiropractor and obtained leave permit. Can you imagine, that day there was an explosion in blast furnace and almost my entire brigade perished. And if I had been there, as I stand next to the blast furnace hearth, I wouldn't be here now. So, how can all this be understood by a common mortal? I wanted to talk about this to Igor Mikhailovich, but he put his finger to his lips, making a hint to keep silence. And that's all... And how can I not start believing in God after this?

– Oh, you know, a similar incident happened to our neighbor, – said a woman around thirty years old who had joined the conversation. – He, by the way, gave me the address of the chiropractor. He was receiving treatment one day. And last year, our neighbor appeared under the tumblehome. Remember, if you are local, that explosion at the mine? So, he was buried back then under the support. As he told: "I was laying alone in the darkness, buried by rock. I was terribly afraid of being buried alive. I had already bid farewell to life, with all my relatives. Suddenly I saw before my eyes, as if from the fog, the figure of our chiropractor appeared and he said so calmly with his melodious voice: "Don't be afraid, don't be afraid. It's too early for you to die. I will stay with you, until you are saved..." And when he came back to consciousness, he said he was already being pulled up by rescuers. So he survived alone out of the entire crew. After that case, the man completely changed. He stopped drinking, started to believe in God. His wife together with his kids can't stop rejoicing. He became a really nice guy!

Meanwhile the line moved ahead. In front of the crowd someone came out in a white smock. I was so surprised that



my bag almost slipped out from my hands.

– Sensei, – I silently whispered, and already in the next instant yelled at top of my voice. – Sens...oops, Igor Mikhailovich!!!

Sensei turned around and, on seeing me, gave a sign, so I would come up. I hardly squeezed through the crowd. My heart was beating fast in my chest. Having greeted me, he asked:

– And why are you here? What happened?

– Well, my mother has problems with her back...

We moved off to corner, where Igor Mikhailovich lighted a cigarette.

– My father's general gave us this address, – I let out all the “state secrets” in a single breath. – He even gave us his “Volga”.

Sensei glanced at the cars.

– Ah, Alexander Vasilievich. How's he doing?

– Well, as he said to my dad, he has no problems with motion already for two years.

– Alright. And what happened to your mother?

I began telling everything in detail actively gesticulating with my hands from excitement. Having listened to me, Sensei pronounced:

– Alright, take your mum, and follow me.

I ran up to my mum with joy and said that Igor Mikhailovich will take us out of order. My mother was happy, of course, but she was very surprised. She got up with difficulty and we returned with her to the chiropractor.

– This is my Sensei, Igor Mikhailovich, – I introduced him to my mother with indescribable pride.

We walked deep into the house, filled with people waiting. In the waiting room stood a trestle-bed, and in the corner there was a small icon with a lit lamp. I helped mother to undress to the waist and to lay down on the trestle-bed. And, walking out of the room I saw how Igor Mikhailovich inclined above mother's back, palpating her vertebra with his hands. Already being behind the curtain in the neighboring room, I heard the voice of Sensei:

– Yes, you know, here is a serious problem, a dorsolateral prolapse up to seven millimeters in segment L4-L5 that's causing stenosis of the intervertebral foramen. As a consequence, it leads to a compression of spinal root.

– Can you explain it more simply?

– Simply saying, it's a herniation of the disk. As a result of the destruction of the disk, its sequestrum, in other words, small pieces of this disk dropped out into the spinal canal towards the spinal foramen and are pushing on the spinal root. That's what caused these pains... This, of course, is a serious problem, but curable.

Behind the thick curtain I heard a light crackling of vertebra and a few unusual claps. In a few minutes Sensei called me, so that I could help my mother to get dressed. Having agreed on the next visit, we bid farewell and slowly walked towards the car.

– How are you? – I asked my mother.

– It's all right, – she replied.

When we were driving home, the entire way I couldn't calm down thinking about Sensei. I considered him to be whoever: physicist, chemist, philosopher, historian, orientalist, physiologist. But an ordinary chiropractor, that was too much! Well, even if not an ordinary, but pretty famous... And still, with his inconceivable potential of knowledge, with his phenomenal abilities and, in the end, with such unusually pure human moral he could become a prominent scientist, politician or whoever, taking up by his level of knowledge higher ranks of society. But what is he spending his potential for?! And if it weren't the argument in favor of my mother, my mind would have kept rebelling longer.

At that time, driving out of this god-forsaken place by pass roads, we drove past a shabby, half tumbledown church, evidently built before the revolution. My thoughts switched to thinking about the eternal, about God, about faith, about the Great. And suddenly a thought flashed across my mind: "Sensei really helps people! Because with his hands he cures thousands of bodies tormented by pain, thousands of souls



seized by sorrow, restoring people's health, faith, and joy of life... God, that's how acted all the Great! Because each one of them went to people with open soul and performed good deeds. And Sensei one time mentioned about... Can it be that he...? Oho!"

I feverishly began remembering all the moments, supporting my guesses. And coming back home, read again in my entire diary everything concerning the personality of Sensei. Yes, the fact that he is a chiropractor supplemented my main missing link in my logical chain in proving it to my own mind. "Because the most important that he cures the bodies and souls of different people. And consequently, speaking with such a huge number of people, each of them with his concrete destiny, problem, pain, he knows much better than all politicians the intentions of common people, their attitude towards life, as well as their spiritual level of development. It's not possible to imagine any better profession for the earthly life of Bodhisattva". These discoveries caused even a wave of small ants on my skin while my solar plexus began tickling with its spiral waves.

But as soon as my agitated thoughts began to calm down, my common sense hurried to take up a vacant place. And on the other hand, I thought, "Why did I exalt him so much? Maybe, all this is just my imagination. I got tired, worried too much, had heard in line the different conversations and, here are those hasty, fantastic conclusions. Alright, he helps people, he has a talent for this and abilities, so what? Simply, he is a good professional, as that woman from the line said. That is all. By appearance he is a common man, with a common face that looks like all other human faces. His appearance does not differ from others. He is the same like everybody..."

And here I noticed that the deeper I developed my common sense theory, the more something bad appeared in me, some kind of anger or something, some kind of dark envy that Sensei possessed such talent and abilities, and I didn't. And here, my thoughts became so dark that I even got scared of myself: "Stop, stop, stop! Who is creating a storm in a teapot? Comrades, it



isn't me! Can the soul really think so badly? No. It is kind by itself. Where did all this filth come from? It is not my opinion. Some kind of fixed ideas, thoughts which impudently keep coming back again and again, and they awaken in me anger and hate... These are the instincts of the animal nature!" And here I completely got angry with myself and thought: "I am fed up with them! For how long can I keep being a dumb, stubborn beast?! I had enough, simply had enough. If I continue like that the whole life will pass in evil intentions and vanity..."

Then I was visited by another thought: "And maybe because of our blown-up egocentrism, we don't notice what wonderful chances Destiny grants us. And for the soul, wandering through the centuries in darkness, maybe, such a chance occurs only once in a thousand years. Who knows, what we don't see because of our envy and anger. God, why are we so blind? Why do we start really valuing something only when we lose it? Why do we praise the Great only after their death?"

Christ was crucified because of somebody's blown-up megalomania and our gregarious egocentrism. And what a Great Man He was, how many good deeds for human souls He could've done. If he were alive and people opened at least a little their hearts, maybe human civilization would've made such a jump in its evolution that we, their descendants, would already live in a real, united, free society, without borders and government, without violence and terror, in a world of harmony. But no, even during the life of Jesus only few people really valued Him. But the majority, probably, was envious of him, gloated and upbraided Him with their animal vanity, with rottenness, with hate and indifference. But after His death everybody started to believe in him right away!

Even if to take simply our contemporaries, the prominent individuals. When are they all being acknowledged? In general, after death. It is only after their deaths that people speak well about them, even those who, during their life, did many mean tricks. However, probably in their thoughts these people are glad that their rival has died. That's an authentic animal nature.



When we wake up finally, when will we be thinking with the soul and not with the body? Because then the whole world will change and will become completely different! I just want to yell this to the entire world. But what for?! I shouldn't yell but instead do something, and change myself. And not permit these parasites to enter into my consciousness or mind. Yes, if only this would be understood by the majority then, maybe, we would've learned all together to value and respect those geniuses, who are so rarely sent by nature to the world! As one great classic stated: "Mother-nature, if you didn't send such people to the world, the field of life would've died".





On the next day, during our trip to the spiritual training, I have been telling the guys all the way long my great news that our Sensei is the famous chiropractor, and what I had heard and seen while visiting him. For them it also was a big surprise. On our secret glade, almost everybody had already gathered. Sensei, having greeted us, politely asked me how was my mother doing.

— Thank you, a little better. She has a strong pain still, of course. But today, she slept at least calmly last night.

— This is good. That's all right, she will slowly recover her health.

I didn't even have a slight doubt in this. And for the most part, I was very happy that everything turned out exactly this way. I could wish for my beloved mother a better doctor. Now my soul was calm.

— And you know, — my person continued, — I was so surprised, having seen you. I thought that chiropractic was practiced only by some dilapidated old man and woman.

— Many people think this way.

— Why is that so?

— Because in chiropractic real knowledge and experience comes with years, and that's why mostly at old age.

I noticed that none of the senior guys, including Nikolai



Andreevich, was even surprised by the word “chiropractor”. They probably knew about this a long time.

– Tell me, – I continued, looking with admiration into his eyes, – Can spinal diseases be cured with the help of faith?

– Faith is capable of moving mountains, not just cure some spinal problems. But few people have true faith.

– Why?

– Doubts gnaw, our animal nature suppresses. That's why for a human to acquire true faith is very hard. Although for a soul dominating in the mind, it is very simple.

– Well, and if a human simply blindly believes in his recovery or in the recovery of those close to him, will be treatment faster?

– Of course. And not just faster, but a lot lighter and more efficient.

– I apologize, – Nikolai Andreevich joined the conversation.

– I have long wanted to ask you, why did you choose exactly this profession?

– Well, what should I say? – answered Sensei. – Just like any man, when I needed to choose a profession, I began to think. You wil agree with me, what can be better in the world than to restore people's health and what can be more complex in an body than the spinal cord, perhaps only the brain... What is the spinal cord? Take a look at a picture of its nervous plexuses – it is a real “tree of life”, which goes with its crown to the brain and is connected with roots to every organ of the human. Figuratively speaking, this “tree of life” nourishes the entire body with health. And if, God forbid, it has some kind of disorders, this right away reflects on the work of organs and on entire body as a whole. Because practically more than ninety percent of all diseases appear as a result of the disfunctioning in the spinal cord, from the most insignificant to those that are fatal. Almost everybody has problems with spine during his whole life... The spinal cord, for today, remains for science a mystery of mysteries. And it is, just like the brain, insufficiently explored.

– In general, yes, – pronounced Nikolai Andreevich. –



Honestly saying, I never thought about this... But since it's such an important and complex organ in the body, one needs to possess a considerable knowledge to treat it.

– That's really so. The spine is a very interesting, perfect biomechanical structure. Its treatment is a great responsibility because a doctor has to precisely diagnose, consider information, age, weight and the whole range of various factors, and then take the right decision and calculate the corresponding power and "dose" of impact. Because this is a sort of microsurgery, only without opening. The revitalization going in the process of exploitation should be also taken into account. Chiropractic is a very serious profession. One needs to thoroughly know everything: biomechanics, anatomy, pathology, genesis, morphogenesis, physics, and chemistry of the cell. To put it briefly, one should perfectly know the vertebrology.

– What? – Ruslan asked. – And what is this for a... "brology"?

– Not "brology", but "vertebrology", – Sensei answered with a smile. – It is a science of the spinal cord, which includes all those sciences plus specific knowledge about the spinal cord.

– And what kind of specific knowledge? – Nikolai Andreevich got interested.

– You also need to know the details and techniques of different manual ways of treating vertebral pathologies, osteopathy, chiropractic and so forth. In other words, the experiences of previous generations in the area of chiropractic, because chiropractic is a pretty ancient and interesting profession, – and among other things Sensei added, – and, of course, it means communication with a big number of different people.

I don't know about the others, but I clearly understood exactly that Sensei's last words were the main reason for choosing his profession. I was absolutely sure about it.

Meanwhile Sensei changed the subject of our conversation to meditations. And we started discussing our home results,



and then again tried to work intensively on ourselves,
approaching with tiny steps to our far-away cherished goal:
to become Human.





I noticed that the days started flying by, as if in one instant. I even felt that I did not have enough time for everything. I even stopped visiting a few hobby groups so that at least somehow, I could manage to do everything... Our exercises and trainings continued to gladden me with their novelty and uniqueness. At one of the trainings, Sensei began explaining a new subject:

– Today we'll study and, as usual, partially will learn the style of Tai Qi Quan, considered to be from the soft style of "Wushu". This style originated in one of the most famous monasteries of China, located in the Wudangshan mountains. It is noteworthy that before that the local mountains were called Mountains of Great Stillness. But once a man, whose name was Zhen Wu, flew to heaven having reached Dao (which in Daoism is considered to be the internal divine power and some primordial substance that created everything in the Universe). The mountains were named in his honor.

According to one of the legends, a monk named Zhan Sanfeng lived in that monastery in the twelfth century. One day, hearing an odd sound in the yard, he looked out of the window. The monk saw a crow sitting on the tree and a snake on the ground, both looking at each other. Each time, as soon as crow flew out of the tree to attack the snake that one would quickly turn its head and would curve in such a way



that the crow wouldn't be able to peck her. While observing them, Zhan had an insight: an opponent can be defeated by dodging attacks.

According to another legend, he received this wise hint from Zhan Wu in a dream. As the proverb says, "A saint said, a wise man understood". Having perceived the main principle of martial art, Zhan Sanfeng, after many years of training, developed the "soft style", which received the name of "Supreme Ultimate" (Tai Qi Quan). If to translate it literally "tai" means supreme; "qi" means ultimate; and "quan" means fist.

According to another version, the development of this style is ascribed to another Zhan Sanfeng from Wudang who lived in the fourteenth century, a disciple of the famous master Ho Lung (Fiery Dragon). Of course, there are also other legendary versions of the origin of this style. But the main principle of Tai Qi Quan didn't change and is stated in the following principles: Statics begets dynamics, the pliable overcomes the rigid; the slow defeats the fast, the short defeats the long. In other words, for example, you should respond the sharp attacking movement of your opponent with soft pliancy, in this way amortizing the strike, simply saying, by letting it pass into emptiness. As a result, the opponent loses balance. And then a few grams are enough to overcome the power of a ton. The ancient writings of the masters of Tai Qi Quan say about this style, "Little movements lead to big changes. The pliable overcomes the rigid: make use of power of your opponent; attack suddenly, affecting points".

Tai Qi Quan is similar to a smooth dance. At the highest level of mastery of this style, there are no fixed movements or complexes, only the major principles remain. The body moves as if on its own, performing in dynamic meditation an undefined peculiar dance.

But to reach something big, one needs to start with something small. That's why we'll start with the simplest exercise, "pushing hands". It is done in pairs. Here, it is necessary to slightly touch with the hands, softly, taking



turns to push each other, for the beginners under the known trajectory of movement and for the more experienced, arbitrarily. This exercise develops reaction to the actions of the opponent by foreseeing his intentions. In other words, by “listening” to where he wants to move, you should attempt to trick him by breaking free from his “stuck” hands. With the inaccurate movement of your opponent, for example, if that one moved roughly or lost balance, you, with a light push, cast him to the ground. Movements should be relaxed, but consciousness stays vigilant. Also I’ll show you the corresponding complex of breathing.

These and the following exercises can be used as health-improving gymnastics. Especially for medical goals, Tai Qi Quan is helpful to people who are in a constant nervous stress because these smooth movements with even speed align potentials in the cerebral cortex, protecting it from overload. Moreover, the concentration of thought on movements distracts man from everyday problems, restoring his nervous system. And, of course, gymnastics trains all joints and ligaments. It is helpful for everybody. So, coming back home, you can show it to your mums and dads, grandmas and grandpas, so that they will never be sick.

I want to draw your particular attention to the fact that the ancient masters of the Tai Qi Quan gymnastics insistently demanded from their disciples: “purification, stillness, absence of wrong actions, preservation of purity of heart, restraint in their desires”. In this way, a human not only will defeat his diseases but also will destroy his ego, clearing thus a path to the perfection of the spirit. They were strongly convinced that the Heaven sees “de” (spirituality, love) of man and based on his “de”, he gets a reward. The wisdom of the masters that reached us from the depths of centuries is actual today. Each one of us can use this knowledge to the maximum, and not just for self-defense, but also for the opening of his own internal world, for the perception of the mysteries of nature and the universe. You always need to remember that a human can achieve anything, if the goal is



clearly defined. Well, and now let's proceed to the practical part.

We lined up and the Teacher showed us breathing exercises in "Sticking hands". Then, after individual demonstration of techniques by Sensei, almost everybody in a few seconds landed on the back under laughter of his friends, who found themselves in the same position a few minutes later. More serious fighters, using the wrong techniques, were flying away for three to four meters. Most interesting is that during the first ten minutes we laughed, and in twenty minutes we, already silently, were rising up, groaning. In half an hour of more engaged, really serious work, we completely concentrated on the movement and accuracy of our performance. Nobody wanted to be a clown by excessively falling.

The "speedy guys", including Stas and Eugene, worked especially beautifully. Evidently they had practiced this art for a long time. Their completely nonrecurring, improvised movements were similar to a grandiose dance, full of unpredictable and at the same time rational movements. And if one of them made a mistake, then immediately he flew far away, on the way knocking down a lot of people. Briefly, in order not to harm other people, these guys were moved to the end of the hall, almost at the very exit. But even here Eugene with Stas surpassed themselves. Working in a sparring, Eugene for one second got distracted by the opening door and right away received a powerful blow from Stas, which not only threw him to that unfortunate door, but also placed him before the exit on his knees. At that time, an imposing man of indefinable age, with a stately face similar to that of Ramses, entered the hall. Some kind of eastern fine aroma wafted from him. He was dressed in a stylish coat under which an expensive suit could be seen. "Ramses" looked at Eugene with surprise. But the last one even then didn't get lost and having touched the floor by his forehead, ritually uttered:

– Oh, we welcome you, great Zhan Wu, the most desirable



guest of our tribe!

Then Eugene quickly jumped back on his feet and bowing to the gentleman one more time with the bow of a fighter, turned around and went toward Stas, who could hardly control his laughter.

Sensei, with a smile, came up and greeted the man.

– For long did he practice such form of greeting? – with a strong accent, in broken Russian, asked “Ramses”.

– Don’t get mad at him. He is too young and he always confuses something.

“Ramses” was surprised even more and asked with a slight resentment in his voice:

– Do I really look like a Chinese?

– No, of course, but..., – Sensei continued in some unusual language.

“Ramses” laughed and added something in reply. So, speaking in this melodious, and very pleasant language, they went into the private room for coaches. I paid attention that the guest walked the same way as Sensei.

As soon as the doors shut behind them, Stas couldn’t keep it and laughed, right away receiving in return a punch from Eugene. Having fallen with a rumble on the benches, he just couldn’t stand up for five minutes, rolling from his laughter attack. Maybe, together with Eugene, they would’ve kept laughing like that till the end of training, but the senior sempai, who was responsible for discipline in Sensei’s absence, showed them a fist and the guys quickly hushed up that business by getting back to work.

I was strongly bursting with curiosity to find out who that mysterious guest was. But my attempts to inquire the senior guys weren’t successful. They clearly let me know that they don’t interfere into Sensei’s business.

In thirty minutes, closer to the end of training, “Ramses” and Sensei came out of the room, confirming something on the way with a smile. They bid farewell as old, good friends, warmly shaking each other’s hands. After the departure of the mysterious guest, Sensei, with the same



easiness switched to the Russian language and, as if nothing happened, started explaining the guys' mistakes he'd seen. His mood has clearly raised.

At home I wrote down, as always, everything most interesting in my diary. The visit of this unusual foreigner raised in me many unanswered questions. And I decided to leave this mystery to an undetermined "later". As Sensei used to say: "There is nothing mysterious on Earth, which one day won't be revealed". With such an optimistic forecast of the future, I continued to be an observer.





t spiritual lessons we polished old meditations. Everything was as usual only Nikolai Andreevich was absent almost for a week. It was not habitual to him. Finally our psychologist appeared in full health and even in high spirits. He came before the beginning of the training when our merry company together with Sensei, Eugene and Stas was standing on the glade. Nikolai Andreevich's eyes shone with extreme pleasure and delight.

Having greeted everybody quickly, he addressed to Sensei and began telling excitedly:

— Finally we had finished the experiment, everything proved to be true. The results are simply tremendous... This technique of altered state of consciousness, that you gave, in fact, it radically changes the picture of our world, the whole conception of our existence... But I will tell now everything in detail...

Our guys looked in wide-eyed astonishment at an unusual excited behaviour of Nikolai Andreevich. Sensei listened to him attentively smoking a cigarette.

— ...In my opinion, I picked up a more or less suitable candidate. One guy, a full-fledged alcoholic, was treated at our clinic. Two years of boarding school that's all his education. He grew up in orphanage. He was one of those post-war orphans. Army, then a coal mine and hopeless alcoholism, that was



all his life. But when I brought him into the altered state of consciousness he told such unusual things, by the way, he was speaking some old Russian language, that all my colleagues who were present during the experiment were just shocked by his answers. We recorded all that he was saying and brought to a professor, he is a historian, a great expert in this area. The result surpassed all our expectations. Even the professor was surprised. It appeared that this alcoholic spoke the language of pre-Slavic tribes. As the professor told us, there were east-Slavic tribes who lived once. Our guy told amazing details and household trifles of the seventh century. Many of them did not only coincide with the data received as a result of excavation, but even were unknown to science yet. He also mentioned some geographical district and the river Sluch where he said he used to live. And finally he told about some big conflict with someone from Dregovich tribe. All this coincides with amazing accuracy with the available data... You even can't imagine what a great achievement in science it is! But it is necessary to confirm these data some more times for the validity of the experiment. We need to prove it scientifically. Look, I have picked up one more candidate...

— Wait, wait, we agreed with you. I give you an opportunity, you try. That's all — Sensei said firmly.

— Just try to understand me. This is so valuable for the world science...

— I understand everything — Sensei said calmly. — However, we talked not about the world science but about you. You wanted to be sure and now you are sure. But it's not the right time for the world science yet.

Nikolai Andreevich became silent, got calm and uttered:

— Sorry... But the experiment was really tremendous. I was such a zealous atheist but now... It really proves... Why do I say all this, it completely changes most of things ...

— That's good. The main thing is that you understood it.

— Understood?! You are putting it too mildly... It is a complete revolution in my consciousness, it is a significant revolution of mind. Indeed, I'm not only convinced in the verity of your words



but I also believe in you with all my heart and soul!

Sensei smiled and said thoughtfully:

– Once I have already heard it... Ah, yes... exactly. Peter spoke to Jesus the same way before he renounced Jesus three times.

But Nikolai Andreevich insistently began making Sensei change his mind convincing him with the help of „forcible“ arguments. Sensei only smiled silently, and then changed the topic of conversation to meditations.





Spiritual lessons gradually became more and more important for me in my life. Being so simple and accessible at the same time they gradually changed my vision of the world. Some kind of new feelings grew inside of me. I started to perceive everything in another way as if I had opened the other side of reality for myself.

Even the nature, the air which I did not notice at all before, turned into a special material substance which was felt as a light pressure from all directions whatever I did. This feeling was somewhat similar to sensation of water elasticity when you dive into it. But in case with the air everything was much easier. The nature around me became brighter, colors became more rich as if an invisible dust veil had been removed from my eyes.

And the spring was storming outside. It animated grey space of cities with its fresh, salad greenery. The world of nature existed according to its own cycle as if wishing to show greatness and independence from tiny creatures occupying it. This living creature had its own secret of life and death, which was carefully protected during its long existence.

The time spent in trainings and conversations with Sensei flew by so quickly that imperceptibly I came up to a point of preparation for final examinations. But, to tell the truth, I would not like to spend so precious time for it. Though I had realized that examinations and further studies were not trifles,



they were necessary. As Sensei used to say, a human should constantly develop his intellect and enlarge his mind that means to expand his knowledge everywhere and in everything wherever it is only possible, to strive for the knowledge of science. Because the human comes mature to God exactly through the knowledge, and namely the knowledge of himself and the world around him.

At spiritual and common trainings Sensei continued to surprise us with his personal example, with broadness and depth of his knowledge. During common trainings he mostly taught those skills which our brain perceived easily, as they say, without any shock. They were strikes, techniques from different styles, health-improving gymnastics, which were shown in his narrations from the various points of view: medical, strategic and philosophical. And at the additional trainings we were lucky to contemplate his mysterious demonstrations in greater extent when most of people were leaving. But once there was an incident.

During one of the trainings when most of people were practicing strikes in pairs Sensei was standing right next to us and showing Andrew a difficult strike with a hook. It is necessary to note that that day the Teacher was a bit thoughtful, absorbed in his ideas. Unexpectedly he stopped his movement and turned back abruptly peering worriedly into the opposite side of the hall. Volodya and Victor were sparring there. But their sparring was a little bit strange. Volodya conducted an aggressive and rigid attack. He attacked his sparring-partner dexterously and quickly by hands and legs. Meanwhile Victor was somehow perplexed and hardly had time to beat off missing strikes more and more often. Sensei sharply clapped his hands having shouted "Yame!", that means "Stop!" But Volodya was obviously captured by passion of sparring and did not hear him though the rest of the crowd turned to Sensei at this call. And then something happened.

Sharply waving his hand Sensei made a movement in the air simulating a blow. At the same instance Volodya flew aside with such a force and along such a trajectory as if Sensei stood near



him, and not near us. All we were astonished by what we had seen. Silence established in the hall. It is necessary to say that the Teacher interfered right in time. If only Volodya had hit him one more time, Victor would be in trouble. Writheing with pain poor Victor tried to restore his breath by a special technique used after dangerous strikes which Sensei gave us once at additional lessons. Meanwhile Volodya having flown about five meters by head over heels also tried to come to himself after an unexpected flight. He was strenuously rubbing the place where I think Sensei's blow would strike if he had been standing next to Volodya.

Everything happened in a split second at presence of all of the group. Though I saw it with my own eyes I could not believe. My mind was simply impacted in spite of that it seemed to be more or less ready to such surprises from Sensei. In a minute the crowd burst out with emotions. Andrew pulled Eugene by a sleeve without taking eyes from Volodya:

– Look, what was it?

Eugene probably was in a shock, too:

– Wait, offspring, my spirit trembles in me from a queer vision.

Meantime the Teacher changed in his face as though he was annoyed with himself for this negligence. Having come up to Volodya he made a number of gestures above his body. At the same time he was scolding him quickly obviously being indignant at the attack. Volodya answered something shrugging his shoulders and bashfully hiding his eyes. The crowd was exulted being under impression of what they had seen. Sensei was bombarded with questions which he was reluctant to answer.

– What kind of a blow was it? – the guys asked eagerly.

– Well, how to say it – the Teacher said with a sigh. – It is connected with mental energy of a person. There isn't anything worth of your attention. It is only one of the steps of spiritual development in martial arts.

– So, we can learn it, can't we?

– Certainly, maybe, you can if you will be patient.



Sensei quickly continued the interrupted lesson for hushing up this incident as it seemed to me. The training finished for the majority of people present with an increased contents of adrenaline in their blood and corresponding optimistic forecasts concerning their future.

Unlike the others our company silently observed the agitation. Because we were sure that at additional trainings Sensei will not avoid our direct questions.

Before the additional training the mood of the Teacher has been improved a little bit. And his good mood was a good sign. The senior guys hastened to take an advantage of it. During the additional training they just tortured Sensei with inquiries to "contemplate personally" something like that. At the beginning Sensei laughed the matter off but then he agreed under their pressure to show the so-called „saving screen“. He told us first to find some objects for ourselves.

We ran to the room used for sports stock and armed ourselves with what we could find there. The guys grabbed poles and basketball balls. Andrew even took his nunchaku. I thought for a long time what to choose. And at last I decided to take a tennis ball. As it seemed to me if Sensei will fail and this object will get into him it will not hurt him. But Sensei has never done any mistake in his actions before. And this fact inspired especial respect to his abilities.

When we „armed“ ourselves, Sensei stood 7 or 8 meters away from us. Having concentrated he lifted hands forward and placed them slightly to the sides. In turns we started to throw various objects into him as strongly as we could. It was fantastic but no matter how hard we tried, all objects simply missed Sensei changing the trajectory of their flight in the distance of half a meter from his palms. Victor, Stas and Volodya decided to go around Sensei for trying to throw the objects from behind. But Sensei even didn't change his position, he only opened his hands wider to the sides. To put it briefly, we experimented a lot but all the objects missed Sensei.

I haven't understood whether all of us became cross-eyed or there really was some invisible powerful wall around him. My



mind resisted to the last reason and was indignant trying to prove that it could not be. And this conclusion forced me to try throwing the tennis ball again and again. Now I was throwing it without any pity into this invisible wall to be convinced for a second that an obstacle really existed there. I think all other guys also had similar feelings because their passion gradually changed into confusion.

In my opinion Sensei again began to turn from a usual person into a supernatural creature. And my head really started to go crazy from all this improbable plausibility. Meanwhile Sensei "has removed the screen" and began to explain the principle of its action bringing this way the logical work of our consciousness to a normal natural rhythm. And then I noticed that while listening to Sensei some signs of envy (this animal essence) began to slip into my head again. First it happened accidentally and then they got stronger and stronger. Then some doubts rose in my head though Sensei explained everything in a simple and understandable way especially as it was based on what we had just seen with our own eyes.

At last I have caught myself on idea that while listening to Sensei talking about spiritual opportunities I was thinking dirty thoughts with inflated mania of my own egocentrism. "Wow! – I thought. – With such an underlying reason of egoism all valuable knowledge will pass by my ears. My mind will choose out of the words of Sensei only those ones which are necessary for the animal nature instead of the spiritual one. So, it means I will never succeed... So I need to concentrate on good... This knowledge is necessary for me only for the good purposes for learning my essence. I do not want to cause with them any harm. Let all people live in peace and Love. I do not have any evil and envy to them absolutely. All of them are good and worthy their lives. The main thing for me is perfection of my soul". Adjusting myself this way I began to listen to Sensei more attentively. At this moment the conversation has already gone to the blows on distance.

– ...this blow is very powerful – Sensei said, – mental forces of the person are involved in it.



– And how is the blow itself committed at such a distance?
– Stas asked.

– Basically, the distance is an illusion therefore in your understanding it acts like a projection of a blow. And in fact, there is a little bit another type of physics, that is space and time are compressed. Therefore a person who delivers such a blow like a person who really receives it feels direct physical contact.

– Does this knowledge come from “Belyao Dzy”? – asked Victor.

– Yes. This is a special technique of „Lotus“ from the Art of the “Punishing sword of Shambala”. People of Shambala knew and still know this Art... Once a very long time ago Masters of „Lotus“ came out to our world rather frequently. They perfectly knew not only the “Old lama” style, but also knew the Art of the “Punishing sword”. Such a Master could gain a victory over the whole army. Till now in the East there are legends about Warriors who appeared from nowhere and left to nowhere. But in the area where they stopped, they enjoyed great honour and respect among local population as far as better protection for peaceful inhabitants could not be found. These Masters possessed energy power which is much more serious than any modern weapon. For people who don't have knowledge of this Art to receive such a destroying blow from nowhere is more than awful.

Time passed and necessity of coming out of such Masters disappeared. But certainly it does not mean that the Art of the “Punishing sword” vanished. In the gate of Shambala there is a specially trained person who carries out decisions taken by the council of Bodhisatvas. If you remember once I told you that Shambala will never allow somebody to capture all the world or to use spiritual knowledge to harm the mankind. So this Master realizes such decisions without leaving his cell. For this purpose it is enough for him to be in a special state of consciousness and to wave the “Petal of lotus”, that is a special ritual sword somewhat similar to a short Turkish saber. By the way the name of the Art of the “Punishing sword of Shambala” appeared because of the sword.



Evidences of activity of this Master occasionally can be found in modern world. Mysterious cases of some deaths are still remaining a secret not only for pathologists. For example, in the process of autopsy it is found out that heart is cut precisely into halves as if a sharp object was used for doing it but the skin and nearby organs are not injured. Or there were „inexplicable“ cases when in the presence of numerous guards a body was cut into pieces as though from a sword and the clothes were undamaged. It doesn't matter how thoroughly a guilty person had been protected with the help of the newest perfect technologies or the whole army, he can't evade this penalty. It is an original cause of fear before Shambala for all tyrants. Therefore people searched and continue searching for contact with it because they know, no matter how powerful and authoritative they are, they are powerless before Shambala.

Sensei broke off and it seemed to me that his words still echoed in my ears. All the guys stood in thoughtfulness maybe because they were also shocked by everything they heard the same way as I was shocked. Nobody dared to break silence hoping that the Teacher will add something else to this unordinary information. At last, Volodya lost his patience and spoke in a bass:

– This Master of the “Punishing sword” probably should have a force similar to an atomic energy if distance does not matter for his blows.

– Atomic energy in comparison with this force is only a children's toy. The mankind is far from knowing its real abilities and real forces because of the prevalence of the animal nature...





fter such a training our emotions concerning the things we had heard and seen stormed not for one day. Thoughts about our abilities did not give a moment's peace. We wished to reach everything at once. So for the next few days this optimistic mood came out in assiduous trainings of body and mind. And when time of the next spiritual lessons came we simply showered Sensei with different questions. Looking at all our excitement the Teacher said:

– Guys, this distant blow and all effects of Qi energy and as you name all those „miracles“ which I show you, all of them are trifles not worth of real attention. True force lies in soul. This is the thing which is necessary to develop, learn and admire it. Divine Love of soul combined with mind of the person is a true Miracle. And all that you saw is only a by-effect of different levels of spiritual development. It is nonsense, you should not stick to it.

– But why is it nonsense? – Nikolai Andreevich said. – In fact, miracles generate belief.

– Yes, they do. Miracles generate belief. But let's understand what kind of belief. What happens to a person when he sees miracles, that is those inexplicable phenomena for his brain. First of all, it powerfully shakes his mind. The mind simply begins to go beyond the limits as it does not have the information



to explain the given phenomenon. And as far as our brain has got amazing mechanisms of self-preservation and self-defense, the protective factor of our brain, its compensatory functions, are immediately activated. Using the language of physiology, zones of brain and groups of nervous cells can't join mental activity to their full extent. And there is an important point. If the animal nature prevails in person, this person internally starts to ignore the given fact of existence of such phenomenon. He shifts the blame for everything on unreality of an event, any tricks or he obtains a desire to learn all these unknown things for the sake of his own mercenary interests of megalomania satisfaction.

The person who has got these two natures balanced begins to go from one extreme to another. It means that today he „blindly“ trusts all this, but tomorrow he starts to doubt, the day after tomorrow he starts to doubt his doubts again and so on. To put it briefly, there is an active struggle of two natures on the field of his mind.

And inside of a person whose spiritual nature prevails on the basis of belief grows the spirit of research of the given phenomenon, grows the knowledge of own abilities and secrets of nature for the sake of this process of knowledge, for the sake of perfection of the soul. His initial fear of mystery of phenomenon given is muffled and during the process of learning it completely disappears and transforms „blind“ belief into knowledge, that is in true belief.

In fact, guys, why do I show you all this? I do it to observe your thoughts, the level of prevalence in you of your animal nature in relation to the spiritual one. And the most important thing is, for what reason do I spend so much time on explanation of each phenomenon? I try to give a hint to your mind to put away your complex of material life. I try to make you think about eternal secrets of nature, about your obscure soul, about God. In fact, the more you learn yourselves, the closer you are to God, to those eternal, unshakeable and everlasting things.

**What is your physical life comparing to the Universe?
It's nothing. In comparison with the Universe and**



planets a human practically does not exist. His life is an unreal reality, just an instant in a thought of God...

– How can it be? – Eugene did not understand.

– Well, someday I shall explain you it in details... **Your bodies exist in the closed time cycle where you, that means your soul, have all conditions for absolute maturing. But you should realize it with the help of your mind and join your soul in common aspirations to cognize it. Then your life will acquire true sense.** Because your ripened soul but not those ashes of material bodies which it changes during the development is valuable for God, for the Universe as a whole...

So, the true belief arises from knowledge. And knowledge comes through a word, through belief of your mind in the reality of the occurring phenomenon. And miracles, in fact, are only some kind of testing of an internal level of individual development. This method of testing was used in their terrestrial practice by those who possessed factual knowledge of science “Belyao Dzy”... Though we have a unique enough person Satya Sai Baba. He decided to turn people to God with the help of permanent demonstration of real miracles.

Nikolai Andreevich thought a little:

– It’s a familiar name... Was it he who was shown on TV rubbing Gorbachyov’s head by his foot and blessing?

– Right! – Sensei grinned.

– He was called an incarnation of God on the Earth... an Avatar.

– Avatara – Sensei corrected. – But generally „avatara“ is translated from Sanskrit as „fall“ or „descent“.

– Yes, Avatara. They said Avatar takes a human body to lift the development of the person a step higher, to bring him into a new century.

– Absolutely right. “If you want to rescue a drowning man, you need to jump into water, that is to be incarnated”, – as he likes to repeat.

– And who is it? – our company asked with curiosity.



– Well, Sai Baba is a great soul. And as human civilization is now at the point of global changes in reassessment of its spiritual level of development and the events following after these changes, Satya Sai Baba decided also to make his contribution. He was going to surprise the world with miracles. Satya Sai Baba was preparing for this mission for a long time, he was developing the theory of influence of miracles on spiritual development of people. First, he predicted in the Upanishads his threefold incarnation in the epoch of technics. And then when time came he began to check this theory in practice. So he reincarnated to Sai Baba in the village of Shirdi in 1872 in India. All his life he performed miracles, read thoughts, could overcome distances, take any material form and so forth. He died in 1918, having informed before death that he will come back to the Earth again in eight years in the south of India.

And it happened so. Satya Sai Baba was born in 1926 in Puttaparthi, a small remote village in the south of India. In 1940 he was proclaimed Avatar. And he performs miracles up to now. When time will come for him to leave he will reincarnate again as Prema Sai. Also he has already predicted not only the exact date and the place of the following incarnation between the cities of Bangalore and Mysore, but also the names of future parents.

– They say on TV that he can levitate, simultaneously appear in different places, and what is the most interesting, he can materialize an enormous quantity of anything you like from a brilliant to cookies, is it true? They say he just pulls them out of the air. Or is it a „gossip“ again? – Nikolai Andreevich asked.

– No. It is really so.

– But it is unreal!

– It is absolutely real. But his main mistake lies in demonstration of miracles, things which are still mysterious for mankind. Those who saw his miracles are surprised and start to think them over and those who did not see just laugh at him and consider all this to be a trick. And the last ones unfortunately belong to the majority. But he certainly carries



out his mission honestly and I wish he could help as many people as possible at least to wake up. And nevertheless the true enlightenment of soul comes through a word.

– Is he a real God? – Ruslan asked.

– You know, people ask him this question very often. And the answer is simple enough and true. As Satya Sai Baba used to say: “You are God, too. The only difference between me and you is that I know that I am God and you do not know it”.





At the next training the sports hall was so overcrowded that there was not an inch of room. Judging from places where the beginners came from, probably the news about energy blow had spread not only over our city. We had never trained in such a mess. Andrew with Kostya began to express their indignation about this crowd of people which suddenly overflowed „their“ sports hall. But the senior sempai quickly put guys down having reminded them that recently they were exactly the same beginners from a crowd and no one objected to their practicing here. Also he reproached them with words of the Teacher that **it is necessary to respect aspiration to knowledge of another person, instead of attacking him at once with bayonets of your own egocentrism.** After that the guys were ashamed, kept silence and during all the training did not utter any evil word. As for Andrew, he probably decided somehow to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the senior sempai and even diligently began to help the beginners in mastering movements which were new for them.

When people were practicing techniques of optional program someone asked Sensei to go out. At this time me and Tatyana were next to the open door as far as it was very stuffy in the sports hall even with the open windows. Three humble men, one of them was under fifty and the other two were under thirty,



have politely knocked on the open door drawing our attention in this way. As we appeared to be standing nearer than the others they also have politely inquired about the name of our Teacher and the possibility of talking to him. Of course, we did what they asked. And when Sensei came up they started to talk to him about something.

First, I did not pay attention to the conversation, fulfilling my task. But the words I could hear raised my curiosity more and more. These men appeared to be representatives of some religious sect which recently grew in our city as mushrooms after rain. Obviously, having seen the number of young people training in the sports hall, they suggested Sensei together with the pupils to visit their today's meeting in a cinema hall. A free-of-charge presentation of film about Jesus Christ was to take place there. Sensei also politely thanked them for the invitation without promising anything concrete. But their leader, the elder one, it came out later that he was their presbyter, began to ask Sensei leading questions about his knowledge of Jesus and his attitude to His Teaching.

First, Sensei answered politely and laconically letting him know that the training still continued. But the presbyter was not in a hurry to part with Sensei. Every short answer of Sensei met an extremely verbose explanation of advantages of their church, their „true“ view at Teaching of Christ. In ten minutes such a conversation probably tired Sensei because he started to break all their seducing reasons down to ashes with precise arguments, quoting dates, figures and events which, apparently, were even unknown to the presbyter. By this time our curious company has got out of the sports hall to listen what was going on. Eugene and Stas followed us. Then came out Ruslan and Yura who were standing not far from the door.

– ...Would not you like to live eternally in paradise on the earth, in the kingdom of God – the presbyter uttered in a pacifying voice.

– Eternally, on the earth, in paradise?! – grinned Sensei.

– Do not hasten to reject eternal life as an unrealizable dream, – the presbyter interrupted him. – Pay attention to



how your body is created. In fact, you practically know nothing about it. Everything in it is thought over in all details. We have got hearing, sight, taste, sense of smell and touch. There are so many things in the world which bring pleasure due to our sense organs: tasty food, pleasant friendly relations, picturesque landscapes and so on. And we can enjoy this all due to our amazing brain. Do you know that our brain is perfect and it surpasses any computer, any supercomputer?! And do you really think that our Creator wants you to die and to lose all this? It is logical to conclude that He wishes eternal life for His righteous men, doesn't He?

– Happy and eternal life on the earth in a body?! Do you think at all when you are speaking to people? – the Teacher said.

– What an eternal paradise can be in a body? Any body as any biological structure, demands your constant attention. It wants to eat, it is sick, it is tired, it wants pleasures. And you call this matter a paradise and dream to live with its biological needs eternally?! For sure it is an eternal hell instead of paradise!

– Then if you think so, why did God create a human body?

– God created a human body as the most convenient form and protection for maturing of a still weak soul. Even the Bible which you hold in your hands says: “And the LORD God created a man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and a man became a living soul”.

– Right, but the true sense of these words is a bit different,

– the presbyter spoke instructively. – The authors of the Bible while using a word „spirit“ in such context, did not mean intangible soul which continues to live after death.

– Really?! – Sensei was surprised. – How do you know the true sense of these words? Do you know it from that literature and instructions which your leaders of sect present and put into your heads in a ready-made form? Did you think it over yourself? Do you know your leaders personally, do you know their inner world? Did you reflect on why do they need all of this in fact, this unlimited power over you? For them and their special agents...

As Sensei spoke, nostrils of the presbyter dilated more and



more.

– Now we are not speaking about it, – he interrupted sharply Sensei and then probably having come round he softly added: – We say that according to interpretation of the Bible the spirit is a vital force. And when a person dies, this vital force ceases to support life in cells of his body; it is as if light becomes dim when you switch off electricity. When vital force ceases to support a human body, the person – the soul – dies. It is written down in Ecclesiastes 12:1,7; in psal...

– It is written in Ecclesiastes 12:1: “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them”. These words even do not relate to the topic of our conversation. And Ecclesiastes 12:7 only proves what I have already told you: “Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return to God who gave it”, – Sensei quoted by heart. – And if you address to ancient scriptures of different religions you will see that the same eternal truth about development of soul in a body, about its numerous reincarnations in achievement of perfection can be traced everywhere. Read something except of the Bible, for example, the most ancient sacred book of Hinduism „Veda“, end of the second – beginning of the first millennium B.C.; or one of its comments „the Upanishads“ which is being the basis of all orthodox religious and philosophical systems of India; or the Buddhist canon „Tripitaka“; the sacred book of Islam „Koran“, written around 650 A.D.; the sacred book of Shintoism „Nihonshoki“ 720 A.D. or at last the book of wisdom “Zhuangzi”, treatise of Laozi „Daodejin“, works of Confucius written from 6 till 5 century B.C. You will see there a single grain of wisdom which was given in different times by different people for different levels of human formations.

– All religions of the world are from Satan, therefore they are even not worth of our attention, – the presbyter told with a sign of rage in his voice. – Satan influences political forces and promotes occurrence of religions in which people without knowing it worship him instead of God. And only our belief is a



true belief. It is the only way to salvation of the mankind.

– Well, any religion and sect considers their belief to be true otherwise they would not create a separate organization for themselves. But don't you think that it looks slightly egocentric on the part of religious leaders? In fact, they get their knowledge from the same books and simply transform them according to their level of moral perception and their vision of the world.

Your idea that all religions of the world are from Satan is absolutely wrong. Yes, religions were created on the basis of Teachings of great people by people using their point of view and if you want taking their benefit out of it. From the time immemorial religion was a powerful political lever in the world and consequently it rendered huge influence on consciousness of a crowd. Each religion has its own exaggerations, complications and even wrong views. But for many centuries relations of God with the mankind were conducted basically through religion. Though world religions have complicated greatly the knowledge given to people for salvation of their souls nevertheless all of them were based on it. That time only through religion many people could revive belief in themselves, though a „blind“ one but sincere, and they could slightly improve their souls. During those dark times when the consciousness of our society stood at an absolutely low level religion was really the only engine of progress of the mankind.

– And isn't it the same now? – asked one of young „novices“ of the presbyter with interest.

– Now the time of the „blind“ belief passed. Time of global changes came. And the basis of future progress in knowledge of God is the science.

– But how can it be science if it officially rejects God? – that guy asked in surprise.

– It's now considered so wrongly as only a little bit is cognized by the mankind. If science still cannot explain an original source of the electromagnetic field what can be said about it. Its today's level can be compared to a stage of development of a one-year-old child who creeps in the space limited by his parents not to injure himself and learns the world through toys which are



given to him. But it does not mean at all that he does not have any prospect of growth and true comprehension of the present values of the world.

– An interesting definition. And who are these parents in your opinion? – a young interlocutor got interested.

– Everyone has got the only Father. It is God. But beside the parent there are also tutors who look after children and give these toys to them.

– It's even more interesting... And who are these tutors then?

– These creatures are called differently. In Christianity they are called angels, archangels who are next to God and take care of people. In the East they are perceived more realistically and are called Bodhisattvas from Shambala...

– My brother, you are falling into heresy!!! – the presbyter cried angrily at his „novice“ and already addressing to Sensei, has threateningly added: – you are a deeply stray person. You are absolutely wrong. People can not transform the world and moreover aspire to learning about God through science. Science is intrigues of devil who convinces people by his discoveries that God does not exist. Satan covered the world with a net of technologies to catch a person, to blunt heads with TV and devilish literature and to make a person worship only him as today he is the Prince of this world. And only the word of God written down in the only sacred book, the Bible, is true and right. And only through it you can learn God...

– Yes, in your instructed interpretation, – Sensei grinned.
– How can science come from devil?! You are fooling people's heads with this nonsense. Devil can't give anything to people at all. Can you imagine who is God and who is devil? Devil is nothing more than the animal nature which is a part of each person and it generates negative ideas. Even the translation of a word „satan“ comes from Hebrew, where originally this word meant „counteracting“. Manifestation of devil is just what we notice in ourselves, in our bad thoughts. It simply seems to us that we are so good. But in fact look how many times a day in actions and thoughts we awake in ourselves the animal nature,



that is we appeal to devil, not to God. How many times a day we cherish vanity and flesh in our thoughts.

– Devil is not thoughts, it is an awful creature, a beast...

– A creature? That were people who defaced him and presented him as a beast, having made a scapegoat out of him. People are afraid of his attack from the outside. But he is inside of us, he is our integral part. And he strikes a blow out of there where it is not expected, that is from our thoughts. And to defeat devil does not mean to renounce everything in the world. To defeat devil means to defeat your negative thoughts, to put things in order in your mind. As ancient people said, the biggest achievement which every person can reach working over himself is to kill a dragon inside. Did you hear such an expression: "Learn yourself and you will learn the whole world"? All outstanding people came to comprehension of God through cognition of themselves... And God is an omnipresent substance existing everywhere. God is an almighty, united reasonable force. And everything that is given by God is given for good of the mankind. Why, for example, science and technologies are given? They are given to people for collecting information for communication, for exchanging experience without difficulties. They are given for constant development of a person and saving time for every possible versatile cognition of secrets of nature. All this will inevitably result in comprehension of God and the real fact of His existence.

And what do you do? You limit consciousness of people: do not read this, do not do this, do not go there, do not engage yourself with it. People, do not make troubles! Do not follow your mercenary ambitions. You impede the development of human souls, you are throwing it again into the hell of reincarnations...

– Reincarnations do not exist in nature!!! – the presbyter exclaimed being in a rage.

– Brother, brother, calm down, – that guy hastened to interfere into the conversation. – You said yourself that anger is evil.

The presbyter hissed at him but nevertheless pulled himself together and continued the conversation:



– It is necessary for you to read the Bible more and to clear yourself from sinful thoughts because you are a terrible person. Come to us and repent because Satan seized your mind. We shall teach you the true understanding of God, we shall teach you how to save your soul.

With the last words Sensei's face somehow changed and he said calmly, articulating each word:

– Explain me how can a man drowning in a bog save a man standing on the bank of the river?

But probably the consciousness of the presbyter grasped only the first word „explain“ as far as the next three minutes he was trying „to teach“ Sensei with his admonitions quoting different chapters from the Bible.

– ... and if you will take it as a rule to attend our meetings, it will be the most powerful protection against attacks of demons. You will apply pieces of advice which are given at meetings, and it will help you to be saved from Gehenna. Be sure that God will completely compensate everything you will sacrifice for the sake of worshiping him. It is written in Malachi 3:10. For time of the Armageddon will come soon and will destroy the sinful mankind. Only righteous people will remain alive in the world... We should wait with obedience and humility for the day when the Lord Jesus Christ will take measures against Satan and his adherents. It is written in Revelation 20:1-3. And when the last fight of God with Devil will begin...

– Not only that you did not listen to everything I told you, you do not think over what you are speaking about. Just ponder a little, how can devil fight with God? How can you say like that? God is almighty, devil is nothing in comparison with him. Everything including Lucifer serves God. People have just ennobled power of Lucifer for having someone to blame for their stupidity. And Lucifer as any other angel just serves God executing only His will...

These words got the presbyter mad so much that he even did not give Sensei an opportunity to finish his speech and screamed in furiousness:

– When Satan will come, you will be his left hand!!!



And having turned back sharply he went away. The second guy quickly followed the tutor. The first who asked questions loitered a little obviously wishing to listen to the end of Sensei's story. But the second „assistant“ called him and he followed them.

Meanwhile Eugene could hardly help laughing. He said with obvious pleasure addressing to our crowd:

– Yes, yes, have you heard, what a clever person has said? Remember what I told you!

Now we also could not help laughing together with the senior guys recollecting cheerfully Eugene's joke during our first visit to the glade. Laughing, our crowd went to the sports hall and then Sensei thought a bit and said half in jest, half seriously:

– Why exactly the left hand? Is devil really left-handed? I did not notice it.

Our young company looked at Sensei in surprise. The senior guys burst out laughing again together with him supplementing this juicy detail with different jokes. We quickly restored the interrupted work with exercises. After that we trained without adventures.





fter the additional training we went as usual altogether outside and saw the guy, who took part in the conversation between Sensei and the presbyter. He stood near the club. Having noticed Sensei among us he came up to him and inquired politely:

- Excuse me, have you got a minute?
- Yes, I am listening to you, – Sensei said calmly.
- The matter is that our conversation was interrupted...

And I did not have time to ask you some questions which are of great importance for me. You have rather an unusual world outlook, at least I have not heard anything like that. And I feel that your words are not groundless as they coincide to some degree with my concept of essence of things. And if it will not bother you, could you answer some questions?

- Yes, please, – Sensei told with the same politeness.
- These words encouraged the guy. He finally grew bolder and said:

- What is the true belief, a way to God in your understanding?
- The true belief is knowledge. Certainly, there are a lot of ways to God but you can go round winding along the pass repeatedly and you can go straight. So a direct way to God is a way through knowledge and Love.

- And how is this knowledge expressed?
- It is expressed through versatile cognition of the world in



its various aspects: beginning from microlife till macroexistence of space systems; in cognition of yourself both as a biological and spiritual structure and accordingly an essence of things around you. Certainly, **to learn everything is impossible but you should aspire to it. A human should constantly grow in his knowledge, he should develop his intellect. As the most valuable way is cognition of God through your mind when true knowledge, overcoming the animal nature, opens the gate of subconsciousness with the help of a key of Love.** It is an eternal unshakable truth which always existed in days of all highly developed human civilizations ever existing on the Earth.

– Sorry, I have not understood everything. Could you explain it in a little bit more detail?

– In general, it means complete maturing of human soul, a full victory over the material essence that means over devil. In Christianity, in Islam it is called enlightenment, holiness which leads to paradise after death. In Buddhism it is called awakening and coming out of a chain of reincarnations into nirvana and so on. Actually everything is much simpler.

I shall try to explain to you in general. Figuratively speaking it looks like this. We consider that we are that very mind which sees, hears, thinks and analyzes. But actually it is only a small part of consciousness. Let us name it Something. This small Something floats on a surface of an ocean. The ocean is our subconsciousness where all our genetic memory is stored on various depths, conditional and unconditioned reflexes, that is, all our „stored“ experience. But all this concerns our material essence. This is our animal nature. Under subconsciousness at the bottom of the ocean there is some kind of a „gateway“. At last behind this „gateway“ there is soul, a little part of God. This is our spiritual nature. This is what we are actually and what we very occasionally feel in ourselves. The soul regenerates during reincarnations, it gradually ripens through knowledge and Love of our mortal Something as far as Something is connected to soul. But the problem is that this Something is also connected with the ocean. Moreover, from the outside it is more a subject



to influence of the ocean. It is thrown constantly here and there with waves which are various thoughts, emotions, desires and so on. Sometimes it is so overflowed that Something loses its touch with soul and then after a storm again tries to grope it. But when this Something becomes stronger in aspiration to soul, without paying any attention to storms of the ocean and it directs through the thickness of waters into depth to the bottom, having given up fear, then finally it reaches this „gateway“. And with the help of a key of Love it opens this gate joining the soul. Only then a human understands who he really is. He fully realizes Freedom, Eternity and God. Only then the soul is free and goes to nirvana, paradise, that is, into the world where only Love reigns.

– So it turns out that this Something which is our consciousness determines destiny of soul, doesn't it?

– Absolutely right. Everything depends on our choice and on our aspiration.

The guy has thought a little and then said quietly to himself:

– So, real paradise is not in the body.

– The body will never give you paradise as the body is an eternal care and problem. Paradise can be reached only through connection of a soul with God.

– You told that very rarely we feel ourselves being real, those who we actually are, we feel our soul. And how is this divine presence felt? And is it possible to understand with the help of these sensations what paradise is?

– Only that human can understand divine presence who entirely looks at the world through a prism of Love. And to understand what paradise is... Well, for you to have a slight notion of it... If you choose the happiest moment in your life when your true Love comes, when your life storms with waves of happiness and all-embracing joy, all these sensations will be equivalent to a small divine droplet of Love, which having scattered dropped on you. But when a human enters nirvana, paradise, that moment when soul joins God, figuratively speaking, is the same as if a human swims like a dolphin in the ocean of this infinite Divine Love. It is impossible to describe



with words the fullness of these sensations like it is impossible to imagine it in full scope. Unfortunately human mind is limited but in this limitation lies its beauty. Here, in a limited mind an endless Love should be developed.

– Yes, everything is so simple and clear... And you said that it is possible to reach the „gateway“ through Love and knowledge. In fact, people became saint in different times. It was through Love, of course. And what should we do with knowledge? Those times people did not have all the information like now.

– People even now have too little information. But the matter is that when a human reaches this „gateway“, any knowledge becomes accessible for him with the help of it. There are no restrictions there.

– I thought that if I limit my consciousness the way it was told to us in my sect I shall come to God.

– Well, first when you are limiting your consciousness with „blind“ belief you need incredible efforts to resist somehow against „attacks“ of your animal nature. Why? Because „blind“ belief gives the animal nature freedom of actions. At any moment it can overflow all your mind with unexpected doubts and all your belief will fail like a house made of cards. But if your belief is based on the strong foundation of knowledge which allows you to prove in a well-reasoned and thorough way to your mind the real fact of existence of God and by that to bring your animal nature in the corner and to leash it there then you will receive real Freedom and will be able to come to God.

Second, Jesus has never limited His pupils how it is done in your religious sect. Your leaders try to build maybe a small one but an empire of authority based on the Teaching. They force you to kiss their hands, to bow down in front of them. Who are they?! Even Jesus in spite of the fact that He was a Great Soul, He always was a friend for the apostles and if you remember this plot He even washed their feet. He brought to people not an enthrallment of crowd but first of all freedom of a personal choice. He gave people a precept of Love, this very key to the „gateway“. Recollect His words: “Love the Lord your God with all your heart and all your soul, and with all mind of yours”.



This way he showed that high morality, soul and reason are three components for maturing a soul and its union with God... This was told by Prophets of all Teachings for there is a sole source of knowledge. Let's choose Mohammed as an example...

– Mohammed?! Do you think his religion brings us closer to God?

– Religion is created by people already but Mohammed preached the Teaching. And his true Teaching is based on the same knowledge that Christ gave us.

– It can not be true!

– Why cannot it be? Do you know anything about Mohammed?

– I don't know about him but I used to meet in person his full of fanaticism violent followers when I worked as a journalist in hot spots in Afghanistan. And believe me it left in my soul not the best memoirs. I saw what Islam is.

– You did not see Islam, you saw into what the Teaching of Mohammed was transformed by mercenary politicians... And you can find fanatic believers in each religion. Is it possible to judge the Teaching looking only at them? Blind and furious fanaticism is the worst sign of any religion, the worst distortion of any Teaching as far as it completely awakens in the person the animal nature, being covered with a shield of „good intentions“. It is already a manifestation of politics, longing for world domination which is inherent to the rulling clique of each religion... Study the Teachings of Prophets yourself, did they call upon for it? All of them called a human upon for a spiritual developing. They called upon the whole world to be united in sole Love to God, suppressing first of all in ourselves our animal nature, a devil, call it as you wish. As a Human, being in God, can not do evil things.

Mohammed was a very unique person. I advise you to read about his life simply from a human position, without bias and conventionalities. Since his childhood he aspired to self-cognition, and first he was guided by natural human desires. He was a poor boy, an orphan, a usual shepherd. When Mohammed was young, he considered that if he becomes rich he will fully cognize himself. Since he was twelve he began to work as a



caravan escort. In a few years during one of routs he met a wise man who gave him a grain of knowledge and trained to meditate and as a result it radically changed his further destiny. Mohammed began with spiritual practice in order to cognize the essence of God.

In a while his early dream came true. A successful marriage to a notable woman made him rich. And Mohammed understood that richness was not the thing to which his soul aspired. He started to search for this something in authority, but also could not find it there. This fact drove him to an idea of searching the sense inside of himself, inside of his human essence. Mohammed often spent long night hours in meditations and finally they brought him to enlightenment. He understood the sense of internal essence, the sense of existence of all mankind as a whole, he found God – „al-illah“ that means “worthy worshiping” and due to that his soul woke up, having opened a source of true knowledge. Then as the legend says he received revelations from above, from archangel Gabriel or as he is still called in the East – archangel Jibril. Mohammed not only received revelations from him but also became his favourite pupil. Gabriel told him sacrament of the Teaching and secret knowledge. And for the aim of showing truth and depth of knowledge of this Teaching he moved Mohammed in space and time, into the city of Jerusalem where he arranged a meeting with Bodhisattva Issa and his enlightened pupils Abraham and Moses. By these travels in time Gabriel showed him all illusiveness and frailty of a material world in comparison with true knowledge and showed that only God has real force and is worthy worshiping... All this knowledge having sown in his strong soul gave rich fruits. The worthy pupil justified hopes with honour. At that stage Mohammed made for the mankind so much good that nobody else could do.

– And what about Jesus??

– Do not confuse, Jesus was Bodhisattva that means he was already born as God. But Mohammed was a person who managed to awaken divine essence in himself... So when archangel Gabriel considered that Mohammed was prepared



enough, he said to him: "Now you should go to the world and bring this knowledge to people". Mohammed answered: "How can I explain people with words the ideas which I learnt from you by spirit?" "Go and tell them that there is one God and He lights everything up like the sun with His Divine Love. I am like the Moon in the night of human life, I am reflecting light of God and light up the way in darkness of consciousness. And you are as a guiding star showing the way to divine light".

Inspired by this conversation with Gabriel, Mohammed left the cave in which he meditated and the first thing which he saw was a breathtaking picture of nature. In the huge evening sky a young crescent shone dazzlingly and a bright star glowed next to it. In that same instant, he had an insight and he understood how to express this Teaching to people. He understood that God is Love, that God is a permanent action. God does not speak with words. Therefore He communicates with people through mediators, archangels, who bring His will to consciousness of people. But a human himself is free to choose whether to cognize God through his soul or not.

– And what did Mohammed do? Did he give people belief?

– Mohammed gave people not only belief, but also knowledge. Unfortunately for 600 years people have falsified the Teaching of Christ, having transformed it into religion. But Mohammed tried to bring people the lost knowledge again in the renewed Teaching. He told people everything he knew himself without concealing anything. Moreover, if you read history books, what kind of state was Arabia in before the year 610 when Mohammed began to preach? The country was in general chaos of various idolatry and because of its leaders there often rose enmity between Arabian tribes. Mohammed made a great deed. He united militant people, Arabs, into a general brotherhood and in belief in the One above worthy of worshiping. He told about the truth of God, about things that Jesus taught: that God is eternal, omniscient and almighty; that all people are equal before Him. He spoke about immortality of soul, about reincarnation (the resurrection of the dead), about judgment, about punishment beyond the grave for those who create evil



in this world, about necessity to establish justice, mercy and moral duties in relations between people. Due to his wisdom Mohammed managed to lead Arabs out of deepest ignorance and political chaos and to show them the way to civilized cultural growth and the following prosperity.

– Probably it was really so. But what should we do with the “sacred war against the unfaithful”. In fact, Muslim people claim that Mohammed himself preached it.

– During those dark times Mohammed had to deal with wild tribes which understood only force. The word „moslem“ comes from a word „muslim“ which means „obedient“, and by the way, obedient to Mohammed. But not „faithful“. This meaning a word „moslem“ has got much later. So, in those days devoted people were those who were obedient to the Prophet and who followed him spreading the Teaching at other territories of Arabia for transformation of chaos existing there into order. Unfaithful people were people who were not following his Teaching. Mohammed was not only a Great prophet but he was also an ingenious commander and a wise politician. It was not easy to calm down passion of wild militant tribes. Besides Mohammed had to declare “sacred war” against those religious priests who usurped authority and who were not interested in unification of Arabs and especially in worshiping not their Gods. He struggled against those who had mercenary purposes, deceived people with the help of their belief and corrupted human souls. In these actions he is similar to Christ. So, the Prophet struggled for the same purity of belief, as Jesus did, for worshiping the Holy One, for direct spiritual connection of each person with God.

– Well, let's admit that time was dark and tribes were wild. But now so many years passed and some strange “sacred war” is conducted till now. If God is the only one why does the war still continue? How can you understand a person who is wound with explosive around his body and voluntarily goes into a crowd of peaceful inhabitants for death in the name of God carrying away lives of other people with him?

– Because instead of the Teaching which was given by the Prophet, the Moslim got religion, the leaders of which are more



interested in mercenary purposes, personal well-being and political influence in the world than in soul of this Moslem. They convince him that after that „pious“ action his soul will get to Mohammed, to paradise. In fact, it will not get there as the way to God is closed for everyone creating evil. And this Moslem should reincarnate repeatedly and pass again all terrestrial circles of hell to make his soul as clean as it was before creation of evil by this person. These deceived people are victims of religions. But guilty people are those who distorted the true Teaching. This is a victory of devil over any religion.

— Well, I heard that in the Koran there are some „suras“ denying your words.

— In the Koran? Do you know that the Koran was written after death of the Great Prophet. The adopted son of Mohammed (Zaid Ibn Thabit) collected all records of sermons and, pay your attention, he made a certain edition of the Koran in 651. Mohammed himself preached orally. Sketchy records of his sermons and lessons were made by his first followers who partly remembered and partly wrote down the words of Mohammed... But even despite further additions to the Koran during the creation of religion, knowledge which was truly given to Mohammed from archangel Gabriel is kept there up to now. Now scientists are simply struck by the fact that while deciphering some “original parts” of the Koran, they find there real scientific knowledge...

At that moment Tatyana pushed into my side and whispered that she ought to call parents for them not to worry. I looked at my watch and really we should have been at home already. We apologized and ran into the club where the only nearest phone was located. After our long and persistent knocking, at last the door was opened by an old watchman with sleepy eyes. Probably, he had already begun to carry out his professional duties very actively. Having scolded us a little that some strangers hanged around there and he has not got any rest from those people, he nevertheless allowed us to make a call. While Tatyana was speaking to her parents I had time to write down shortly into my diary the words of Sensei. Having warned our parents we



hastened to the exit to join our company. When we came out Sensei spoke addressing to that guy:

– You refer to the Bible as to a primary source with too much prejudice. I understand that you were taught this way in your sect. But you are a journalist, you should be much more curious than ordinary people. The Bible, like the Koran or the Tripitaka, was written by followers. Moreover these books went through numerous changes. It means that they already reflect religious points of view instead of that initial Teaching which was given by the Great. To focus your attention, I shall let myself repeat that literally for 600 years the Teaching of Christ has been greatly distorted and it was necessary to give a new Teaching to Mohammed but as a matter of fact it was the same as Christ taught. But later this Teaching was also transformed by people into religion who left only its form but changed its contents.

– But the Bible and the „New testament“ in particular was written from the words of Jesus by his followers.

– If you had had an opportunity to hear the Teaching from Jesus himself and to compare it to that one which you can read now in the Bible you would find out huge blanks with absence of many knowledge, – Sensei said with bitterness in his voice. – You assert that it was written by the followers but you even do not think how it was done. They were not the first followers, they were followers of followers. The Teaching of Jesus was preached orally for a long period of time. Then lists of sayings of Jesus started to appear. One of the most ancient fragments from the Gospel according to St.John is dated 125 A.D. and the earliest and the most complete manuscript is dated 200 A.D. You can imagine how much everything can be exchanged for two hundred years. One person understood in one way, another person did not understand, the next one concealed something and so on. Moreover in 325 the first Nicene ecumenical council under the direction of the emperor Konstantin out of numerous lists selected and canonized those four Gospels which are included into the New testament now, with the purpose to strengthen the Church and personal authority. Exactly at that time the



Teaching of Christ was completely altered and a powerful lever of authority for managing crowds was made from it. Exactly at that Council the orthodox point of view on corporal revival was authorized under pressure of the emperor Konstantin. All otherwise-minded Christians and the supporters of spiritual revival were declared heretics and subsequently they were pursued and slaughtered all over the empire. Though early Christians professed ideology of reincarnation. And even in the Bible some mentions of it can be found. As a result a natural question arises: why were authorities so afraid of it? Why did Konstantin finally alter the Teaching, having transformed it into religion? What was the reason of that? Because the Teaching gave knowledge which released people from fears of existence in our frail world. Knowledge brought to people true Freedom and awakening of soul. They were not afraid of death, they knew about reincarnation, about things beyond the border. And the most important thing is that they realized that there was only God above them instead of any emperor or bishop. But it was terribly frightening for politicians and churchmen to lose their authority for they were more absorbed by their material interests. The Teaching of Jesus which should have made people Free was transformed into religion and knocked into people's heads on penalty of death. Expansion of Christianity went through violence, crusades were arranged and so on...

Besides, the Bible was rewritten by hand so many times by different people up to 1455 when Gutenberg's Bible was printed. Division of the text into chapters was made only in XIIIth century by cardinal Stephen Lengton. Division of chapters into verses and their numeration was made by a Parisian publisher Robert Stefan who published the complete text of the Bible in 1553 for the first time. I even do not say anything about the fact that in the modern world for example Catholic church considers itself authorized not only to interpret the Bible in any way according to the opinion of Church but also to supplement it.

But, despite of all these corrections and distortions, the genius of Jesus lies in the fact that some of His knowledge, due to initial duality of its sense could reach descendants. That is



why up to now the Bible awakens interest to the Teaching of Christ in people. And because of interpretation of this knowledge „in its own way“ Christianity has been never united and at all times existed as many churches, branches and sects struggling among themselves.

The guy thought a little and then asked:

– Which expressions of Jesus do you think were kept in dual sense?

– Let's take even His most widespread expression frequently used in your sect: “For where two or three are assembled in my name, there am I in the midst of them”. It is not plurality of people as your presbyter asserts. It is integrity of one individual where soul, reason and consciousness are gathered for the single purpose of cognition of God. Or here are other words of Christ, which religious leaders use for attraction to their sect: “No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon”. Jesus meant an individual choice of sense of life: either a human aspires to God, to Freedom or to mammon, that is, to riches, to the material world. Everything is very simple.

– But it seems to be interpreted the same way in our sect.

– Yes, but under the aspiration to God your religious leaders drum into your head that only through visiting their sect and studying their program a person will surely come to God. And actually a person can come to God if he will change himself inside and if he will grow an internal Love and will strengthen enough his belief with knowledge.

Or for example Jesus said: “So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many are called, but few chosen”. Life is given for us to grow spiritually. During it you can make a step forward, that is, to progress or you can make a step back – to regress. Jesus said that if today God has made you the first, that is, a more free person, so He has enabled you to pay more attention to Him, it means that in the previous lives you have deserved it. If you used this life for a regress of your soul then in the next life He will put you in more difficult conditions for you to



realize it. And any person inside if he concentrates on his deep sensations he can feel experience of previous lives.

– You told that in the Bible there are still some mentions about reincarnation. Which ones?

– For example, if you remember in the Gospel according to St. John there is an episode about Nikodemus, one of university teachers, who secretly came at night to Jesus to ask him questions. So, Nikodemus asks Jesus: “How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother’s womb, and be born?” Jesus answered: “Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit”. Besides, there are also such words of him: “In my Father’s house are many mansions”, meaning plurality of existence of worlds.

Christ told his pupils about the law of reincarnations, allowing to understand that the soul regenerates for high-grade maturing. He told about how to save soul and how to reach the Kingdom of God, how to cognize eternal life. He also told that the more spiritually advanced becomes a person, the harder the trial of the resisting animal nature or devil.

– Yes, judging by the Gospel even Jesus was subject to attacks of devil. I always thought, why? How can it be if He were the Son of God?

– Of course, Jesus was the Son of God, He was a strong soul. But He also named Himself the Son of Earth as the Great Soul of Him was embodied in an ordinary body of a human. And the animal nature is inherent in a human body. The animal nature is its integral part. Therefore even Jesus, being Bodhisattva, was subject to „temptation“ of the animal nature of His flesh, of His negative thoughts. He felt the same pain, the same feelings, all the same like an ordinary person felt. So Issa was in the same conditions. And for Him it was thousand times more difficult than to any of you. Because He knew Freedom, He knew God... – It seemed to me that Sensei said these words with an unbearable nostalgia in his voice. Expression of his face changed. – And here, carrying out this mission He finds himself



in a human body with all its problems, with all these thoughts and emotions. With all the animal nature which He had to put in a corner, in the depth of the consciousness and which has to be kept all the life as a dog on a leash, but it damn barks. And your presbyter still tells that it is paradise?! – He poked into himself. – If it is not the hell so what can be worse than it!

After these words it came to a long pause. Sensei lighted a cigarette.

– But why is in the Gospel mentioned only one episode of personal struggle of Christ with devil when He was in desert? In fact, if Christ was put in the same conditions as people were and devil is negative thoughts, it means that these thoughts should have been in Him all his life.

– Absolutely right. But Christ was the Great Soul full of force of Love, therefore He kept all these negative thoughts in Himself under a strict control. And the moment which is mentioned in the Gospel was His fight of thoughts in the field of His mind to consolidate authority of His soul above his body. It was His personal Armageddon which everyone is obliged to pass being born in a body. And Bodhisattva unfortunately is not an exception either... Why has He kept the fast for forty days and nights? Because approximately during this term the body is exhausted, becomes weak and the animal nature finally surrenders. Jesus opened Himself spiritually to let His Soul completely occupy His consciousness. But animal thoughts of the body constantly tempted Him trying to win authority above the mind. They spoke in a hungry body: "If thou art the son of God, command that these stones be made bread". His thoughts answered on the part of his Soul: "...Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God". In this way He emphasized huge strength of mind, essence of a real human, that is, of His soul. Negative thoughts chased Him again: "...If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall uphold thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone". Jesus answered to Himself: "...It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God",



showing thus resistance of Spirit and control over crazy thoughts of a body. And when thoughts of the animal nature tempted Him to own all empires of the world trying to wake in Him the main trump card – hunger for the world authority begotten by insatiable megalomania, Jesus rejected them also by saying: “and to Him alone shalt thou render worship”. And Issa won this Armageddon with honour. He defeated His negative flesh thoughts with the power of His Spirit, with the force of huge Love to God. The Soul of Bodhisattva has completely awakened in Him and He has found himself. Since then Jesus began to carry out His mission, using already in full the knowledge and force of huge divine Love. That is why He created miracles by His belief. He cured sick people, revived the dead. As for this divine force there are no barriers either on the Earth or in space.

In general, during all His further life Jesus had clear concrete division of thoughts of soul and „straddled“ thoughts of a body. Take even words of His body when He prayed in the garden of Gethsemane before Judas's treachery. Jesus prayed, His Soul at this time left his body and the body exclaimed: “O my Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt”. And it was addressing of the body to the Soul as the Soul of Jesus was a part of God and had His force.

Or here is another episode when Jesus was already hanging on a cross, He suffered greatly, He felt all this pain of a body with His Soul. And for not being tempted Issa abandoned His body. When His Soul left the body His mind cried: “Ili, Ili! Lama savahfani?” – that means: “My God, My God! Why did you leave me?” It clearly shows how strongly Issa as the Great Soul owned not only His body but also reigned over His mind.

The guy kept silent a little and then said:

– Tell me please, for a long time I have been tormented by this question, whether it is true or not that we are initially guilty?

– The human is initially free and there is no sin in his deeds. In fact what is a sin? A sin is something that oppresses us inside at the level of subconsciousness, it is something that separates us from God and makes us feeling afraid and guilty.



So it is a natural consequence of an action of your mind after breaching universal moral laws and values. This is a sin. These laws are the code of your honour, your conscience. And if you have broken it yourself you should become better and more pure in thoughts and deeds.

And your religious leaders constantly drum to your heads that you are a slave of God that you are initially guilty. Why? Because they profit if a human all his life supports them financially, paying off his „sins“ which he did not commit. This is a certain psychological trick for a crowd. If you make a person believe that he is guilty, initially guilty, fear begins to grow in him. Your religious leaders use this artificially created fear for absolving your sins immediately, of course till next time.

But a human inherently is not a slave of God he is a Son of God. And Father cannot hate His son, He can only Love him. For God is Love. And Love has and can not have any fear... God gave people freedom of choice. And this is His most valuable gift to people as to His children.

– And what about a legend about the Serpent and that harm which it brought to people?

– This information was greatly distorted. And the legend which has been initially given to people ran the following. When God created a Human, that is a soul, He admired His creation, for it has been created in the image and likeness of Him. A human at that time was not in a body in the world as some religions assert now...

– Why wasn't he in a body if he was created in the image and likeness of Him?

– How can you think that God is a constant material Personality, that is, someone embodied like you and me and at the same time omnipresent?

– Well, other religions also say it.

– What religions?! Study this question more closely. All world religions say that God is the only One, He is omnipresent... God is similar, how to say it..., to energy, magnetic or any other field. This is a single field in which everything exists. God is a mighty



energy of thought which creates everything and appears to be everywhere. But He is not Somebody with a beard sitting on a throne, nothing of that kind... Though if He wishes He can be temporarily embodied in a Human. God created us in His image and likeness but those of us who are inside of this body. A particle of Him, the soul, lives in each of us... A "Paradise" of a Human was in heaven, by the way Jesus also used to say it.

So, the Essence created by God was of divine nature, that is, the soul. It did not know bad things it knew only good things because it inherited divine Love. It is natural that this Essence had huge abilities and there were no barriers for him... Besides God these Essences were loved also by Lucifer, angel of Light, who is the right hand of God. And he said to God: "These Essences do not understand, how much you love them because they know only good". And Lucifer began to assert individuality of a Human, his position as a free Essence for cognition. He wanted that a Human truly loved God instead of that he simply existed in front of God as a plant pleasing His eyes. God „ordered“ to Lucifer: "If you love them so much as I do, teach them this". And God has settled people on the Earth which was specially created for a human with seas, land, plants and different animals. Lucifer created a human body in which God placed a soul, giving birth to two natures: the spiritual and the animal. And power of mind was given by God to a human as he was the Son of God. Mind became a field of fight for thoughts between two natures. It proves creation of a human by God and Lucifer together. It also shows that Lucifer was and remains the right hand of God as he actively participated in creation of a human and actively participates in education of his soul... Thus, Lucifer enabled people to understand and to learn perfectly what is good and what is bad. And God gave people freedom of choice between these two natures. Since then Lucifer takes care of people.

– And why does Lucifer call himself the Legion?

– It is because he acts through thoughts of our animal nature. And as a rule there are legions of these thoughts. Watch yourself. In fact it seems to you that you think only one



thought which is yours. Just try to keep this thought even for ten minutes to check it and you will be surprised how many different unnecessary thoughts appear in your head. This is a legion. Therefore, figuratively speaking, Lucifer is always present in us checking our confidence, strength in Love to God.

The power of thought given us by God is huge. And this force is called Belief. The human having belief can really work wonders. And the proof of it is not only Jesus but also many of His followers and followers of other Great ones who worked and continue working wonders up to now. But the problem is that it does not depend what someone believes in, this force can be used both for good and for evil things. The result which a human gets depends on the side your consciousness is inclined to take. If you are inclined to evil in your thoughts, that is, your material, animal essence gnaws at you, then a great number of problems appear in your life. They appear all the time and everywhere at work, in private life, in your family and so on. These problems gnaw at you. Because evil thoughts take force of your belief and try to lead you away from thoughts about God in every possible way. But if you turn your consciousness to good thoughts, bad thoughts lose this force, become weak and after that we can completely control them. With the help of constant support of positive thoughts in our consciousness the course of our life will become more even. And the most important thing is that a human develops himself spiritually and cognizes the force of Love...

– Do evil thoughts completely disappear then?

– No, they always exist in you but they do not have enough strength to affect you. Figuratively speaking, evil thoughts are waiting for an opportunity when you will weaken your control and they will try to take away your force of belief again. This sharp-sighted Guard of the animal nature lives all your life in your body as its integral part. So, until the soul is in a body these tests of your patience will never stop. But when the soul completely ripens and leaves the cycle of reincarnations Lucifer is also sincerely glad for it as a strict and wise Teacher can be glad for his Pupil. Because the soul has passed all tests with



honour and joined God in its true Love... God is a parent. He is always glad to see successes of His child...

So, our life is a school of soul. Therefore each person being in a body experiences his personal Armageddon taking a part of his winning good or evil thoughts. Therefore the knowledge which is given to people can lead either to Freedom or to slavery. But no one prevents us from our free choice, neither God nor devil. If we choose God we strive to God, if we choose devil we strive to devil. That means that we pave our road either to paradise, to nirvana or we throw ourselves to the hell of reincarnations.

– Well, if a person initially is not guilty then why death of Christ is the expiation for human sins?

– Just think thoroughly about this sentence. What kind of an expiation can it be? In fact if it were true, if only Christ took our sins, then whatever we commit now, everything is already forgiven to us. Is it really so?! All this is nonsense. Each human himself is responsible for his sins before God.

Today the death of Christ was made the greatest secret about which churchmen argue themselves till now. Why did He let crucify himself? Jesus was the Son of God, He was able to destroy the whole planet and not only some group of miserable people, as the force of God was given to Him. And people wanted it to happen when they crucified him, they said, if you are the Son of God come down from the cross. But Christ was not tempted, He allowed to crucify His body. Why? Because **the whole sense of coming of Christ was based not only on the Teaching which He gave people but the most important thing is that everything depended on the choice of people.** As **Jesus agreed to these tortures in order to show clearly the will of God, the essence of which is Freedom of a human choice:** either he will decide to turn to God or he will decide to remain in darkness of thoughts of his animal nature. **That means that Christ brought the Freedom of choice to people. This is the greatest deed which was hidden from the majority of people.** And it is



the biggest sin of Christianity as a whole. For both before Him and after Him people worked wonders and preached about the One above. But people remember only crucifixion of Jesus though the second part of His life in the East when He preached, worked wonders, cured sick people was partly lost in time. In various sources of ancient times, for example in "Bhavishya Mahapurana" written in Sanskrit remained only some mentions about Him as of prophet Issa.

– Did Jesus remain to live in the world? – the guy was sincerely surprised.

– Certainly. Due to efforts of Pontius Pilate the body of Christ remained alive and Jesus had to return to a body. For, as Bodhisattva being born in a body, He should be in it to his last breath.

– Due to efforts of Pontius Pilate?! – The guy was even more surprised.

– Yes. Actually Pontius Pilate understood Who Christ was. That is why further he received Freedom (release from reincarnation) from Jesus. His name was engraved in the history of the mankind.

– Sounds interesting. And when did he understand that Jesus was God?

– When he met Jesus, moreover when he realized Who was standing in front of him, Pilate tried to save Issa in every possible way, he was convincing Him to run away, warning Him that the crowd will kill Him. But Jesus refused, having told that if it was His fate for His body to be lost then it should happen so and people should make their choice. Later on Pontius Pilate tried even to convince the crowd that Jesus was innocent, for them to release Him as there was such a tradition in honour of a great holiday. But people demanded to see Christ crucified and killed. It was their choice.

However Pontius Pilate made everything in his own way. Though as Bodhisattva it would be much easier for Christ to finish His mission this way in a human body. Because of Love Pilate tried to serve God according to his own understanding and saved the body of Christ thinking that it was Christ himself.



Though there was no Jesus there any more. When He was on the cross, He abandoned His body in order not to be tempted by painful torments. But the body still remained alive.

– How the body could remain alive if it is written in the Bible that “But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came out blood and water”.

– The matter is that it was specially performed for „public“ by men of Pontius Pilate. This impact was stricken by one of the best soldiers of Pontius Pilate. By the way, he did it very professionally. He hit between 5th and 6th rib to the right side of the body, to the left and upwards, aiming the way, that there was a full illusion that he punched heart. But actually no vital organs were hurt. The body was unconscious but still alive. This is one of important facts confirming participation of Pilate in saving Jesus. It was done to assure the crowd that Christ died. Though the shins of other two crucified and still alive criminals were broken. It was done on purpose. They could not stand on their feet and died with a painful death of suffocation.

Moreover in those days the crucified were not allowed to be buried in separate tombs or to be given for burial to their relatives. They were thrown into paupers‘ grave. The body of Jesus again according to the order of Pontius Pilate has been taken off from the cross and carried to a cave... Almost two days the body of Jesus was looked after, treated and constantly smeared with herbal potions for bringing it to consciousness. To say it in modern language they tried to reanimate him.

But as a matter of fact the prophecy of Jesus ran that He will revive from the dead and will appear in shining on the third day. So Jesus should have come on the third day not in flesh but in the Spirit of God to dispel all doubts that He was sent from God. But Pontius Pilate and his supporters did not let the body of Christ die. So Christ was forced to come into a body...

In his understanding Pilate certainly saved Christ. That is why Jesus appreciated his deed having released him from a chain of reincarnations. Pilate was the first who talked to Christ after His „revival“.

– Well, it is not known for sure.



– It is known. And till our days there are some mentions of it. And someone keeps them carefully not to shake his authority. But everything is in vain. He will pay for it. So when Jesus regained consciousness, Pontius Pilate talked to Him and begged Jesus to leave that country because the persecutions of the priests who were in power could begin again. Pilate asked Him: “Take pity upon me, do not go out to people”. Jesus answered that He will execute the request of Pilate but He would leave only after He would see His pupils. And He stuck to His word. As the main mission was finished, Issa left. He went to the East together with His mother and one of His pupils. Jesus lived more than a hundred years and was buried in the city of Shrinagar, the capital of Kashimir, where He settled down in His last years. This picturesque place is located between lakes at the foot of Himalayas. His tomb is located in a crypt of the tomb „Rozabal“ that means “the tomb of the prophet”.

– Maybe it really happened. But, you see, now it is impossible to prove that there are remains of a body of Jesus in this tomb.

– Why is it impossible? It can be proved. There are some traces from crucifixion left. In particular, scratches on bones of hands, on feet and even traces from a spear on ribs. Moreover He has a specific badly knit fracture in the area of distal half of diafisis of a shinbone of the right leg.

– A fracture? Was His leg broken during the execution?

– Oh, there is no connection to the execution. It happened much later when Christ was in a rather old age. That is why I draw your attention to the fact that the fracture is specific, it is badly knit. It proves that Issa lived till His old age...

– And what about a mention that Jesus rose into the sky in a body?

– Obviously such an insert was extremely necessary for someone, for strengthening of belief of his flock in force of the material nature... And in general, you should read the Bible more attentively: out of four Gospels only two of them mentioned the Ascension. In the Gospels According to St. Matthew and St. John it is written about the meeting of Jesus with His pupils on a mountain. And in the Gospels According to St. John it is



even written that after this meeting Jesus left together with His favourite pupil. Besides there are numerous mentions of Issa staying in the East already after His crucifixion. This information is kept not only in the East, but also in the library of Vatican...

– Let us admit it. But if it were bad times then why not to tell people the truth now, if you say that there are numerous mentions of Jesus staying in the East as these documents confirm it. Time has completely changed now.

– Time has changed but strive of people to authority remained the same as thousands of years ago. Can you imagine what it means for a top of religious leaders to tell people the truth and to show the world historical documents which they hide so carefully. It is a great catastrophe for them! It means to undermine all foundations, which they determined once, to shake belief of the novices and all huge flock and consequently to undermine all their authority. Nobody will ever do it... But a human who is in a constant search of knowledge without doubt will come sooner or later across these mentions.

– In general you may be right – having thought, the guy told.

– To tell the truth I had some doubts concerning the Ascension but about Pontius Pilate... who might have thought it!

– Yes, though Pontius Pilate deserved favour of God with His Love, but he certainly did more harm than good to Issa.
– Sensei said being deep in his thoughts. – He doomed Him to more than eighty years of wanderings in a body. But obviously that was the payment of Christ for salvation of Pilate.

Short silence reigned, probably each participant of this conversation plunged into his thoughts. We also stood silently not daring to interrupt such a fascinating conversation.

– I wonder, – that guy started talking again – why did Jesus come to Jews, but not to any other nation? Was it some kind of dominating nation chosen by God? It is written everywhere in the Bible that beginning with Abraham God calls them as His favourite people.

– You see, God has no distinctions in nationalities, in color of skin and so on, as all people are children of God. God equally



loves them all. But in fact when one of your children falls ill, you give all attention and love to this sick child, for him to recover quicker. The same is with God. Recollect words of Jesus: "They that are in health need not a physician, but they that are sick".

– And is the number of His pupils somehow connected to mysticism or numerology? In fact, there were twelve of them and Jesus turns out to be the thirteenth?

– No, there is not any mysticism in it. He simply searched among people for pupils with more or less ripened souls. And He was lucky to find at least twelve individuals among those people but one of them... betrayed Him.

The guy grinned:

– Yes, if to follow the words of Jesus in the Bible then you are right, a sick person needs a doctor, instead of a healthy one... Though today, it seems to me that the whole planet needs a doctor and not just this nation...

– Absolutely right... Just look, what is going on in our country in which materialism has been cultivated for more than seventy years. The slightest freedom of a choice appeared and people plunged into various religions like fishes as their spiritual nature also needs to develop. Just look how many new sects, branches and religions appeared and began to prosper at once.

Alright, in our country that's understandable. But take a look at what is going on around the world. Everywhere is a splash of various religions. People toss from one to another. It seems like they like it. Everywhere they are treated well, everywhere they are smiled at, politely spoken to. But the soul rejects their teachings because it needs real knowledge, because it wants Freedom, while sects and religions are too limited. They give more food for the mind than the soul. While the souls feel that under this trumpery, this externally "authentic" shell, the fruit itself is rotten. That's why the soul trembles, while man is tossing in search of a wholly ripe fruit.

– I'm sorry, but you mentioned that time is beginning to shrink. What do you mean?

– It was predicted by the ancients and even Jesus said



that: "And except those days should be shortened, there would no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened". That is, when the mankind as a whole will face the key choice or, as it is said in eschatology, they will stand on the threshold of Divine justice, one of the main attributes of this time will be its compression... Basically, nothing will radically change. As the clock showed 24 hours per day it will continue showing it, the calendar will remain as it is and there will be still 365 days per year. But inside of a soul something will start to tremble. And the human will feel this shortage of time. He will notice that time runs faster; a day flies by as if an instant, a month flies by as if a week, years fly by as if months. And the further, the more time will be compressed. It will become more dense. It is a certain signal, a sign for the soul.

– Yes, – the interlocutor said thoughtfully, – probably, the predictions of prophets begin to come true... But this is a prediction of the Second Advent! Is this time really coming?!... I wonder how can I find out that it was exactly Christ who has come? Do you remember, that in fact, when Jesus came for the first time, nobody for a long time believed Him that He was truly the Son of God. And now just look, many people name themselves Christs or say that they were sent by Christ as the Comforter. On the one hand all of them say true according to the Bible and on the other hand there is no trust to them. How to tell the true Christ from the false Saviour?

– It is extremely easy. In fact, the Bible says that Jesus resurrected the dead and for a sick person it was enough only to touch His clothes to recover. Judging from this I think the most appropriate thing would be to use the „Zen“ practice. For this purpose it is enough to take a big and firm stick and to hit with all your force the one who names himself Christ. And if after that the stick will begin to blossom, it will mean that it was Christ. And if it will not happen it will mean that he was only an adventurer. And it would be nice to hit him once more time, for him not to take other people's glory again.

We stood silently for some seconds and thought over the words we had heard. First, that guy took it seriously. But when



he got the sense of these words he burst out laughing with all his heart together with the laughing crowd.

– Perhaps it is the most effective method – he said with a smile. – Well, and if to put it seriously?

– And if to put it seriously you should not wait for Jesus as the Son of a Human for He will come as the Son of God into people's souls. And He will reign one thousand years as the King sitting on a „throne“ of not only our soul but also of our mind... Recollect His words in the Gospel According to St. John: “God is a Spirit”; “I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by me”; “And I will pray the Father, and he will give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and will be in you”; “At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you”.

The guy was silent for a while again and then asked:

– I wonder whether there will be the end of the world? Recently the most different dates began to appear in newspapers. And our sect, as I understand, tries to match this date with predictions of various astrologists pointing to the date of parade of planets... So, I wonder when the Apocalypse will come, when will we appear before Justice of God at last?

– You know, for two thousand years people have already been waiting for the Armageddon and the Second Advent of Christ. Almost all religions are based on this idea that almost tomorrow there will be the end of the world and those who are not in their rows will die in “Gehenna” at once... What I can tell you about this. **Each human in his life experiences his personal Armageddon. But not everyone wins it. And even not everyone understands that he faces this Armageddon. Therefore you should not be afraid of that Apocalypse which will come for everybody for it is easier to die all together. The main thing is to win your personal Armageddon and not to appear in that company.**



That's right! I thought it myself that in fact you should do something now as far as it is unknown what will happen tomorrow... To tell the truth the words you said relieved somehow my soul... Because this absolute uncertainty... all these „horror stories“ are already getting on my nerves... I cannot understand what religion do you profess?

– I do not profess and do not belong to any religion. I belong only to God.

After that the conversation passed to more frank topics concerning personally that guy. I had such an impression that the guy talked with Sensei the way as if they were alone in the universe. He told more and more about himself, about his life as though there was no silent crowd as though it dissolved in the night. It seemed to me that both interlocutors were two tired Wanderers who met by chance under star's infinity. They were mutually absorbed by this conversation about the eternal, about the essence of things as if borders of all restrictions, spaces and time disappeared.

– ...It's so amazing... You know, recently, for some reason, I was not lucky to find a good spiritual guide. Either I was not satisfied with their answers, or they were not satisfied with my questions. And during our constant disputes we, as they say, beat the air, mill the wind only spending our time in vain. But the things which you say... I simply catch myself on the thought that I can not argue with you. For it coincides with my internal concept of the world... And it will be an honour for me to have such a Teacher if, of course, the Teacher will consider it worthy to have such a disciple.

– You know, I would advise not to search for a Teacher neither in me nor in anybody else. And it is not because you are an unworthy disciple but because you yourself have much more of it. I see a Spark in you. I would advise you to study everything yourself. Study sacred books of various religions and make for yourself a collective image of such ideas: who God is, what truth, belief and miracle is and so on. Because if there were only one unique holy religion then all other people could not be saved and there would be no other miracles. But miracles of belief



also happen in other religions. Moreover, if you will have an opportunity, study psychology, biology, anatomy, morphology. Also it would be necessary to study astronomy, quantum physics, chemistry... In general, broaden your knowledge in the field of exact sciences as much as you can. And I am sure, that you will begin to understand what I want to tell you. Now you simply feel it and then you will begin to understand. When you will begin to understand it, you will begin to understand God. And the best Teacher is God...

This evening we got home by the last tram. It was already late after midnight but I simply could not fall asleep being completely shocked at this conversation with Sensei. And my diary as the best friend and the silent interlocutor of mine took all outpourings of my soul. Our dialogue of thoughts and writing continued till the morning. And only when the sun rose in the sky and the world began to wake up slightly, only then the bed, which was missing me for a long time, embraced my body with its soft coverlets. Thanks to God, it was Sunday, that is, a national sleeping day.





Time flew by quickly. The hot time of final examinations began. It was a clot of nerves and sweating of many people. Strange enough but during this last year of my school life I began to take this intense process more easily. After everything I had experienced, examinations seemed to be only an ordinary check of my knowledge but not a "hard trial of destiny" as many of my schoolmates considered them to be. And when all this was over, when at last a long-awaited school-leaving party came, for a long time I still could not believe that my life goes on and that all this is not a dream.

Meeting a dawn with all our class in a picturesque place in the country we started talking about professions which we were going to choose. Many dreamt to become doctors, lawyers, economists, businessmen. And when I was asked about it, I sincerely answered:

– I want to become a Human.

Of course, maybe, my classmates did not understand the sense of these words to full extent, but many of them became more serious and thoughtful. Indeed, we stood at the beginning of the independent life way, at the moment of our personal choice of our destiny. And it was still a question how our destiny will arrange our lives... If to look closely at destinies of different people who have lived already the bigger part of



their lives it is possible to see, that the net of their vital roads and footpaths sooner or later merge into one road, that is an attempt to become a Human. For, as Sensei once said, it's the true sense of our life.





Because of school-leaving party, unfortunately I had to miss a spiritual training. And when, on the next day I phoned Tatyana, she told me a very pleasant news. It appeared to be that Sensei was planning a week holiday and the guys persuaded him to travel all together to the seaside. Even Nikolai Andreevich, for the sake of it, decided to take his days off saved up at work, which he was keeping for such a rare occasion of a „round-the-clock“ dialogue with Sensei.

– I said that you would also go, – Tatyana said over the phone.

– That's great, you are a real friend! For sure, I shall not miss it.

It was decided to go by three cars: by „Zhiguli“ of Sensei, by „Volga“ of Nikolai Andreevich and by an old „Zaporozhets“, which Andrew borrowed from his grandfather. All necessary things were found collectively. Volodya promised to get tents. Stas and Eugene turned out to be passionate scuba divers and provided the supply of all fishing accessories including an inflatable rubber dinghy. Me and Tatyana took responsibility for dishes. And Kostya was responsible for well water supply.





t the appointed day at five o'clock in the morning rattling with our bowls and spoons me and Tatyana went along silent streets. We came to a place of general meeting. Ruslan and Yura were already standing there. Then came Stas and Eugene. They told that Sensei will be one hour late. As it turned out later, Sensei worked till morning. The guys said that usually he does not stop till the last patient. Taking into account an endless queue at his door it lasted almost till two o'clock at night. But that day obviously having found out that the chiropractor was leaving for a week there came much more people. Therefore only by five o'clock in the morning Sensei finished his reception.

Later Andrew together with Slava arrived by his grandfather's „banger“. Probably this car was as old as Andrew's grandfather himself. But me and Tatyana were happy to go even by such means of transportation. When you are in a good company, even „Zaporozhets“ appears to be not worse than „Mercedes“. We began to put things into a “steel horse”, having filled a boot with our luggage almost up to the top.

– Well, Kostya will have to put his bag next to him, – Andrew said in a bossy way hardly closing a boot.

But when Kostya arrived, you should have seen it, Andrew's jaw drooped at that moment. Kostya's luggage arrived by



„Volga“ together with a fully loaded trailer. And when we helped to unload these endless bags and sacks Andrew has almost lost his gift of speech. Helplessly waving his hands he blew up at last:

– You are out of your mind! It looks like you are going to North Pole. We are going for a week and only the food which you have brought will be enough for three years! Moreover these huge flasks with water! Sensei told you to take one but not four. Why not to bring a tank!

– To tell the truth I wanted but I could not. There was no suitable transport, – Kostya answered with a smile having nodded at his father’s „Volga“.

– You’re nuts! Just tell where I must load all this! What do you want me to do with these barrels?! Unless we attach them to „Zaporozhets“ instead of wheels, OK?!

– But Nikolai Andreevich seemed to promise to take something to his trailer.

– That’s it, he only “seemed to promise” ...

– OK, don’t lose our cool, we shall think up something.

For good fifteen minutes Andrew went around a huge heap of Kostya’s treasure being indignant. But Kostya only laughed the matter off, saying:

– I will see how your Excellency will thank my Majesty for unforgettable comfort at the seaside.

While Andrew broke out in the next fountain of emotions, Tatyana asked Kostya:

– And really, why did you pack so much?

– Well, why not to enjoy ourselves. I tried hard not for myself but for everybody, – the „Philosopher“ said cunningly.
– And in general all this only ashes and vanity...

And, having taken her gently around the waist he pensively said:

– Of all, thy charming lips are most precious for me.

– Oh, you, – the girl gently pushed him away and burst out with laughter.

Kostya made a suffering face and said with pathos:

– Ah, pride of heart costs many torments!



And, having looked sideways to Tatyana added:

– I have so hardly pulled my bowstring,
That I am afraid my bow will be broken!

– He will not get away from me. I shall make it hot for him.., – Andrew casually said loudly, continuing to mutter to himself.

All of us roared with laughter. At this time Sensei, Volodya and Victor drove up. Having looked at a huge heap of things Sensei asked in confusion:

– Guys, are you going to North Pole?

All our company burst out laughing again but Andrew having found an accomplice in Sensei started to complain.

At last Nikolai Andreevich arrived with the long-awaited trailer. But it appeared that the trailer was too little for all Kostya's „goods“. Somehow we pushed things into three cars and began to ram our bodies inside. Slava sat into Sensei's car. Me and Tatyana placed ourselves among bags on the back seat of „Zaporozhets“. And Kostya as the “most guilty person” got a “vacant seat”. It was in front, near Andrew, on a sitting which was not only non-standard, very low, but it also rocked here and there being fastened only with one screw. So Kostya, because of his height, felt with his body all charm of three-hour trip in „Zaporozhets“. But never-ending humour of our guys smoothed all discomfort by friendly, cheerful laughter.

Our „Zaporozhets“ rumbled ahead of the whole column. Andrew tried to squeeze out of it all rests of its forces pressing with his foot onto a gas pedal. Sensei with the senior guys followed us keeping a distance. And Nikolai Andreevich being loaded up to the top slowly drove somewhere behind Sensei... It probably seemed to Andrew that it was not enough for him to head a column, so he made up his mind to show us, that „Zaporozhets“ is the „coolest“ car on this road. He began to overtake one car after another, speeding and throwing his chest out with proud. Kostya crossed himself for fun at these maneuvers, clutched at the front panel and started to pray about the salvation of all drivers, suffering from such an inveterate “drover of this jalopy”.



We rushed forward a little bit. On the way we saw a small roadside market. From the distance Tatyana saw strawberries in baskets which were standing on the ground and shouted to guys through the noise of roaring engine to stop the car. And when we stopped at last, Kostya gave a sigh of relief trying to get out, as he said "from this tin in which he doubled up himself like a mackerel". To let us get out Kostya had to drag out his armchair again. The whole market observed this comedy. Moreover when Kostya at last slammed the door a mirror fell off from it. Andrew pierced at him as though he attempted the most sacred thing:

– Master's fist should be struck to your body and the leg should be struck to your muzzle! Who on earth slams like this?! For three days I have been collecting this car from pieces. It is a valuable antique! You should treat it gently, like a woman...

And further was the whole lecture on this topic. The guys dispersed in the market choosing berries. And I remained near „Zaporozhets“ waiting for others. At this time Sensei with the guys drove up. When they got out of the car something strange happened.

One woman, wearing a black kerchief, aged about forty five, stood without any interest with her goods. Her eyes were red from tears. Having noticed Sensei she hastily stepped over her berries practically scattering them all over the ground by this motion. Having run up to Sensei, she fell down to his feet and began to implore him, lamenting in tears:

– I beg you, Gabriel, take care of my sonny. How shall I live without him now! Please, Gabriel, take me to him. I do not want this thrice cursed life any more, I do not want! My God, have mercy on me, let me to my sonny...

At this time I stood very near. And then I saw how eyes of Sensei changed. Some shine appeared in them, or to tell more correctly, some soft, tender light which changed the features of Sensei. At this moment I felt, that my "lotus flower" began to vibrate intensively. And this pulse force came not from my thoughts but, as it seemed to me, it came from Sensei. He bent over the woman, raising her.



– Rise, woman, – he told her in a very calm, quiet voice.

It seemed to me that his voice became somewhat unusual. The woman rose herself a little but did not stand up from her knees continuing to beg him, but this time it was more quietly, looking directly in his eyes. Sensei tenderly put his hand on her head and said:

– Do not worry, woman. Everything is fine with your Nikolai. He is a pious man. He has been already taken care of.

The woman stretched her hands to him. Her eyes were lighted with some sparkle of hope but her face became stiffened in a single impulse of begging:

– Let me, Gabriel, let me to him ...

Such words of despair made me shiver. At this moment the face of Sensei was covered with some light haze and his face became even nicer because of it. My “lotus flower” pulsed even more.

– Everyone has his own time. You still need to take care of Ksyusha. You will be a guest at her wedding, you will await for her firstborn, you will nurse him for a week. And on the ninth day you will go to your Nikolai to tell him what a fine grandson he has got, – Sensei said calmly.

With each word of Sensei the eyes of the woman became lighter and kinder. Teardrops of joy began to shine on her face. The woman broke into a smile. And not knowing how to express her gratitude she began to fall down to his feet again. And Sensei tried to raise her up from the ground. Then some old women who traded next to her ran up, lifted her from the ground, took her arms and led her to the village saying:

– Hush, Mashenka, dear, let’s go, let’s go home ...

The woman went quietly, with her face touched, whispering something to herself and constantly crossing herself. Other old women began to collect her scattered goods. All these events happened within one minute.

At this time Nikolai Andreevich drove up. Having come up hasty to our „motionless“ company together with Yura and Ruslan, he inquired what had happened.

– Some old bag freaked out, – Eugene said as he was



standing far from the Teacher. – She fell to Sensei's feet, all in tears, asked something ...

Sensei silently lit a cigarette, after everything that happened. And when Nikolai Andreevich began to ask, he changed the topic to usual things, shortly having answered:

– Yes, everything can happen in life.., a woman is in sorrow.

– I see... And why did you stop here? We did not plan it. – Nikolai Andreevich asked Kostya.

– Well, we wanted to buy some strawberries.

Our company walked once again around the market together with Sensei. And having chosen ripe berries, Sensei bought a big basket for all of us. Glad old woman, packing strawberries into three packets, tenderly spoke:

– You, children, do not take offence. Even a month did not pass yet since the son of this woman Nikolai died in a crash. He was her only son, her hope and support. Husband of her died a long time ago... And such a sorrow again. He, her sonny, was so young. A little daughter of his remained, Oksana, she is five... Masha's destiny is a heavy one. She brought up her son almost alone, now she has to support her granddaughter together with daughter-in-law... I don't understand what happened to her. Probably, she has absolutely lost her head from sorrow.

– Yes, – Nikolai Andreevich agreed with sympathy, Stresses cause even worse mental disorders. I remember there was one case...

Having listened to eloquent examples from his practice, my consciousness calmed down a little. “Well, – I have thought – then it is no wonder that she rushed to the very first man”... in ten minutes of driving, guys cheerfully chattered about their matters eating ripe strawberries. During the next joke of Kostya suddenly it dawned upon me. At this moment I precisely recollected babbling of that woman and answers of Sensei. “Stop! She did not say the name of her son and moreover she did not say the name of her granddaughter. But Sensei precisely named: Nikolai, Ksyusha”. I nearly choked over a strawberry because of such a discovery. I did not want



to eat it any more. "Really..." At such guesses recollecting the face of Sensei my „lotus“ started to vibrate again distributing pleasant sensations all over my body. I physically felt the presence of Sensei near. To say more correctly I did not feel Sensei himself, but I felt the force which came from him at that moment. And I felt so nice and cosy, as if someone wrapped me up with soft petals. In this state of bliss I dozed off.





woke up because someone was shaking me by my shoulder.

– Wake up, sleepyhead, we have almost arrived, – Tatyana said.

During the next stop we limbered up our numb legs. The air smelt with sea and freshness. While Andrew, Victor and Volodya tried to repair pinking engine of „Zaporozhets“ we had a snack in the nearest outdoor cafe.

In half an hour our motorcade has already driven to a resort area, where people with beautiful chocolate colour bodies were having a rest and went around in a carefree way dressed up in bathing suits. Sensei's car headed our column. Andrew could not concentrate on the road trying to look around and at the same time not to break traffic regulations.

Passing by one of boarding houses Eugene gestured us to a billboard out of the window. There was written in huge, bold type: “A well-known sensitive of international class, a chiropractor, a foreteller, a magician and wizard Vitaliy Yakovlevich... carries out medical and recovery sessions. The beginning of a session is at 20.00 daily”.

- Who is he? – Me and Tatyana asked guys.
- I do not know, – Kostya shrugged his shoulders.
- Look, isn't it that „Neanderthal man“, who hung up spoons to himself. Do you remember?!



– Yeh, that odd fellow?! Maybe. If I'm not mistaken he was also Vitaliy Yakovlevich. How did he call himself... “the Pantocrator of Space and the whole Earth”...

The guys began to noisy recollect that case, laughing at tricks of „deity-tramp“.

Meanwhile having crossed a resort area we drove to a spit. The extent of the spit was about 12 kilometers. Here a car was one of the best means to get to a lonely place and to live there like campers as we wanted. It was obvious that there were enough adventurers in the neighborhood as far as a huge pipe was put across the only road. Probably local authorities did it. But right there in the bushes the guys have found two extremely wide boards, which were left by caring drivers for „other brothers-drivers“. Having put them on a pipe, our drivers rolled the cars to the closed side of the road like professional stuntmen. Only Nikolai Andreevich's trailer made them sweat a lot.

Having reached one of the most beautiful nooks of nature we chose a place which was obviously not once „hatched“ by some campers. Having collected all the garbage left by careless tourists, we burnt it and began to set up a camp. Sensei again appeared to be a talented and skilled leader. He took into consideration all trifles of camp arrangement, even a probable storm. All guys were busy and enthusiastically helped Sensei and each other. All Kostya's things turned out to be really useful, having transformed our camp into a cosy, comfortable „small town“. Kostya did not miss any opportunity to emphasize, reminding for fun that because of these things Andrew was a “sadist” and all the way tortured him on the “electric chair”. Me and Tatyana arranged a kitchen. Guys put up a special tent for food and gave us a primus stove for cooking.

In general, life in our camp went in full speed. After lunch having bathed in the sea like dolphins we warmed our „bones“ on hot sand with great pleasure. The senior guys floated in the sea by an inflatable rubber dinghy. Nikolai Andreevich read some book and Sensei dozed in a shadow of



umbrella, having covered himself with a towel. We decided to play cards. Kostya tried to remember which cards left and to calculate what kind of card everyone had, but it was practically impossible as there were too many of us and we played with two stacks of cards. At his next failure Kostya started to count card combinations in his head according to his special arithmetic system. While doing one of such odd calculations he raised his eyebrows as if been surprised with himself and asked:

– Sensei, which of the biggest simple numbers can you count in head?

Sensei answered without opening his eyes:

– To tell it to you in short or in full?

– In short, of course.

– 2 in degree of 13466917 minus 1, – Sensei told simply as though the question was about a usual multiplication table.

– This number is divided only to 1 or to itself. And perhaps it is the maximum of simple numbers which I am capable to count in my mind...

Kostya turned to his side in surprise. Then he started to calculate something energetically again. And Sensei, having opened his eyes, added:

– And if you want to count my IQ you are just loosing your time, it is much lower than yours.

After saying these words Sensei turned to the other side and plunged into somnolence again. Kostya was even slightly shocked:

– Say! Sensei is cool! How did he know about IQ? I just thought it.

– Yeah, – said Andrew, – this question remained his sweet dream in his memory until it turned into a rotten one waiting for the answer.

The guys laughed, having won again.

This evening Sensei failed to meet our expectations and hopes that he will tell something unforgettable, sitting at the fire beneath the stars. Right after the dinner Sensei went to sleep, probably his accumulated weariness affected him. And



we sat at the fire for a long time, laughing light-heartedly
and telling each other different life stories.





In the morning, about seven o'clock I woke up because somewhere very near seagulls shouted disgustingly. I heard the conversation of the guys, who obviously left their tent hearing the noise. Stas said to Eugene with a sleepy voice:

— Look it's so early but Sensei is already fishing. I wonder what he is going to catch from seacoast, moreover with a fishing rod. Let's go and check.

My curiosity became much stronger than sweet dreaming. I hastened to get out of my tent. Sensei peacefully sat on a folding chair with a fishing rod in his hands. Nearby stood a three-liter jar half filled with water. Few seagulls ran around him indignantly shouting. When we came up, the seagulls flew up and hung in air near Sensei examining us from above with curiosity.

— Sensei are you fattening seagulls? — Stas grinned looking at an empty jar.

— Not exactly, they are teaching me how to catch fish, — Sensei answered without any shadow of confusion.

We took it as a joke just laughing.

— Why didn't you wake us earlier? We would take a dragnet

...

— Oh, forget it about a dragnet. I just wanted some fish soup.



Just for fun Eugene demonstratively glanced into the empty jar having turned it around in the light and said with humour:

– Yes, the soup will be rich with such fish.

At this moment the seagull which flew above us dropped a small fish. The fish fell directly next to the feet of Sensei. Everybody laughed.

– Look, Sensei! There's a fish for you, – Eugene said with humour putting it into the jar with water.

Now Volodya and Victor came:

– What's the matter?

– You see, Sensei with his fishing rod made even seagulls to feel pity, – Eugene told. – Yeah, they were already tired to watch this empty jar.

We laughed loudly again. And Sensei said smiling:

– Alright, those who laugh most at me, will scale the fish for the fish soup and for grill, too.

We roared with laughter imaging a funny picture of cutting this tiny fish and the big crowd waiting for it. Sensei laughed at us, and then said:

– Well, you, storytellers, pull out...

He pointed to a thick fishing line which was fastened with one end to a leg of a chair and another one was left deep into water. The guys started to pull. And how surprised we were when we found a pair of sturgeons about 4 kilos each and about 8 huge flatfishes in a capronic net. Everyone exchanged glances in bewilderment and asked almost in chores:

– And all this with a fishing rod?!

Sensei smiled.

– Of course, there was no fishing rod. I just got up a bit earlier. And saw that fishermen boated from a fish-factory to check their nets. So I thought, while I'll get there they will return back. So it was. I went and bought some... And sitting with a fishing rod was a complete waste of time, – the Teacher complained with regret.

When we carried this fish to scale it, Eugene told Stas half in jest:



– Yeah, wait him to go. Only the way there to the fish-factory is seven kilometers on foot.

– But, maybe, he went by car, – I suggested my version.

– No, there was no car. First, it is next to our tent, we would hear everything. And second, there are no traces on the sand.

While other guys woke up, this history has acquired much more mysterious details... The mood of Sensei was excellent this day. After a light breakfast he offered to jog to the end of the spit. We left Kostya and Tatyana as volunteers to be on duty and in order not to remain without a dinner at all, Nikolai Andreevich was also left in the camp.

On our way we made a pair of halts as warm-ups with intensive loading on muscles. Training in the nature, moreover with such a beautiful background, couldn't be compared with a stuffy gym. Here, as they say, soul and body merged in a single impulse.

Having almost reached the end we have seen a real bird colony of seagulls. Our company kept to a coastal line near the water not to disturb their calmness very much. But nevertheless many seagulls persistently shouted and whirled above us trying to frighten unexpected visitors off their nests.

After a while the most beautiful view, skillfully created by nature, opened to us. At the end of the spit waves met as correct rhombuses in a distance in a single chain off the coast. Outlines of their wavy edges were emphasized with white sea foam. All this magnificence was supplemented with an unusual play of various color scales of sea water from light turquoise color to dark blue. And an amazing blueness of the sky with the only whitish cloudlet created a unique masterpiece of this grandiose view.

Sensei gave us last fifteen minutes to have rest but he himself and Volodya set down in a pose of lotus at the edge of the coastal line. Some of us including my person hastened to follow his example placing ourselves beside them. An easy breeze blew. Coastal waves created a melodious noise which was supplemented with calls of seagulls reaching from



distance... I do not know, either because of contemplation of this divine beauty, or because of presence of Sensei, but my "lotus flower" began to show up its activity, distributing pleasant flows of some waves all over my body. For a short period of time such an unusual feeling appeared in me as if I were dissolved in all this surrounding beauty and became its integral part. The sensation was almost during an instant but it was unforgettably tremendous. Sensei interrupted this state of bliss having announced „Let's return“.

The sun was already burning. And Sensei „to make our way easier“ told that we should run waist-deep in water. It appeared to be incredibly difficult. Volodya and Sensei rushed forward like two torpedoes overtaking each other. Thanks to it, our company could swindle a little: someone ran knee-deep and someone ran ankle-deep in water. But when we at last have got to the camp only the swindlers, and me among them, sprawled out in weakness on the sand. And Sensei with Volodya continued to radiate their inflammatory optimism, with forces for it coming from nowhere. After this "marathon running" they suggested the crowd to play water polo. And, to our great surprise, the senior guys agreed with pleasure. But other "ailing bodies" dragged themselves along to help with cooking lunch.

Being busy with cooking, I observed Sensei. He laughed, was naughty and rushed with a ball like all other guys. He was absolutely the same as others, a young, strong, funny and healthy guy. On the one hand he was an ordinary person... But everybody who was present saw in him something special, some charm, found some features which attracted them by simplicity and at the same time by their refinement. His Soul was like a many-sided diamond which each of us admired at his own angle of sight, at his own angle of refraction of internal light. But in fact, nobody could penetrate into him up to the end, nobody could understand who He actually was.

When the guys, at last, calmed down at the hottest part of the day, our camp fell into a profound sleep. I woke up about four o'clock and at the same time I awakened Tatyana to cook



something tasty for our big group. When we got out of the tent I saw Sensei sitting on the sand together with Nikolai Andreevich, talking about something. Sensei explained something making three little hills from sand. Having talked, Nikolai Andreevich and Sensei stood up and slowly went into our direction. And then the first hill suddenly began to move and a pigeon, having appeared from nowhere, flew out of it. I gave a start from unexpectedness. I couldn't believe my eyes. But Tatyana dropped a potato and opened her mouth with surprise. Then the second hill began to move and a pigeon again flew out of it. Sensei and Nikolai Andreevich only turned back carelessly, continuing the conversation and even were not confused. Again the third hill began to move. The sparrow jumped out of it... Everything grew cold with fear inside of me. The sparrow did not fly away, as pigeons did, it jumped following Sensei. „Having run“ forward him it rumpled out its feathers, spread its wings wide apart and began to twitter loudly as if being indignant over something. Sensei stopped observing a desperate twittering of this ruffled sparrow and then spoke to it with a smile:

– Well, let it be according to your wish.

After these words he put some sand on a sparrow again having made a hill a bit higher than was the first one. I even stood up with curiosity. But the following moment finally nailed me down to a chair. As soon as Sensei went aside, the hill began to move and a black kite of an impressive size flew out of it. It immediately flew away to the spit.

– And where are your thanks? – Sensei asked in surprise and made a helpless gesture following the kite with his eyes,
– Oh, however, as usual...

Sensei hopelessly waved his hand and went to his tent for cigarettes. Me and Tatyana sat numb with fear. And when Nikolai Andreevich and Sensei were moving away to the beach I heard the following words:

– So was it an illusion of my thoughts? – Nikolai Andreevich asked calmly as if the question was about ordinary things.

– No. This time it was materialization of my thoughts.



– And why my attempts ended only with hallucination?

– Because you had doubts. And for materialization purity of belief is necessary. And it is very hard to achieve it, for the slightest doubt will destroy everything...

A blow of wind carried away words of Sensei so far that I couldn't hear them. I wanted so much to go after him and to listen to such an interesting conversation. But at that moment Tatyana who came out of her state of shock, broke out in endless impressions and poured them onto my poor puzzled head.





S the day drew on, someone of the senior guys suggested to organize the evening of entertainment and comedy. It was suggested to go and to take a look at medical and curing session of a “great magician and wizard” who gave his first session that day. To tell the truth it was necessary to make eight kilometers on foot. Only a half of our group together with Sensei and Nikolai Andreevich decided to go. Well, as for me I just didn’t want to miss anything interesting for me and for my diary, which was already full of unusual records, though we have spent only the second day at the seaside.

By eight o’clock in the evening we occupied seats in a summer cinema where about seventy people have already gathered. A young woman with a three-year old boy sat near Nikolai Andreevich. Other children rushed around the rows and noisy caught up each other. But this child quietly sat in her lap. I gave him a candy. But it turned out that the child did not see it. His mother told that her son had a congenital blindness. Nikolai Andreevich started talking to her, finding out some professional information. And soon the woman already „confessed“ him the whole story of her life. It appeared that this kid also did not talk after a trauma which he had at the age of two. Except him the woman had a senior son and a daughter who were quite normal children. Nikolai Andreevich



sympathized to her and began to write down addresses and surnames of the best experts in this area of medicine. The woman was glad and joked that in any case she did not come to a session in vain.

At this time Vitaliy Yakovlevich went out to the stage. We could hardly keep ourselves from laughter as it was really that “magician and wizard with spoons on his belly”, with whom we had a “great honour” to get acquainted in autumn. Now he looked much more decently. His face was smoothly shaved and hair was accurately cut. He wore a clean summer suit. Despite of this significant transformation of his appearance his haughty look and manners remained the same.

Having come out to the stage Vitaliy Yakovlevich gazed at the crowd with his “magic sight” and began his lecture. For good forty minutes he told almost the same, as the first time in the sports hall, with the only difference that now he did not stick spoons to himself and his speech was full of different obscure esoteric and medical terms. Confirmatively waving his hands he went about the stage and threw out his chest proudly. And at last, having finished talking, he asked to come up to the stage those people who suffered diseases which were listed to them.

And as it seemed to me, he listed almost all diseases from “medical encyclopedia” which we had at home, and even in the same alphabetical order.

About fifteen people came up to the stage. Someone told that he had a heart disease, someone told that his stomach hurt, another one complained about high pressure, some old woman said that trophic ulcers on her legs suppurated. Our woman with the child also came out. Nikolai Andreevich told on this occasion that people in sorrow are ready to believe any nonsense hoping for something.

And when all interested people gathered at the stage Vitaliy Yakovlevich began to wave his hands strenuously from above and to talk rot of some „space-fluid“ character. And then, to my great surprise, again I felt that my “lotus flower” began to strongly vibrate. I looked at the stage and



could not believe that all this delirium of Vitaliy Yakovlevich could really cause in me this tidal wave. Having concentrated I felt that all this vibration proceeded not from the stage but somewhere from behind from the right. It was even much more strange as Sensei sat behind and to the left from me. I looked back but Sensei wasn't at his seat. Then I looked back to the other side, where according to my sensations, was that source. Far away in the corner, at the very end of empty rows I saw Sensei. He was sitting and peering with concentration at people who were near the stage. Every second I felt that this stream grows in its force. Waves of pleasant sensations were already spilling about my body. But the stream still grew.

In verbal outpouring of Vitaliy Yakovlevich came a certain pause. And at this moment that blind kid said "Mum!" not loudly but distinctly. The woman broke into tears having tightly embraced her son. She drew general attention. And then complete agiotage began. Some woman told that her headache eased, a man told that his stomach stopped aching. But that old woman with a squeaky voice shouted the most that her trophic ulcers began to dry up before her eyes. And, probably not trusting herself she tried to show it just to any person. Many people in the hall also got up from their places and ran to the stage. Even Vitaliy Yakovlevich himself was taken aback from gratitude, requests for help to themselves and relatives which fell down from all directions. Meanwhile Sensei came back to his place in the hall.

The young mother pressed the child to her breast and sobbing violently could not get out of the crowd as the usual crush began and nobody already paid attention to her. Nikolai Andreevich hurried to help her. Having got out to fresh air from the cinema, we set the woman down to a bench. Nikolai Andreevich began to calm her down. The kid sat next to her, and hearing the crying of his mother, began to pull his face with his own impressions. Sensei sat down squatting opposite him and tenderly stroke his head, saying something silently to himself. The child calmed down and began listening. Then he began to blink quickly with his long eyelashes... And then



the kid, as it seemed to me, looked somehow purposefully at the watch which gleamed on the hand of Sensei when he stroke him. The boy, having caught the hand of Sensei, seized the watch with his hands, trying to pull it off. Having interrogatively looked into the eyes of Sensei, he said a short, but enough meaningful word:

– Give!

The kid's mother fainted from everything that she had seen. While Nikolai Andreevich and the guys tried to bring her round Sensei took off his watch and gave it to the kid saying with a smile:

– Here, kid, keep it to remember.

The kid, smiling happily, began to play with it examining and shaking... When the woman came to herself she still could not believe for a long time that her son had recovered his sight. She gave him everything that was in her handbag and the kid examined everything with real pleasure, turning the objects into improvised toys. Being enough convinced in absence of blindness of her son the woman grabbed him to her joy, thanked Nikolai Andreevich and all of us for the help and ran to her building to tell her husband about this piece of news.

On our way back to the camp Nikolai Andreevich was still surprised:

– How could this Vitaliy Yakovlevich, with his chattering, wake in people so much belief that he could achieve such therapeutic effect! In fact, I saw with my own eyes that the boy was blind. Agree that others could be figureheads. But it's hard to grasp this case!

I looked at Sensei. I was curious what he would answer him. But Sensei only said half in jest:

– You, probably, listened inattentively to his lecture. Next time you should take a notebook with you.

On our way we gathered dry wood for our evening fire. And the senior guys picked up some half rotten wooden column which once served as a pylon for electric lines. In general, judging by excellent mood of Sensei and the gathered stock



of fire wood, the night promised to be long and unforgettable.





On the road to our camp the Teacher and Nikolai Andreevich started an interesting conversation. Our psychologist, being impressed by everything that happened, asked Sensei:

– Well, adults with the help of suggestions, being under therapeutic influence, can partly ease the process of disease. But children?! At such age they practically do not understand what is said to them. And in this case the result is visible. I even do not understand how could it happen?! In fact this three-year old blind child really began to see, so, as it turns out, we should logically admit the fact of treatment on distance.

– The whole history of mankind, if we read it attentively, is full of such facts, – Sensei said with a smile.

– Yes, but to read and to see are two big differences! And if it is really so, then I don't understand anything at all.

– There isn't anything difficult in understanding it if you have the whole conception of the world and a human body as it actually is.

– And what is a human body?

– The human body as well as all other matters is emptiness. It is an illusion created by the thought of God.

– So you want to say that this tree and me are basically identical as far as we are emptiness? – Nikolai Andreevich asked half in jest, passing by a big tree.



– Basically, yes, – Sensei grinned and added in a more serious way: – Simply your matters are generated by one and the same initial energy but modified and transformed into different wave conditions. Here is the difference in material features. Look, if to ponder, what a human body consists of? A body, as you know, consists of system of organs, organs consist of tissues, tissues consist of groups of cells. Cells consist of elementary chemical elements. And the greatest part of a body, about its 98%, are oxygen, carbon, nitrogen and hydrogen and 2% are other chemical elements.

– I do not understand how can it be? – these words accidentally escaped my lips.

– How can it be? For example, for 50 kg of your weight the scheme of division in you will be the following, – Sensei looked a few seconds at my body as though estimating something and then told: – Oxygen in different isotope conditions is 30,481 kg, isotopes of carbon are 11,537 kg, isotopes of hydrogen are 5,01 kg and isotopes of nitrogen are 1,35 kg. That is 48,378 kg in total. Well, I shall not mention all other elements, as their weight goes in grammes. In general, 1,622 kg of the weight remains for them... And if to be more exact and to add everything that is not digested: the rests of ice-cream, sweets and a drink which have not yet come into a chemical reaction with your body... in total, the weight of your body will make 50 kg and 625 grammes.

I was simply struck with such „high-speed“ calculations of my body according only to one sight. I have never thought about such structure of my matter. Meanwhile Sensei continued addressing to Nikolai Andreevich:

– And what are our chemical elements? The molecules make a cell and exist according to their biophysical laws. Notice that there is emptiness around molecules. Let's go deeper. Molecules consist of atoms and between them again there is emptiness. Atoms consist of a nucleus and electrons rotating around them and between them there is emptiness. The nucleus of an atom again consists of elementary particles protons and neutrons with the same inherent emptiness



between them. We shall notice that variations of any chemical element differ in number of neutrons in an atomic nucleus so it has a feature of isotopy. Protons and neutrons which form a nucleus of atom also consist of smaller particles. So look, each time when physicists make the next step they open a new level of knowledge removing their relative borders to the horizon of infinite knowledge. Simply as far as it was possible for a human to improve a microscope so much he learnt the nature of a microcosm. I shall not continue mentioning what is divided into what, but finally division comes to an end, to absolute emptiness out of which everything arises. It exists everywhere, both in a microcosm and in a macrocosm. That is pure energy which is called energy Po, making a sole field of interaction of all kinds of energies and therefore the matter arising from it. So it is said, that God is omnipresent. The pulses of energy Po generate the waves changing the curvature of material space and time. That is in the depth of its essence any matter is a set of certain kind of waves and exists according to laws of the wave nature.

— It is something brand new, — Nikolai Andreevich said thoughtfully.

— By no means, — the Teacher objected. — I'd better say these are well forgotten old things. The fact, that a matter is a generation of great emptiness, „dao“, was known to Indian philosophers more than four thousand years ago and Chinese wise men about two thousand years ago. Just read their treatises. They visually represented absolute emptiness as a smooth surface of a lake in absence of wind. The arising particle of a matter from emptiness is compared to occurrence of ripples on a smooth surface of the lake with the blow of wind.

— And what is then the „wind“? — Nikolai Andreevich inquired.

— The „wind“, in this case, is a divine essence, it is the thought of God with the help of which, He creates and destroys everything. And right our soul is also a part of this mighty force which can operate initial energy Po. Therefore, if a human will



cognize his soul by his consciousness and will merge into a single unity, his abilities will become unlimited as well as his knowledge.

– Nevertheless it is new for me, – the “Common Sense of our company” said with a smile.

At this time we came back to a camp. The guys who stayed in the camp were already greedily eating sturgeon barbecue, which they cooked to our arrival and which has almost been eaten now. We shared our impressions about the events which we witnessed and had a good dinner in the open air. Then we sat near the fire and were looking forward to the forthcoming conversation. Nikolai Andreevich hurried to come back to the topic which took all his thoughts:

– So it turns out that all the world is not more than an illusion?

– That’s right.

– But why can we feel everything so realistic, we can touch, try, that is, to be convinced, using our organs of sense that, for example, this stick is a stick, instead of emptiness and illusion.

– Because our brain, since its birth, is adjusted to frequency of perception of this reality. But it does not mean that its abilities are limited to this frequency. Different programs are put into it. And if we change frequency of perception all the world around will also change.

– How is it? – Nikolai Andreevich did not understand.

– Very simply. Let’s examine what is our brain. Basically the central nervous system is a special „device“ of transmitting and receiving waves of various range with corresponding frequency characteristics. As you know, one of the major elements of a structurally functional organization of brain are neurons and glia cells, out of which the CNS is built. Neuron has an ability which distinguishes it out of other cells. It can generate a potential of action and transfer this potential to big distances. This special cell represents itself as a complex device with several conditions (rest and a number of conditions of excitation on various frequencies). This fact essentially increases its information capacity. The information on



stimulus is coded by a nervous cell as frequency of potentials of the action which is average for a short time interval. So, as a whole, the work of our brain is the work of an information managing device which „language“ is frequency. Therefore reflection of conscious and subconscious processes of mind occurs at the level of frequency of neuron's discharge. At changing the condition of consciousness, for example, during meditations and spiritual practices the frequency of pulses change and it entails also changes of a molecular structure of a body on the whole. That is, a person adjusts to a completely different frequency of reality and consequently perceives this world only as the lowest illusion... There is such an expression: "When a Wise man was asked, what Life is, he answered: "a laughing-stock for those ones who have tried it". And it is a completely fair answer.

A person who stuck in the matter, a person with too many hang-ups in the material world of thoughts is very limited in his perception. Think yourself. He receives information about the world around through his brain, which since his birth has a certain frequency of perception, which is peculiar to the animal nature. Therefore this brain, as any other animal brain, perceives information through its organs of sense. And though a person is surrounded with the whole ocean of electromagnetic vibrations, frequencies of the most various types and parameters, it turns out, that he perceives only a tiny part of all this variety. Basic information goes through his visual channel, which visible part of a spectrum are electromagnetic waves with the length from 400 up to 700 nanometres. Everything that lays out of borders of this spectrum a person does not see, so the reality, laying out of the borders of this range, does not find any reflection in his brain. The same also concerns sound which a person hears in a range from 20 hertz up to 18 kilohertz.

Why meditations, spiritual practice were always given to mankind and basically never were a secret? Because they opened a completely different real world of God to people and, as a result, a new step of maturing of soul.



So a human is a very interesting creature. He is born an animal but in the course of his life the power of thought can transform him into a Creature close to God. And the most amazing thing is that freedom of choice in his individual development is given to him... Power of thought is really a unique creation of God. There is such an ancient expression written in Sanskrit:

**“The god sleeps in minerals,
Wakes up in plants,
Moves in animals
And... thinks in a human”.**

– And what is an original cause of appearing of a nervous pulse? Is it a birth of thought? – Nikolai Andreevich inquired.

– The same energy Po. It is an original pulse.

– But if energy Po is a divine energy and at the same time it is the reason of appearing of any thought, then what should we do with bad thoughts proceeding, so to say, from the animal nature?

– And who told you that these thoughts don't have one root. A birth of thoughts which takes its origin from the animal nature is managed by Lucifer. And he is the most true and devoted servant of God. Due to these thoughts he also pushes you to various tests of your true belief. He tempts you into evil for you to learn good. But you are free in your choice, I emphasize once again, you are free! You can apprehend these thoughts as a call for action or reject and turn to good thoughts proceeding from your soul. That is, what kind of thoughts you will apprehend, what your observer, your consciousness, will choose that is what you actually are.

– And what is a soul? Is it an energy, too? – Victor asked.

– Yes. It is a divine energy, it is a part of God in ourselves. The most important thing is, why all these regenerations, all these mischieves happen, why we have some problems, the main reason is because we are in the material body and to 99,9 % we depend on the material body. But if we shall release ourselves



from it, even on a hundredth part, and plunge into soul we will get infinity and omnipotence. **The main thing is to break through the internal Guard to the “gate” of our soul.** As, exactly in the soul is hidden the true power, power of Love, which creates everything, which is capable to rule the energy Po. All main energies are based on it. Because in the real world there is only Love. And evil exists only in the illusory human world for cognition of a not mature soul. Therefore it is very important to generate in ourselves constant frequency of energy of Love and good, instead of difference of vibrations.

— It sounds interesting, — Nikolai Andreevich said thoughtfully. — So, a human, on the whole, is a creature which has a wave nature.

— Absolutely right, both spiritually and physically.

— And how is that physically? — Victor asked.

— Well, how. In a human body there is an informational network which together with nervous, blood and endocrine systems coordinates physiological processes. A person is, so to say, pierced from the inside with wave flows by which an important information is transferred with the help of bioradiation in a microwave range. All this, naturally, is connected with a magnetic field of the Earth, with space radiation and so on... But the matter is that informational function for the body is fulfilled only by weak fields. Otherwise cells launch a mechanism of self-protection and they do not perceive this information.

— And what fields are inherent in our body? — Kostya inquired.

— There are plenty of them. For example, electromagnetic radiation of different ranges, an electric field, a magnetic one... Acoustic radiation, that is, various sounds which are coming from a body. Chemical discharge which can be named a chemical field and many-many others, which there's no need to be mentioned now.

— I have asked, — Kostya continued, — because I have recently read a book about the art of prophecy by the ground.



It is called m-m-m... geomancy. In short, it was practiced in ancient India, China, Egypt. So, it is mentioned there that probably there is a certain field from which a person takes information about the future. They say that ancient foretellers entered some special state for getting this knowledge.

– It is really so. This field exists till now. Its information both was used and is still used. There are certain techniques which allow to reach this state of consciousness. But usual people who are engaged in hard brainwork are also capable to enter spontaneously this state of consciousness, as a rule, either while sleeping or in a state of deep concentration when their brain is switched off from extraneous thoughts... The present information is true only concerning the past or the present and also it concerns exact sciences. And concerning the future, for example, of the mankind as a whole or of any separate concrete person, it is unstable. Because the future depends on an individual or collective choice of people.

– How can it be?

– Very easy. If, for example, a person changes internally then, according to his choice, all his life changes therefore and the future, too. These are laws of nature. Because change of frequency of perception adjusts a person to a completely new wave, that is to another „reality“. The same concerns the mankind as a whole. If its attitude to life, its balance between the spiritual and the animal natures changes, then correspondingly their general frequency of energy changes, therefore its future also changes. So, a person as well as the mankind, as a whole, by its personal choice predetermines its possible future daily.

– And how do the foretellers predict then?

– If you noticed, great foretellers made their predictions ciphered, with double sense. Many of them were mistaken, many did not mention significant events. Because the future is changeable and it exists in time and space in multitude of variants. Prophets could be adjusted to a frequency of the wave which was the carrier of the given information. But they got data only from that reality into which they could penetrate.



– And how is about a personal prediction?

– Predictions for a person are based on that wave on which his consciousness is at the present moment. And if a person will not change inside radically, the predictions will come true, as it is programmed at this wave.

We sat at the fire, listening to the amazing story of Sensei. Bright stars shone in the sky for a long time already and the sea melodiously caressed our ears with an easy rustle of coastal waves harmoniously filling the pauses. A set of lights of some big steamship appeared in the distance.

– Wow, what a beauty! – Ruslan exclaimed having seen it.

– Look, it's so huge. Imagine that we could go for a voyage on it with all comfort.

Everybody turned to that side.

– Well, well. Everyone tells something but a sick person tells about his pills, – Eugene remarked mockingly. – Go on, with all comfort. „Titanic“ was even huger, God rest their souls.

– I was just... – Ruslan started to justify himself for fun followed by everybody's laughter.

– And, by the way, about the „Titanic“. In fact, everything is not so clear with it. – Nikolai Andreevich said. – I read that on board of „Titanic“ there was a sarcophagus with a well kept body of Egyptian priestess and prophetess who lived in days of reign of pharaoh Amenhotep. They say that the mummy had a fatal reputation. It was dug out in 1895. And since 1896 till 1900 everyone, who participated in it died. Only lord Kannervil, who was heading the project left alive. So, lord convoyed this mummy on board of „Titanic“ going to expose the body of the prophetess at the exposition of archeological finds in Los Angeles. And the most interesting thing was that the mummy has been placed not to a hold but into a cabin, which was near the captain's bridge, as it was more convenient for passengers to look at it. And subsequently in official investigation the reason of the accident of collision with an iceberg was named as “bad navigation”. How do you like such coincidences?

– That's all trifles, – Sensei said lighting a cigarette, – The



most surprising fact is that people have been warned about the wreck of „Titanic“ 16 years before the accident.

– What do you mean? – Stas inquired.

– I mean that Morgan Robertson's book „Futility“ was published in 1896 in England. In this book a wreck of a huge passenger steamship under the name „Titan“ was described in detail. It precisely specified the time, the place and the reason of wreck, that is, in 1912, in the Atlantic ocean, on its way from England to America, on a cold April night, the ship collides with a huge iceberg and people die. Moreover, Robertson even gave the exact number of passengers (2 thousand people) that corresponded to their number on „Titanic“. And also he enlisted all parameters and characteristics of the ship which also coincide with characteristics of „Titanic“. Discrepancy was very little. For example, he described the length of the ship as 243 m and „Titanic“ was 268 m length. The displacement was 70 thousand tons, and the real ship had 66 thousand tons. The speed at the moment of collision was 25 knots and in reality it was 22 knots. All other details: 4 pipes, 3 screws – and so on, everything was predicted... If only people were a little bit more clever so many people would not have died.

– Yes, I recollect that I also read about this phenomenal prediction – Nikolai Andreevich said. – But wait, he was a science-fiction writer, in addition to that, nobody knew him. And his book wasn't published again. How could people have known? If only he had written that it would really happen some day, if he had named it a prophecy, I think, people would pay attention to it. But he named his novel a science-fiction.

– You know what the matter is. A person receives pure knowledge. But to save himself from inquisition of fools he names this books science-fiction. It was science fiction for clever people, for those who can understand it. Finally, when everything happened, everybody starts to understand it, even the fools. But a clever person could have understood even then and taken a grain of truth out of this „science fiction“.

– To put it simple, you want to say that a clever person, having read this book, would never have taken a ticket to



„Titanic“.

– Absolutely right... And it concerns not only this book. Just read science fiction. All science fiction is divided into the clever science fiction and into fairy tales for adults, but it is embarrassing to call it a fairy tale, therefore they write „science fiction“. So writers of clever science fiction simply download the information from time levels of various realities. They download the future, which can come true with the combination of certain wave conditions. So, they receive knowledge and describe it. This, in its turn, psychologically prepares a clever person, who has read this book, for forthcoming events. It forms skills of multidimensional thinking allowing to orient oneself in quickly changing conditions of life. All this expands not only his adaptable range preparing consciousness to a qualitatively new step in perception of the world around us, but also creates preconditions to internal change of a person himself, simply speaking, to transition to another wave of a “new reality”.

Just recall books by Herbert Wells, who correctly determined and prepared mankind to future scientific and technical progress. Or recall Jules Verne, who predicted many openings and inventions, which subsequently, really came true. Or, in particular, take Alexei Tolstoi's book “Hyperboloid of engineer Garin” written in 1925-1926 in which the laser is actually predicted. Though the first laser was invented only in 1960. And Aleksandr Beljaev's books! For example, his novel “Star KEC” written in 1936 practically carrying real prophecies about the ways of astronautics. And there are many such examples... And how many grains of truth are reflected in books of writers Ivan Efremov, Isaac Azimov, Ray Bradbury, Arthur Clarke, Alexander Kazantsev, Stanislaw Lem... And there is a great number of such talented people to prepare a clever reader for forthcoming events. But they have to write their books in a genre of science fiction: because the clever one will understand it in any way, but the fool will not take offence.

Nikolai Andreevich grinned:

– You know, if to be fair, I also treated science fiction with much prejudices, reading it as you have told like a fairy tale



for adults. But once I read a note in one magazine that John Kennedy, when he was a president, once invited several science fiction writers to his “brain trust” for forecasting possible „script“ of the future. And also it was mentioned there, that a hobby of some talented scientists with world known names was reading science fiction. Also, many scientific terms came to us from science fiction. To tell the truth, it surprised me.

– It is a normal situation. You see, when a person reads a book he starts to live as though in its world, that is, he begins to adjust himself to the same frequency of perception as the author. And here the reader can face a surprising phenomenon, some kind of burst of brain activity. Call it as you want: generating of ideas, inspiration of subconsciousness or as you wish. But this burst is namely a short-term transition to the corresponding frequency of perception of this book, which is fixed in our memory. And then corresponding ideas are born on the basis of available personal knowledge and experience. Therefore many talented scientists, politicians and ordinary people also, who aspire to cognition of themselves and the world around, get ideas and the future openings right from books, including science fiction, from this unique database of non-realized realities. And it can „emerge“ in memory in any form and at any time right at the moment of reading, or to come in a dream, or to dawn suddenly upon you later...

We were silent for a little. The fire quietly crackled with branches burning down in it. Its flame bewitched, fascinated with its mysterious living beauty and bright range of light play. We could stay there the whole eternity listening to unimaginably interesting stories of Sensei in the open air in this finest nook of nature where, as it seems, even stars went down closer from heaven to hear our conversation better.

– Oh, I wonder whether there are prophetic dreams? – Nikolai Andreevich started talking again. – Or it is just a work of mind as forecasting further events.

– Prophetic dreams certainly exist. Simply if a person has enough personal spiritual power or if he is tied to someone with the force of big Love, his brain can spontaneously adapt

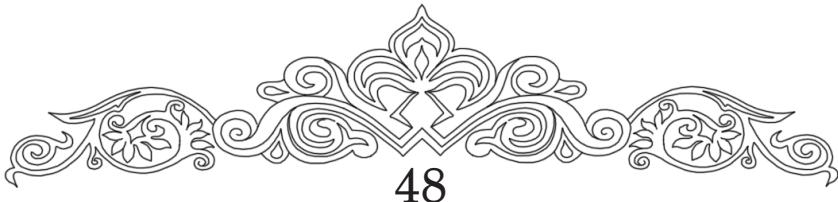


to that frequency, which coincides with future events. And he receives these data in a dream, in a „straight“ way, escaping analysis. But later, giving out these data his mind participates in direct processing the information. Therefore we can see events not in their pure state but in their interpreted version on the basis of our emotions, experiences, former impressions, images and so on...

— You know, once I also had a prophetic dream, — Stas started to tell about his life experience.

For a long time we were still talking about different strangenesses of this world and its surprising cases. We recollected stories connected with it and listened to simple and, at the same time, so unusual narrations of Sensei about mysterious human mind and its unlimited abilities. And only at daybreak, at dawn, we went to bed.





trangely enough, but either because I had heard plenty of all at once, or for any other reason, that morning I had an unusual dream. It was bright and emotional. The most important thing was that I have never had such a dream before: as though my consciousness floated above the ground observing from height everything that occurred in the world. At first everything was silent and quiet. But then I felt myself somehow uneasy and frightened as if I expected something. And after that I noticed a bright red star which descended from the tops of high snow-white mountains in the East. This star began to come nearer and grew in its size promptly. Some transparent train followed it. And the closer it approached to me, the more space this train covered, changing the world and making its outlines blurred and translucent. And when I looked more closely, I saw that everything that was captured by its train, everything boiled as if nature rose against human civilization growing in its force more and more. Volcanoes blew up and shook the Earth with their rumble. Enormous waves arose in the middle of oceans and these waves quickly moved to megacities. Fires stormed there, where was no water. Winds twisted huge tornados, destroying everything on their way. As if nature brought down to the mankind all that negative force which was produced by people during existence of all civilization. I became frightened and closed my eyes. And when I opened them I



saw myself standing in the middle of amazingly magnificent field with different beautiful flowers. The star was still approaching and changing all the space behind itself. I looked back. Behind me were cities full of people who didn't expect anything of that kind. And all this severe force approached to them.

When the star approached very closely I made out that it was a Horseman. His attires and armour were made of pure gold which brightly gleamed and shone like red fire. Even His horse was covered with a horse cloth made from fine plates of pure gold. Dazzling clothes completely hid the Horseman leaving uncovered only his eyes. In his hand He held a spear. At the end of the spear there was a flag with the image of a bud of a lotus inside, in the middle of which was a pyramid, an eye and also some hieroglyphs and pictures. The Horseman already rushed with His horse across a huge field of beautiful flowers.

But suddenly, at full tilt, the Red Horseman sharply pulled the reins having stopped a horse. And now I saw His gaze, which seemed to me extremely familiar. Attention of the Horseman was caught by a modest forget-me-not with five sky-blue petals. He dismounted from a horse and bent above the flower, as if examining and admiring it. And as soon as the Horseman dismounted from His horse all the element forces started to cease and calm down. Only an easy echo of this huge force, which moved after the Warrior, came to cities. For me it was a riddle, why was such a mighty Horseman stopped by this ordinary-looking flower? In fact, there was a whole field of the most beautiful, big flowers around him. And did He stop for a long time?

Even when I woke up, the feeling of reality of this dream did not abandon me. And these two questions were precisely engraved in my memory. Certainly I had dreams earlier. But I had never seen such a real, full of sensations and emotions dream before. And the most important thing was that in the dream everything was absolutely clear, I knew a real sense of all those events, I knew that it was very important. But when I woke up I could not recollect in any way, what it meant and how I should understand it. Only bright emotional impressions left. Also there were these two questions, which simply ran into my memory.



This dream really intrigued me with its singularity. First, I thought that my brain had just shown me yesterday's information in this way. But nobody even mentioned that, what was in my dream in such details. It puzzled me a little.

I chose a moment when all guys ran to swim and came up to Sensei. He was standing in shoal water gradually getting used to water temperature. Having taken an advantage of his loneliness, I began to tell him my strange dream, complaining that I could not recollect its sense at all. I only remembered that it was very important for me. Contrary to my expectations of full decoding of this dream from the physiological and philosophical points of view, Sensei only smiled and, looking at me somehow mysteriously, said:

- Time will come and you will know everything.





Aphorisms of Sensei

1. Life is unpredictable and anything might happen in it, even the most unbelievable, what you can't imagine to yourself.
2. A young body doesn't mean the age of soul at all.
3. All great things are ridiculously simple but it takes a lot of hard work to master them.
4. The human is an intelligent creature. His main force of action lies in his thoughts.
5. The main thing is to have a great desire and opportunities will come.
6. For every Vijai there is a Rajah.
7. Fear begotten by imagination sees danger even there, where there is no danger at all.
8. With healthy thoughts there will be a sound mind and with a sound mind will be a sound body.
9. Any blow caused by your rage will come back to you at the end.



10. The potential of a human is limited by his phantasy.

11. You should not wish bad to other people even in your thoughts. Because with the power of your thought you are putting a trap for yourself, for your body and mind. And the more you think about it, the stronger it keeps you, the smaller its loop becomes.

12. Become a friend to your enemy and forgive his deeds, for you are also imperfect.

13. Life is too short and you'd better advance in glorifying your spiritual nature.

14. You should always improve yourself, for each minute of your life is precious. You should use it as a divine gift for perfection of your soul.

15. If you want to make God laugh, tell Him about your plans.

16. There are no accidents. An accident is only a natural consequence of our uncontrollable thoughts.

17. The quality of instants lived by you in life are much more important than senseless years of existence.

18. Wisdom is a virtue of the soul and not of the age.

19. Any action is first of all generated by our begotten thought.

20. The force of word revives the force of thought and the force of thought generates action.

21. The one who does good deeds with good thoughts does not have any need to be sad about something missed, for he gets much more force for cognition of his soul rather than doing nothing.



22. Science fiction is only an unrealized reality.

23. The true, real belief arises from knowledge. And knowledge comes through a word, through persuasion of your mind in validity of an occurring phenomenon.

24. It is necessary to respect aspiration to knowledge of another person instead of attacking him at once with bayonets of your own egocentrism.

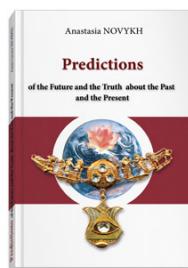
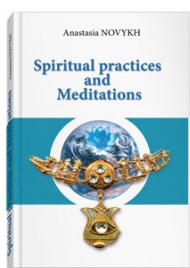
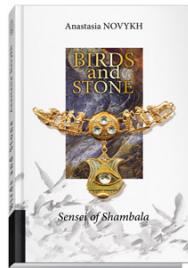
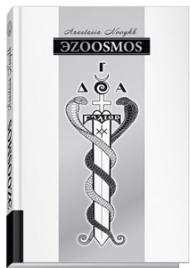
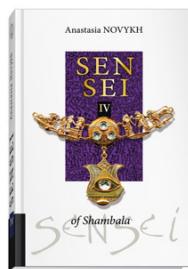
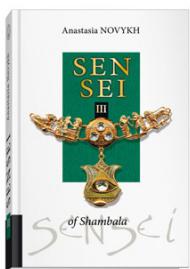
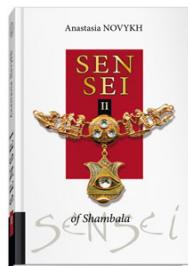
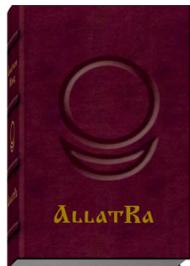
25. To learn everything is impossible, but you should aspire to it.

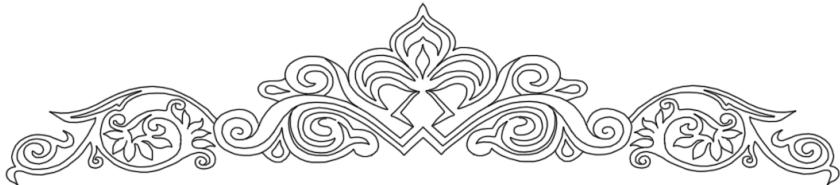
26. The most valuable way is cognition of God through your mind when true knowledge overcoming the animal nature, opens the gate of subconsciousness with the help of a key of Love.

27. A fool will be given his due for understanding and for the clever one it is silly not to understand.



Other books from the same author

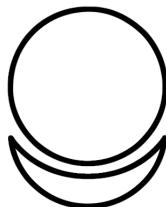




Official website of Anastasia NOVYKH

www.schambala.com.ua

e-mail – anastasija_novix@mail.ru



Official website of the movement AllatRa

www.allatra.org

e-mail – info@allatra.org

